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## MR. GLADSTONE'S ADDRESS TO THE EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.\*

[MR. GLADSTONE, on November 8, 1865, delivered at the Music Hall, Edinburgh, his parting address to the members of the University of Edinburgh on the close of his term as Rector, in the following language:]

MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR, PROFESSORS, AND GENTLEMEN: The subject on which I desire to address to you my parting words is, the place of ancient Greece in the providential order of the world. Even the pointed announcement of such a subject may seem to partake of paradox. No one, indeed, would think of denying that the people who inhabited that little cluster of rugged mountains and of narrow vales played a part, and a great part, upon the stage of history, and left a mark, not deep only, but indelible, upon the character of the human race. No one would deny that they have delivered to us brilliant examples of energy in action,

\* The place of ancient Greece in the providential order of the world.

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and matchless productions of the mind and hand, models in letters and in art. Nor is there any doubt about the fact that Christian Europe has during many generations assigned to Greece the largest share in the cultivation of the human mind. But this age, which questions much, questions naturally enough the propriety of the judgment which has thus awarded her the place of honor in the career of general education. Her language, her history, her literature, and her art, are regarded as the privileged delight and separate entertainment of the few; but there is no clear perception in the majority of minds, that all these have entered deeply into the common interests of mankind. Lastly, they are distinguished in so broad a manner from the teaching of the Gospel, nay, in certain points and instances they are so much in conflict with the spirit of the Evangelical code, that there is a disposition to regard them as belonging exclusively to the secular order, as well as to the secondary, and, if I may so speak, ornamental

interests of life. To its secondary interests, because Greece does not propose to teach us how to choose a profession, or to make way in the world:

"τί δέ μ' ὠφελήσουσιν οἱ ῥυθμοὶ πρὸς τὰ λήματα."

To the secular order, because it is beyond doubt that we can not obtain from her the lessons of true religion. Nay, she has sometimes almost assumed the attitude of its rival; for both the period of the revival of learning, and also more modern times, have supplied signal instances in which her fascinations have well nigh persuaded men of genius or of letters, Christian-born, to desert their allegiance to their faith, and endeavor to revive for themselves, at least in the region of the fancy, the worship once in use at her long-abandoned shrines. Other reasons besides these have produced a practical indisposition to regard ancient Greece as having had a distinct, assignable, and most important place in the providential government of the world. Something that may be called religionism, rather than religion, has led us for the most part, not indeed to deny in terms that God has been and is the God and Father and Governor of the whole human race, as well as of Jews and Christians, yet to think and act as if his providential eye and care had been confined in ancient times to the narrow valley of Jerusalem, and, since the Advent, to the Christian pale, or even to something which, enforcing some yet narrower limitation at our own arbitrary will, we think fit to call such. But surely He who cared for the six score thousand persons in ancient Nineveh that could not distinguish between their right hand and their left; he without whom not a sparrow falls; he that shapes, in its minutest detail, even the inanimate world, and clothes the lily of the field with its beauty and its grace, he never forgot those sheep of his in the wilderness; but, as on the one hand, he solicited them, and bore witness to them of himself, by never-ceasing bounty and by the law written in their hearts, so on the other hand in unseen modes he used them, as he is always using us, for either the willing, or if not the willing then the unconscious or unwilling, furtherance and accomplishment of his designs. The real paradox then would be, not to assert but

to deny, or even to overlook, the part which may have been assigned to any race, and especially to a race of such unrivalled gifts, in that great and all-embracing plan for the rearing and training of the human children of our Father in heaven, which we call the providential government of the world. Such preparation, ascertained and established upon the solid ground of fact, may be termed prophecy in action; and is, if possible, yet stronger for the confirmation of belief, and yet more sublime in aspect as an illustration of Almighty greatness, than prophecy in word. But in this providential government there are diversities of operations. In this great house there are vessels of gold and silver, vessels of wood and earth. In the sphere of common experience we see some human beings live and die, and furnish by their life no special lessons visible to man, but only that general teaching, in elementary and simple forms, which is derivable from every particle of human experience. Others there have been who, from the time when their young lives first, as it were, peeped over the horizon, seemed at once to

"Flame in the forehead of the morning sky," whose lengthening years have been but one growing splendor, and at the last who

"leave a lofty name,

"A light, a landmark, on the cliffs of fame."

Now, it is not in the general, the ordinary, the elementary way, but it is in a high and special sense, that I claim for ancient Greece a marked, appropriated, distinctive place in the providential order of the world. And I will set about explaining what I mean. I presume that all philosophy claiming to be Christian regards the history of our race, from its earliest records down to the incarnation and advent of our Lord, as a preparation for that transcendent event on which were to be hung thereafter the destinies of our race. Let us, however, examine more particularly that opinion which has prevailed in the world, sometimes sustained by argument, oftener by suffering, sometimes lurking underground, and sometimes emboldened to assert itself in the face of day, that although the divine care extends in a general way to all men, yet we are to look for

this preparation, at least for the positive parts of it, nowhere except in the pages of the Old Testament and in the history and traditions of the patriarchs and the Jews. This opinion has what some of our fathers would have termed "a face of piety;" it has undoubtedly been held by pious persons, and urged in what are termed the interests of religion. But that face I am persuaded is a face only, a mask which ought to be stripped off, as it hides the reality from our view. According to this theory, we are to consider the line of the Patriarchs and the descendants of Abraham as exclusively the objects of any divine dispensation which, operating in the times before the Advent, is to be reckoned as part of the preparation for the great event. To them we are to look as the guardians of all human excellence in all its infinite varieties; and when we seem to find it elsewhere, we are either to treat the phenomenon as spurious, or else, believing without sight, we are to consider it as derived, through some hidden channel, from the stores communicated by divine revelation to the favored race. This theory found perhaps its fullest, nay, even its most properly fanatical, development in the "Paradise Regained" of Milton. There the works of the Greek intellect and imagination are depreciated in a strain of the utmost extravagance; and, what is worse, the extravagance is made to proceed from those divine lips, all whose words were weighed and measured in the exactest balances and lines of truth. First, the proposition is advanced by the poet, that divine inspiration precludes the need of any other knowledge, even "though granted true:" "but these," so proceeds the speech—

"But these are false, or little else but dreams,  
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm."

The Greek philosophers are dismissed, as a body, with wholesale condemnation; while Homer and the tragedians are stated, with a gravity in itself wonderful enough, to have learned the art of poetry from the Jews:

"All our law and story strewed  
With hymns, our psalms with artful terms in-  
scribed,

Our Hebrew songs and harps, in Babylon  
That pleased so well our victors' ear, declare  
That rather Greece from us these arts derived."

The orators are set to compete with the Hebrew prophets:

"Herein to our prophets far beneath  
As men divinely taught, and better teaching  
The solid rules of civil government."

A competition this, which would probably have caused the greatest astonishment to those to whom the prize in it is awarded. It is difficult to understand how Milton's genius could have prompted him thus to pit against one another things really, in the main, incommensurable; or how his learning, which must have made him acquainted with the Greek philosophy, could have failed to impress him with the belief that men like Aristotle and Plato were earnest seekers after truth. Warburton observes upon these passages, that they were in accordance with the fashion of the time. And it appears that, especially in the later years of Milton's life, there were a number of learned men, English and foreign, such as Bochart, Huet, Voss, Gale, and Bogan, who busied themselves in showing correspondences between the Hebrew and the Pagan traditions, and who in some instances, particularly that of Huet, Bishop of Avranches, pushed their undertaking into undue and fanciful detail. But I have not found that they propounded any doctrine in reference to the derivation of heathen literature from Jewish sources, either to the sweeping extent, or in the cynical spirit, of the "Paradise Regained." Their object appears to have been a different one; namely, to fortify the historical credit of the sacred records by tracing elsewhere matter essentially corresponding with their contents; either as clothed in contemporary disguises, or as flowing from a common fountain-head. In truth, the seed-plot of this peculiar learning belongs to a much earlier and a more interesting and important literature. Paganism, which had been for the two greatest races of the ancient world in their infancy a creed, and in their riper age a profession, did not, when assailed by the victorious advance of Christianity, retire from the intellectual battle-field without a desperate struggle, carried on in its behalf with all the resources of powerful and subtle intellects. As a revelation of the designs of God for the recovery and moral renovation of mankind, the Gospel

was not unfairly required to give an account, not only of itself, but of everything else in the world that preceded or opposed it. The Pagan system, if it had nothing else, had at least one important advantage in the controversy. It represented a continuous unbroken tradition, dating from beyond the memory of man; it had come down from father to son through more than a hundred generations with an ostensible sameness and a very widely-extended away; and none could name the day when, in the two far-famed peninsulas that had given the breath of life to the ancient world, it did not exist and prevail. Under these circumstances, it was most difficult for the Christian apologists to admit that there lay in the old religions of the world, and particularly in the Greek or the Latin mythology, any nucleus or germ of the primeval truth. For the logical consequence of such an admission might have seemed to be that they should not sweep the old religion off the face of the earth, but endeavor to reduce it to some imagined standard of its purer infancy; that they should not destroy it, but reform it; whereas, on the contrary, their purpose was, and could not but be, not to reform but to destroy. They met, then, the traditional claims of Paganism by taking their stand upon the purer, clearer, and still older tradition of the Hebrews. They parried the negative value in argument of an undefined antiquity with the positive record of the creation of the world, and with the sublime exordium of the human race, propagated in a definite line from man to man, down to the firm ground of historic times.

So far so good. But still they were obstinately confronted by a system terminous both in space and in duration with the civilized world, and able, too, to say of itself, with some apparent truth, that when civilization and culture themselves began they did not make or bring it, but found it on the ground before them. Thus upon the merely historic field the battle might have looked, to the ordinary spectator, like a drawn one; while it seemed needful for the dignity and high origin of the new religion to conquer not at one point but at all. Hence, perhaps, the tendency of the Christian apologists, in unconscious obedience to the exigencies of contro-

versy, after they had proved by reasoning the truth and authority of the Gospel, and had smitten their enemy, as they did smite him, to the dust, by their moral arguments against Paganism, to accelerate its end, and to demolish the very last of its seeming titles, its antiquity of origin, by refusing to affiliate any part or parcel of it, at any point of time, to the stock of a primeval religion, and by contending that so much of truth as was scattered through the rolls of its literature had been filtered in detail through successive media, from Greece to Rome, from Egypt to Greece, but was ultimately to be traced in every case to the ancient people of God, and to the records and traditions which had had an historical existence among them. I turn now to the remarkable work of Eusebius, commonly called the *Preparatio Evangelica*. In that work he sets forth the moral impurity, imbecility, impiety, and falseness of the Pagan system. He contrasts with it the marvellous prerogatives of the older Scriptures. In what lies beyond this province he is not so injudicious as to depreciate the intellectual development of the Hellenic race, alike original and vast. But he says they learned, in its elementary form, the "superstitious error" of their religion, which by their own genius they afterwards re-cast and adorned, from Egyptian, Phœnician, and other foreign sources; but their glimpses of the Godhead, and whatever they had of instruction for the soul's health, they obtained, by importation, mediate or immediate, from the Hebrews only, except in as far as it was supplied them by the light of nature. The question here arises: if the Hellenic race got their religion from Phœnicia and Egypt, from whence did Egypt and Phœnicia obtain it? And here it is that we come upon the chief error into which Eusebius was led by the controversial exigencies of his position. He treats the religions of the world as having been purely and wholly, even in their first beginnings, errors and inventions of the human mind, without any trace or manner of relationship to that divine truth which, as he truly tells us, had been imparted to the Hebrews long before the days of Moses and the composition of the Pentateuch. According to him, the old religions were made up of worship



offered to the heavenly bodies, to the powers of nature, to the spirits of departed men, to useful or important arts and inventions, and to the demonic race in its two families of the good and the evil. He admits, in every part of his work, that he appears in the arena to maintain and justify the Christians as the authors of a schism in the religious world; and this admission it is which, by the nature of his propositions and his argument, he converts into a boast. The view taken by Eusebius was, I apprehend, that generally taken by the Christian apologists. Saint Clement of Alexandria not only denies the originality of the Greeks in what they possessed of truth, but treats as a theft their appropriation of Hebrew ideas: and fancifully, I might say whimsically, supports the charge by instances of plagiarism perpetrated by one Greek author on another. Justin Martyr allows no higher parentage to the Greek mythology than the poets, who were bad enough, or, still worse, as he says, the philosophers. Lactantius ascribes to fallen angels, or *dæmons*, the invention of image-worship. Theophilus affirms that the gods of the heathen were dead men: Lactantius, that they were *reges maximi et potentissimi*. But time does not permit and the argument does not require me to pursue this part of the subject into greater detail. Suffice it to say that the early Christian writers, not the narrow-minded men that many take them for, did not deny or disparage the intellectual prodigies of the great heathen races, of those marvellous philosophers, as Eusebius often calls them, that Plato so eminently commended by his intellectual debtor the great St. Augustine; nor did they make light of the voice of nature in the soul of man, nor of the divine government over the whole world at every period of its existence, nor of the truths to be found in ancient writers. But the defiled and putrescent system of religion which they found confronting them, formidable as it was from antiquity, wide extension, general consent, from the strength of habit, and from the tenacious grasp of powerful interests upon temporal possessions and advantages, this evil system they hunted down in argument without mercy, and did not admit to be an historical and traditional

derivation from a primeval truth which the common ancestry of the Semitic and the European races had once in common enjoyed. It can hardly be said that there was intentional unfairness in this proceeding. The Christian writers labored under the same defect of critical knowledge and practice with their adversaries. They took the lives, deeds, and genealogies of the heathen deities, just as they found them in the popular creed, for the starting-points of their argument. Their immediate business was to confute a false religion, and to sweep from the face of the world a crying and incurable moral evil: not to construct an universal philosophy of the religious history of man; for which the time had not then, and perhaps has not yet, arrived. But we have new sources of knowledge, new means of detecting error and guiding inquiry, new points of view open to us: and the more freely and faithfully we use them the more we shall find cause to own, with reverence and thankfulness, the depth, and height, and breadth of the wisdom and goodness of God. Meantime, it is easy to perceive the polemical advantage which was obtained by this unsparing manner of attack. He brought the case straight to issue, not between differently shaded images of a Deity confessedly the same, with their respective champions ready to uphold their several claims amidst the din of contending preferences and of interminable dispute, but, taking his stand on the threshold of the argument, and like a soldier in fight disencumbering himself of all data between the God of the Hebrews on the one side, worshipped from the beginning of mankind, and pretended gods on the other, which could render no distinct account of their origin, and were in truth no gods at all.

And, to estimate the greatness of this advantage, we must take into view the nature of the adverse arguments. The Pagan champions did not too much embarrass themselves by defending the popular forms and fables of the old religion. Perhaps, to the credulous villager, the religion of Porphyry might have been as unintelligible or as odious as that of St. Paul. All these incumbances were at once disposed of by being treated on the Pagan side as allegorical, figurative, secondary manifes-

tations of the true Deity, or even as having been in many cases due to the intrusive and mischievous activity of the spirits of evil. The Pagan champion, then, was himself contending, not for the forms, but for the one great unseen Deity, which, driven to his shifts, he affirmed to lie hidden within the forms. To admit, under circumstances like these, that any principle of inward life, under whatever incrustations, was latent in the mythology as it lay before their eyes, would have been to betray the truth. And any seeming approach to that admission, such as allowing that that foul and loathsome corpse had once been alive in youthful health and beauty, might have sorely hindered and perplexed the Christian argument on its way to the general mind. As respects the religious ideas of the Greeks, properly so called, and their philosophic tenets, the scholars of the seventeenth century seem to have occupied much the same ground with Eusebius and the early Christian writers. But as respected their mythological personages, not having the Pagans to argue with, they had no prejudices against finding for them a lineage in Scripture. I am not competent to determine how far in the prosecution of their task they went into excess. But those who admit the truth of the sacred records must surely decline to say that they were wrong in principle. We are not called upon to believe that Neptune was Japhet, or that Iphigenia was Jephthah's daughter; or that Deucalion was Noah, or that Belerophon was really Joseph in the house of Potiphar, notwithstanding certain resemblances of circumstances by which these and some other such cases are marked. But if we believe in the substantial soundness of the text of Scripture and in the substantial truth of its history, we must then also believe that the Hamitic and Japhetic races, as they in their successive branches set out upon their long migrations, brought with them, from the early home which they had shared with the sons of Shem, the common religious traditions. They could not but go, as Æneas is fabled to have gone from Troy,

"Cum patribus populoque, Penatibus, ac magnis Dis."

But if there be those who would strangely forbid us to appeal to what may be called, by the most modest of its august titles, the oldest and most venerable document of human history, the argument still remains much the same. The progress of ethnological and philological research still supplies us with accumulating evidence of the chain of migrations, north and westwards, of the Turanian, and especially of the Aryan races, from points necessarily undefined, but in close proximity with the seats of the patriarchal nomads; and has not supplied us with any evidence, or with any presumption whatever, that their known traditions sprang from any fountain-head other than that which is described in the Book of Genesis as the three-branching family of Noah. If, then, upon this ground there is, to say the least, nothing to exclude or to disparage, but so much to support, the doctrine of the original intercommunion of these races with the Semitic tribes, which could not but include religion, the question recurs in all its force, how was it even possible that they could leave behind them their religious traditions upon the occasion of their first local separation from their parent stock? They did not surely, like the souls in transmigration, drink of the river of forgetfulness, and raze out from the tablets of the brain, as a preparation for their journey, all they had ever known, or heard, or felt. The obscuration and degeneracy of religious systems is commonly indeed a rapid, but is necessarily a gradual process. *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*; and no tribe or nation passes from light to darkness, or from the possession of a religious belief to the loss of it, at a moment's notice. It was therefore antecedently probable that, in examining the actual religious systems of later times, and of countries at a distance from the earliest known seat of mankind, but connected with it by the great current of human migration, we should find remaining tokens of affinity to any religious system which upon competent evidence we might believe to have prevailed among the races most closely and directly connected with that seat. And this antecedent probability is sustained by a mass of evidence running through the whole web of the Hellenic

mythology; obscure indeed in its latest and most darkened ages, but continually gaining in force and clearness as we ascend the stream of time, and so strong in itself as to be, I am firmly persuaded, incapable of argumentative confutation.

To collect and present this mass of evidence, with a careful and strict appreciation of the respective value of its parts, is a work not to be attempted within the limits, however extended by your indulgence, of what is termed an address. But I will now endeavor to bring to a head what has been stated, and to apply it to the purpose which I announced at the commencement. I submit then to you, that the true *Præparatio Evangelica*, or the rearing and training of mankind for the Gospel, was not confined to that eminent and conspicuous part of it which is represented by the dispensations given to the Patriarchs and the Jews, but extends likewise to other fields of human history and experience; among which, in modes, and in degrees, varying perceptibly to us, the Almighty distributed the operations preliminary and introductory to his one great, surpassing, and central design for the recovery and happiness of mankind. So that, in their several spheres—some positive, some negative, some spiritual, some secular, with a partial consciousness or with an absolute unconsciousness—all were coöperators in working out his will; under a guidance strong and subtle, and the more sublime, perhaps, in proportion as it was the less sensible. In the body of those traditions of primitive religion which are handed down to us in the Book of Genesis, and which I shall make no further apology for treating as records of great historic weight, there was manifestly included what I may term a humanistic element. It was embodied in the few but pregnant words which declared that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. The principle of evil was to receive a deadly shock in its vital part, and this at the hands of One who should be born into the very race that he would come to deliver.

The next observation I would submit is this—that there was no provision made, so far as we are aware, at any rate in the Mosaic system, for keeping alive this particular element of the origi-

nal traditions, otherwise than as an anticipation reaching into the far distant future. On the contrary, every precaution was apparently taken to prevent any human being, or any human form, from becoming the object of a religious reverence. To this aim the abstraction of the body of Moses from the view of the people seems to be most naturally referred; and the stringent prohibitions of the Second Commandment of the Decalogue appear to have been especially pointed against the execution by human hands of the figure of a man. For we hear in Holy Writ of the serpent made by Moses and exhibited to the nation; and the brazen sea of the Temple rested upon twelve brazen oxen. There were cherubim in the Ark framed by Moses; and "cherubim of image-work" were made by Solomon for the Temple; but they were not, it is commonly believed, in human figure; and the four living creatures of the vision of Ezekiel had each the mixed character of man, lion, ox, and eagle. And it would appear that these measures were effectual. Ready as were the Jews to worship the serpent or the golden calf, their idolatry never was anthropomorphic. The majesty of the Deity was thus kept, in the belief of the Hebrew race, effectually apart from that one form of lowering association, which, as we see from the experience of Paganism, was by far the subtlest, the most attractive, and the most enchainingly. A pure Theistic system was maintained: a redemption to come was embraced in faith; and, in a religion laden with ritual, and charged with symbol, or rite, no symbol was permitted to exhibit to the senses, and through the senses to the mind, of the people, the form of Him that was to be the worker of the great deliverance. Thus was kept vacant until the appointed time, in the general belief as well as in the scheme or theory of religion, the sublime and solitary place which the Redeemer of the world was to fill. Counterfeits there were, but they had not that dangerous resemblance to the truth which would enable them to make head against the Messiah when he should arrive. And so, after he had come, his only rivals and competitors in Judea were conceptions, distorted in the abstract, of his character

and office; far different from those solid formations of an embodied and organized religion whose dangerous contact the Gospel had not to encounter until the life and work of its author, and the foundation of the Christian society, with all its essential powers, were complete.

Let us now turn to the religion of the Hellenic race; and we shall find that, as matter of fact, it appropriated to itself, and was intensely permeated by, that very anthropomorphic element which the Mosaic system was so especially framed to exclude, and to which the other religions of antiquity gave, in comparison, but a doubtful and secondary place. If I am asked to point out a link which especially associates the early Greek mythology with the humanistic element of primitive tradition, I venture to name the character of Apollo as pre-eminently supplying such a link. He is born of Zeus, but he is not born of Hera. Through him the divine counsels are revealed to the world as the God of prophecy and of oracle. This lamp of knowledge, burning in him, establishes an affinity between him and the sun; but the anthropomorphic energy of the religion is jealous of the absorption of Deity into mere nature-power. At what period the identification of Apollo with the sun took place in the Hellenic system we cannot say; but this we know, that it had not taken place in the time of Homer, with whom Apollo and the Sun are perfectly distinct individuals. To him is assigned the healing art, and the general office of deliverance. To him, again, who remains to the last the perfect model of masculine beauty in the human form, is assigned by tradition the conquest alike over death and over the might of the rebellious spirits. In his hands we find functions of such rank and such range, that we cannot understand how they could pass to him from Zeus, the supreme deity, until we remember that they are the very functions assigned by a more real and higher system to the Son of God; the true Instructor, Healer, Deliverer, Judge, and Conqueror of Death, in whom the power and majesty of the Godhead were set forth to the world. The character of this deity, whom Eusebius calls "the most venerable and the wisest" of the whole

Olympian order, affords, in my opinion, the most complete and varied proof of the traditional relationship to which I now refer. Abundant evidence, however, of the same character, might be adduced under many other heads. But I do not refer to this weighty subject at present with a view of leading you to affirm the existence of such a relationship. That could not legitimately be done, except upon a scrutiny, both deliberate and minute, of a great mass of evidence, gathered from many quarters, and dependent for much of its force upon careful comparison and juxtaposition. I now advert to the question only as casting light upon matter which will follow. What I take, however, to be indisputable, apart from all theorizing upon causes, is this fact—that the Hellenic mythology is charged throughout with the humanistic element, in a manner clearly and broadly separating it from the other religions of the ancient world. It has anthropomorphism for the soul and centre of all that is distinctive in it; and that peculiar quality seems to enter, more or less, into the religion of other tribes nearly in proportion as they were related to the Hellenic race. Let us now shortly contemplate that mythology, such as it appears in the works of Homer, its prime and most conspicuous author, and himself the true representative of the purely Hellenic spirit in its largest and most authentic form. The theology of Homer is variously composed. He seems to have lived at the critical moment in the history of the Hellenic, or, as they were then called, Achaian families or tribes, when the different ethnical elements or factors with which they were to assimilate—Pelagic, Ionian, Egyptian, Phœnician, and the like—settled down and compounded themselves into the firmly-knit and sharply-defined character of a people, and they were no longer a chaotic assemblage of unassorted or even conflicting units, but as a people were born into that world on whose fortunes they were to exercise an influence almost immeasurable. The theology of Homer is the Olympian system; and that system exhibits a kind of royal or palace life of man, but on the one hand more splendid and powerful, on the other more intense and free. It is a wonder-



ful and a gorgeous creation. It is eminently in accordance with the signification of that English epithet—rather a favorite apparently with our old writers—the epithet *jovial*, which is derived from the Latin name of its head. It is a life of all the pleasures of mind and body, of banquet and of revel, of music and of song; a life in which solemn grandeur alternates with jest and gibe; a life of childish wilfulness and of fretfulness, combined with serious, manly, and imperial cares; for the Olympus of Homer has at least this one recommendation to esteem, that it is not peopled with the merely lazy and selfish gods of Epicurus, but its inhabitants busily deliberate on the government of man, and in their debates the cause of justice wins. I do not now, however, discuss the moral titles of the Olympian scheme; what I dwell upon is, its intense humanity, alike in its greatness and its littleness, its glory and its shame. As the cares and joys of human life, so the structure of society below is reflected, by the wayward wit of man, on heaven above. Though the names and fundamental traditions of the several deities were wholly or in great part imported from abroad, their characters, relations, and attributes passed under a Hellenizing process, which gradually marked off for them special provinces and functions, according to laws which appear to have been mainly original and indigenous, and to have been taken by analogy from the division of labor, in political society. As early as in Homer, while the prerogatives of Apollo and Athenê are almost universal, yet the Olympian society has its complement of officers and servants with their proper functions. Hephaistos moulds the twenty golden thrones which move automatically to form the circle of the council of the gods; and builds for each of his brother deities their separate palaces in the deepfolded recesses of the mighty mountain. Music and song are supplied by Apollo and the muses; Ganymede and Hebe are the cup-bearers, Hermes and Iris are the messengers; but Themis, in whom is impersonated the idea of deliberation and of relative rights, is the summoner of the *κατακλισία* or Great Assembly of the Twentieth Iliad, when the great issue of the war is to be determined. Nothing

nearer this on earth has perhaps been bodied forth by the imagination of later poets than the scene in which Schiller has described the coronation of Rodolph of Hapsburg, with the Electors of the Empire discharging their several offices around him. I quote from the only translation within my reach:

“The ancient hall of Aix was bright:  
The coronation board beside  
Sate King Rodolph's anointed might,  
In Kaiser's pomp and pride:  
His meat was served by the Palatine,  
Bohemia poured the sparkling wine;  
The seven Electors every one  
Stood, fast about the wide-world's king,  
Each his high function following,  
Like the planets round the sun.”

But a still deeper trace of humanitarianism lay in the transportation of the family order into heaven. Only the faintest rudiment of such a system could have been drawn from Semitic sources; but it was carried by the Hellenes to its furthest consequences, and used for the basis of their supernatural structure. The old Pelasgian deities of the country, the importations from Thrace, Phœnicia, Egypt, or elsewhere, and the traditions proper to the Hellenic tribe themselves, were all marshalled and adjusted in a scheme formed according to the domestic relations familiar to us on earth. The nature-powers of the older worship received the honorary distinction of being made parents and grand or great-grand sires to the ruling dynasty; but, while thus tricked out with barren dignity, they were deprived of all active functions and relegated into practical insignificance. Still the very arrangements, which are anomalous in the abstract, testify to the strength of that anthropomorphic principle to which they owed their recognition. For the elder deities were not the more powerful; and parents were supplanted by their sons. Oceanus, the sire of the whole family, and Tethys their mother, have for practical purposes no power or place in the Olympian system. They exercise no influence whatever on the life or destinies of man. As the mere representations of certain physical forces they were rejected from their old supremacy by the more aspiring and truer tendencies of the first Hellenic creed; but that same creed, still copying earth

in heaven, found for them a place, as the decrepit and superannuated members of the system, who had passed from the exercise of sovereignty into retirement, like Laertes on his rural farm in Ithaca. More or less of the same domestic structure is ascribed without doubt to the theogonies of some other countries, but our accounts of them may have been influenced by Greek sympathies; and besides I am not aware that in any of them the domestic theory was worked out with the same genial feeling, and almost universal consistency. In one respect indeed, at the least, there was a conflict of contending sentiments. The early Hellenes seem to have had a peculiar horror of incestuous connection. But the notion of unity of descent among the gods excluded the possibility of arranging them in the family order except by nuptial relationships which, upon earth and for themselves, Greeks would have abhorred. The strong repugnance gave way under the bidding of a necessity yet stronger; their profound sense of the natural order was less disturbed by having Zeus a polygamist, with his sister for his principal wife, than it would have been by abandoning that scheme of propagation from parent to child upon which the whole Olympian hierarchy was arranged. The acknowledgment of what was forbidden on earth as established in heaven represents, in all likelihood, the concessions which were necessary in order to prevent a breach in the framework of the popular creed, and to weld into one system elements that belonged to many. The materials for the old religions, outside of Greece and the Greek races, were in great part afforded first by the worship of nature, and secondly by the worship of animals. Both of these the early Hellenic system steadily rejected and eschewed; and their religion took its stand upon the idea which inseparably incorporated deity in the matchless human form. This, and much besides, obscured in the later and more mixed traditions, stands out clearly in the earliest records of the Greeks. The *Theogony* of Hesiod, which must be regarded as a work of very great antiquity, exhibits to us the elemental and the Olympian gods in groups clearly enough distinguished.

The poems of Homer, far more Hellenic in their spirit, may be said to exclude and repel from the sacred precinct alike the heavenly bodies and the elemental powers. The plague in the first *Iliad* bears evident marks of solar agency: but, without the least allusion to that luminary, it is ascribed to Apollo in one of the noblest anthropomorphic passages of the poems. The sun only once appears as a person in the *Iliad*, when he reluctantly obeys the command of Herë that by setting he shall end the day, which was the last day of Trojan success; thus indicating the side to which, as an elementary deity, he inclined. Again, Xanthos, a river god, appears in the *Theomachy*: but he appears on the side of Troy; and he seems also to have had one name as a deity with the Trojans, another with the Greeks or Achæians as a stream. When Agamemnon offers solemn sacrifice for his army only, he invokes Zeus alone, and invokes him as dwelling in the sky. But when he offers the joint sacrifice of the two parties in the Third Book, then he invokes Zeus as governing from the hill of Ida, which was in his view, and invokes with him the Sun, the Earth, and the Rivers. The Rivers are summoned to the Olympian assembly of the Twentieth Book; but it is an assembly in which the gods are to take their several sides. It is a mistake to suppose that Poseidon was an elemental god; he was the patron of the sea, as he was of the horse, but he was more the god of navigation than of water. The sea had its elemental god, the hoary Nereus, with Amphitrite seemingly for his wife; but Amphitrite is always the moaning Amphitrite, and Nereus never emerges from the depths; nor, though he is frequently referred to, is he ever named on the Hellenic page of Homer.

I turn to another head. Loath on the one side to admit the imposing elements of nature-worship on the grand scale, the Olympian system is yet more alien to the other favorite forms of religious illusion, the worship offered to animals, and particularly to the ox; of which Egypt seems to have been the head-quarters. In the full exhibition which the poems of Homer afford us, of the religion in its earlier forms, there is not a trace of animal worship. In the *Odyssey*, in-

deed, an awful and mystic sacredness attaches to the oxen of the sun. In the island of Thrinakia, detained by adverse winds, the companions of Odysseus are warned that under no extremity should they supply their wants by the destruction of these animals. Accordingly they resort to birds and fish, unusual food with the Homeric Greeks; they finally put some of the animals to death, only to avoid dying themselves by famine; and for this offence the entire crew, except Odysseus, who had not shared in it, are drowned when next they take to sea. Now, although there is no animal worship here, there is what may be called animal sanctity; but it is in connection with a deity not even recognized at the time in the Hellenic system; and introduced as it is during the voyage in remote parts, which must have been based upon the tales of Phœnician mariners, it appears certainly to belong to the Phœnician circle of mythology. And here we find an example of the manner in which the immense plastic power of the Hellenic mind dealt with foreign ideas of all kinds, so as to make them its own. What their sculptors did with the rude and formless art of Egypt, what their philosophers did with the shreds of Eastern knowledge picked up on their travels, their theology did with the many and crude varieties of superstition which flowed in upon them from the numerous quarters that furnished by sea and land immigrants for the Hellenic peninsula. The old Pelasgian gods, not rudely overthrown, but gently taken from their pedestals, were set down harmless in the shade of a mellow distance; and the animals, before which lower types of men were contented to bow down the godlike head, were not, when the traditions that deified them set foot on Grecian soil, thrust wholly out of view; but they were put into appropriate and always secondary places. The eagle of Zeus, the falcon of Apollo, the peacock of Herès, the owl of Pallas, stood no higher in Greece than accessories to the figures on which they attend. In the scheme of Homer not all even of these are found. And while in Homer we should look in vain for anything beyond the faintest and most ambiguous trace of a connection between Apollo and the wolf, we find that connection full blown in the Egyp-

tian mythology, as it is reported by Diodorus, where Horos, his counterpart in the system of that country, is rescued from death by Osiris in the form of that animal; and on the other hand, the later Greek tradition, more deeply charged with foreign elements, abounds with traditions of the wolf, which in Athens was the protective emblem of the courts of justice. But, even thus far down the stream, the rule seems to hold, that when the figures of the brute creation are allowed to appear in the Hellenic system, they seem to be reduced to subordinate and secondary uses. Saint Clement, indeed, charges upon the Greeks certain instances both of nature-worship and of the worship of animals, but in a manner, and with particulars, which show how slight and local were the instances of either.

It will not be expected that in an address of this nature I should attempt those minuter shadings, which general statements like the foregoing must require in order to perfect accuracy. Besides, a common substratum of ideas runs through the mass of the old religions of the world: but we trace the genius of each nation, and it may be the providential purpose for which that genius was imparted, and its distinctive mode of handling the common stock—here enlarging, there contracting, here elevating, there depressing, so as to produce a distinctive and characteristic result. And now I will endeavor to point out, in rude and rapid outline, some of the remarkable results of this *idée mère* of the Greek religion, the annexation of manhood to "deity," and the reciprocal incorporation of deity into manhood, which made the human form the link between the visible and the invisible worlds, the meeting-point of earth and heaven. And here my object will be only to give you a sample of the redundant materials which seem to rise up around me thickly piled on every side; most of all, perhaps, in the Homeric or Achaian period. First I will remark a profound reverence for human life and human nature, which even the fiercest passions of war would but rarely, and only for a moment, violate. Hence we find the highest refinements of the manners of the gentleman existing at a time when, among the Greeks, the material appliances of civilization were

in their infancy, and when writing and the alphabet were practically unknown. The sentiment of honor is indicated, at this epoch, by a word (*αἰδώς*) too delicate for our rendering by a single term in the English, perhaps in any modern tongue. A catalogue of horrors that have stained the life of man elsewhere, sometimes even in the midst of the triumphs of culture and refinement, were unknown to the Achaian period. I will dwell for a moment on one of these—the practice of human sacrifice. You will find from a charming volume, the *Miscellanies* of Lord Stanhope, that a few years ago some of the most famous men of our day were brought by him into correspondence on the interesting, but to many startling, question whether human sacrifices were in use among the Romans: not the unlettered semi-barbarians of Romulus or Tarquin, but the Romans of Rome in its highest political power and its palmiest civilization. Naturally enough, a considerable repugnance was manifested to entertaining this supposition; but as the inquiry proceeded, a younger yet profoundly learned scholar, Sir John Acton, was brought into the field. His full and varied researches do not appear in the pages of Lord Stanhope. But they range well nigh over all space and time. His conclusions are that “we find traces of it—that is of human sacrifice—throughout almost the whole Hellenic world, in the *cultus* of almost every god, and in all periods of their independent history.” That among the Romans it was still more rife; and that, though attempts were made to restrain or put down the practice, even the famous edict of Adrian to which Eusebius allows the honor of its extinction, failed to effect it; nay, more, that “in every generation of the four centuries, from the fall of the republic to the establishment of Christianity, human victims were sacrificed by the emperors” themselves. The conclusions of Sir John Acton are not admitted in their full breadth by other great authorities; but it seems impossible to doubt the wide-spread and long-continued, or often-recurring prevalence of the practice, in contact, more or less, with civilized times and nations, and sustained in various degrees by perverse but accepted ideas of religion. Notwithstanding this terrible and too well sustained in-

dictment against the unenlightened and the enlightened world, it is pleasing to observe that this horrible rite did not originally belong to the usages of Greece. It seems to have come in by a late contagion from abroad; and human sacrifice is not found in Homer. The slaughter of some Trojan youths by Achilles, in his unsated vengeance, has none of the marks of a religious rite, and no relation to a deity. Of the traditions of Iphigenia, sacrificed in Aulis for the welfare of the Achaian host, Homer is wholly ignorant; and Agamemnon in the *Iliad* speaks of his daughters as open to the option of Achilles, as many fathers may since have done who had two or three of them ready to marry, but so as almost to supply sufficient evidence that no such blood-stained gap had been made in the circle of his family. It is many centuries later, when the tradition reaches us in the works of the tragedians.

In that grandest of all Greek dramas, the “Agamemnon” of Æschylus, his murderous wife, Clytemnestra, seeks an apology for her act partly in the immolation of Iphigenia by her father’s hand; and the tone of the play is so condemnatory as to suggest that an Athenian audience, of the middle of the fifth century before Christ, did not allow religion to be an adequate apology for the deed. At a somewhat later period, the “Iphigenia in Tauris” of Euripides supplies us with more direct evidence that the practice, while not indigenous in Greece, was foully rife among other races. The scene is laid abroad in barbaric territory; and the chorus of Greek attendants on the doomed princess addressing the deity, says, “Receive, O venerable one, this sacrifice, if it be a sacrifice agreeable to thee, which the law of us Greeks declares to be unholy.” Thus showing that the tradition of the foreign origin of the abominable rite, and the original freedom of the Hellenic system from it, was cherished in the memory of the people.

I have already had to observe that the Achaians eschewed both incest and polygamy. I may add that even the unconscious incest of Œdipus and Jocasta drew down the heaviest calamities; and further, that we have no trace among the Homeric records, not only of cannibalism but of violence to nature in any form. The crimes of abortion and the



exposure of infants authorized and commended by Plato in his ideal State, have no place in the Homeric poems; nor do they afford the slightest indication of those shameless lusts which formed the incredible and indelible disgrace of Greece in the time of its consummate supremacy in art, and at the climax of its boasted civilization. If I am right in my estimate of the place which the human form held in its relation to the Hellenic religion, we may naturally expect to find it attested, among other ways, by the following signs: an intense admiration of personal beauty; a resentment against and avoidance of deformity, as a kind of sin against the law of nature; and a marked disposition to associate ignorance with vice. I cannot now undertake to exhibit the remarkable manner in which these anticipations are realized in Homer: whose appreciation of the beauty of the human form appears from unequivocal signs to exceed that of any author in any age or country: while upon the other side, introducing but one vicious character, Thersites, among the Greeks of the *Iliad*, he describes his personal appearance with a degree of detail foreign to his habit, in order, seemingly, that, even as we read, we may see him before us in his hideous deformity. The same topics might be illustrated in detail from the later history of Greece, in modes inconsistent or questionable enough, yet abundantly significant. Courtesans of extraordinary beauty were sometimes chosen to march in the processions of the gods. By the side of the evil tradition of Aphrodite the promiscuous, there lingered long the rival tradition of an Aphrodite the heavenly. On the other hand, with respect to deformity, I do not remember that Aristophanes, in his campaign against Socrates, makes the use which we might have expected of the ugliness of the philosopher. And though jests were freely passed upon actual eccentricity of feature, I have not seen it proved, in such partial examination of the subject as has lain within my power, that the Greeks were wont to make use of that which we call caricature; which I understand to be, the founding upon some known or peculiar feature a representation of deformity that does not exist, for the purpose of exciting ridicule or hatred.

Among the moderns this practice appears to have been employed even to stimulate religious animosity or fury; and the rarity or absence of it, among a people possessed of such high sarcastic power as the Greeks, suggests that it may have been excluded by the predominating force of a traditional reverence, grown into instinct, for the beauty of the human form; having its origin nowhere with greater likelihood than in the early and continued association of that form with the highest objects of religion. I will now refer to the feeling of the Homeric period concerning the sacredness of the human body against both violation and exposure. The horror of Priam in anticipating his own death at the coming sack of Troy rises to its climax when he brings into the picture the tearing and defilement by dogs of his own exposed and naked figure. And the extreme point of punishment threatened to the degraded Thersites appears to be the stripping of his person for the disgust and derision of the camp, and the seaming it with "indecorous" wounds. Nor was this respect for decency a shallow or short-lived tradition. It was indeed rudely tried, since it came into conflict with the eagerness of the race for high physical activity and athletic development, stimulated to the uttermost by the great national institution of the Games, in which, as Horace said with little exaggeration, the palm of the victor uplifted even the lords of earth to the honors of the gods. Yet, important as it was for perfection in those unparalleled contests to free the person from the restraints of clothing, Thucydides in his preface tells us that the athletes were formerly covered; that the Lacedæmonians were the first to strip in the arena, and that it was not many years before his time that the fashion reached its height. But when we are seeking to ascertain the measure of that conception which any given race has formed of our nature, there is perhaps no single test so effective as the position which it assigns to woman. For as the law of force is the law of the brute creation, so, in proportion as he is under the yoke of that law, does man approximate to the brute; and in proportion, on the other hand, as he escapes from its do-

minion, is he ascending into the higher sphere of being, and claiming relationship with Deity. But the emancipation and due ascendancy of woman are not a mere fact; they are the emphatic assertion of a principle: and that principle is the dethronement of the law of force, and the enthronement of other and higher laws in its place, and in its despite. Outside the pale of Christianity it would be difficult to find a parallel, in point of elevation, to the Greek woman of the heroic age. Mr. Buckle candidly acknowledges that her position was then much higher than it had come to be in the most civilized historic period of Greece; and yet he was a writer whose bias, and the general cast of whose opinions, would have disposed him to an opposite conclusion. Again: if the pictures presented by the historical books of the Old Testament and by Homer respectively be compared, candor will claim from us a verdict in favor of the position of the Greek as compared with that of the Hebrew woman. Among the Jews polygamy was permitted; to the Greeks, as has been said, it was unknown. Tales like that of Amnon and Tamar, or like that of the Levite and his concubine, are not found even among the deeds of the dissolute Suitors of the *Odyssey*. Among the Jews the testimony of our Lord is that because of the hardness of their hearts Moses suffered them to put away their wives: but that "from the beginning it was not so." Apart from the violent contingencies of war, manners seem to have been, in the momentous point of divorce, not very different among the Greeks of the heroic age from what they had been in "the beginning." The picture of Penelope waiting for her husband through the creeping course of twenty years, and of Odysseus yearning in like manner for his wife, is one of the most remarkable in the whole history of human manners; and it would lose little, if anything, of its deeper significance and force, even if we believed that the persons whom the poet names Odysseus and Penelope have never lived. It must be observed, too, what, in the mind of Homer, constitutes the extraordinary virtue of the royal matron. It is not the refusal to marry another while her husband is alive, but her stubborn determination not to ac-

cept the apparently certain conclusion that he must have ceased to live. Not even the Suitors suggest that, if he be indeed alive, any power can set her free. Scarcely less noteworthy, for the purpose of the present argument, are the immunities which she enjoys even in her painful position. She is importuned, but she is not insulted. She feels horror and aversion, but she has no cause for fear. Such, in the morning of Greek life, was the reverence that hedged a woman, as she sat alone and undefended in the midst of a body of powerful and abandoned men. Again: the famous scene of Hector and Andromache is not more touching by its immeasurable tenderness than it is important for the proof which it affords, with reference to the contemporary manners, of what may be called the moral equality of man and wife. And the general effect of the poems is to give an idea of social parity, and of a share borne by women in the practical and responsible duties of life, such as we seek in vain, notwithstanding some charming specimens of character, among the Jews. Still less can it be found among the Greeks of the more polished ages. In their annals we scarce ever hear of a wife or mother, though the names of mistresses and courtesans are entered on the roll of fame, and Phryne dedicated in a Phocian temple a gilded statue of herself, which was wrought by the hand of Praxiteles. Indeed, not to speak of the poetry of Euripides, even the most solid and impartial judgments, such as those of Thucydides and Aristotle, were unfavorably warped in their estimate of women. It would, I have no doubt, be possible to illustrate in great detail from ancient records the high value set by the Greeks upon man, in his mind, life, and person. I will mention two instances from Pausanias. An Arcadian, named Skedasos, living at Leuctra, had two daughters, who were violated by Lacedæmonian youths. Unable to bear the shame, they put an end to their lives. Their father also, having in vain sought justice from the Spartan authorities, sternly recoiled from the disgrace, and destroyed himself. In after times Epaminondas, about to join battle with the Spartans at the place, made offerings and prayers to the insulted maidens and to

their parent; and then won the victory which laid low the power of Sparta. The other is of a different, and yet more singular, character. The statue of Theagenes, the Thasian athlete, after his death, fell upon an enemy of his, and killed him. The sons of the man, who thus lost his life, brought an action against the statue; and it was thrown into the sea, under a law of Draco, which made inanimate objects punishable for destroying human existence. Nor was this law peculiar to Athens, where it was maintained in the legislation of Solon. For, as we see, it was recognized in Thasos. Now, there is an apparent resemblance between this law and the English law of deodand, which involved the forfeiture, says Blackstone, of "whatever personal chattel is the immediate cause of the death of any reasonable creature." But I think that, with much seeming similarity, the cases are essentially different. Deodand was originally a payment to the sovereign to be applied to pious uses, and seems to have passed into a manorial right, or in the Germanic codes, into a compensation for homicide, payable to the surviving relatives. But it proceeded on the principle of making owners pay; though they paid in respect of homicide effected through a material instrument. The Greek law inflicted punishment upon the inanimate matter itself, for having violated the sanctity of human life. In this essential point it exactly corresponded with the remarkable law of Moses, which said, "If an ox gore a man that he die, the ox shall be stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten." But even this provision falls greatly short of the full spirit of the Greek law, since even the animal that kills is conscious, and gores from excited passion. I pass, however, to a subject of larger scope, and I venture to suggest that the anthropomorphic spirit of the Greek religion was the source of that excellence in art, which has become for after ages a model for imitation, and a tribunal without appeal. All are aware that the Greek religion is eminently poetical; for it fulfilled in the most striking manner that condition which poetry, above all, requires—harmony in the relation between the worlds of soul and sense. Every river, fountain, grove, and hill, was associated with the heart and imagination of the Greek;

subject, however, always to the condition that they should appear as ruled by a presiding spirit, and that that spirit should be impersonated in the human shape. A poetical religion must, it seems, be favorable to art. The beauty of form which so much abounded in the country was also favorable to art. The Athenians, however, are stated not to have been beautiful; and at Sparta, where art was neglected, beauty was immensely prized. And, indeed, the personal beauty of a race is by no means usually found sufficient to produce the development of the fine arts; and as to the poetry of religion, and its bearing upon art, while a general connection may be admitted, it is very difficult to define the manner and degree. The practice of image worship promotes the production of works, first rude and coarse, then more or less vulgar and tawdry. Over the whole continent of Europe there is scarcely at this moment an object of popular veneration, which is worthy to be called a work of art. Of the finest remaining works of Greek art, not very many, I imagine, bear the mark of having been intended for worship. The great size required for statues like the *Athenè* of the Parthenon, and the *Zeus* of Olympia, seems unfavorable to the exhibition of fine art in the highest sense. In Pausanias we find notice of an immense number of statues in and about the temple; they are not commonly praised, I think, for excellence in this respect; and the mixture of materials, to which we find constant reference, could hardly have been chosen by the artist for the sake of his own proper purpose. I have heard Lord Macaulay give his opinion that this mixture in the *Zeus* of Phidias at Olympia, made of ivory and gold, simple as was that form of combination, may probably have been due to the necessity of condescension to the popular taste in connection with an object of worship. Although, therefore, the highest artists were employed, it does not appear probable that they derived any part of their higher inspiration from the fervor or the multitude of worshippers in the temples. Neither will it avail to urge the great esteem in which the professors of the arts were held. High indeed it was; and the successions of sculptors in the different schools seem to have been recorded appar-

ently with almost as much care as the Archons of Athens, or the priestesses of Hera at Argos, those landmarks of the history of states. But the question recurs, Was their estimation the cause of their excellence, or was their excellence the cause of their estimation; and if the estimation flowed from the excellence, whence came the excellence itself? Both the one and the other were perhaps due to another cause. That many accessories contributed to the wonderful result I do not doubt. But mainly and essentially every art and method, every device and habit, in the language of Aristotle, has an end; and is modelled upon the end at which it aims; and by that end its greatness or its littleness is measured. Now the climax of all art, it seems to be agreed, is the rendering of the human form. What, then, could be so calculated to raise this representation to the acme of its excellence, as the belief that the human form was not only the tabernacle, but the original and shape, the inseparable attribute, of Deity itself? In the quaint language of George Herbert,

"He that aims the moon  
Shoots higher much, than he that means a  
tree."

And again, as Tennyson has sung:

"It was my duty to have loved the highest;  
We needs must love the highest when we  
see it,  
Not Lancelot, nor another."

It was this perpetual presentation of the highest to the mind of the Greek artist, that cheered him, and rewarded him, and yet, while it cheered him and rewarded him, still ever spurred him on in his pursuit. Whatever he had done, more remained to do:

"Nil actum reputans dum quid superesset  
agendum."

The desire of ambition was fulfilled: he had always more worlds to conquer. The divine was made familiar to him, by correspondence of shape; but on the other side, its elements, which it was his business to draw forth and indicate to men, reached far away into the infinite. And I know not what true definition there is for any age or people of the highest excellence in any kind, unless it be perpetual effort upward in pursuit of an object higher than ourselves, higher than our works, higher

even than our hopes, yet beckoning us on from hour to hour, and always permitting us to apprehend in part. I venture, then, to propound for consideration the opinion, that the fundamental cause of the transcendent excellence of the Greek artist lay in his being, by his birth and the tradition of his people, as well as with every favoring accessory, both in idea and in form, and in such a sense as no other artist was, a worker upon deity, conceived as residing in the human form. It is hardly necessary to observe how the rich and many-sided composition of the Greek mythology favored the artist in his work, by answering to the many-sided development of the mind and the life of man. Unconsciously then to himself, and in a sphere of almost parochial narrowness, the Greek not only earned himself an immortal fame, but was equipping from age to age a great school of art, to furnish principles and models made ready to the hand of that purer and higher civilization which was to be; and over the preparation of which all the while Divine Providence was brooding, like the Spirit on the face of the waters, till the fulness of time should come. But besides the art and the poetry of the Greeks, there were other provinces in which their achievements were no less remarkable; and, with reference to the present argument, I must shortly touch upon their philosophy. The first philosophers of the Greek race were not for the most part natives and inhabitants of Greece, nor subject exclusively to Greek influences. Their speculations turned mainly on the nature of the first principle, and partook of an eastern spirit. But when philosophy took up her abode in the country where Hellenism was supreme and without a rival, that human element, which lay so profoundly embedded in the whole constitution of the Hellenic mind, unfolded itself in the region of speculative thought; and the true meaning of the famous saying that Socrates called down philosophy from heaven would seem to be, that he gave expression to the genius of his country by propounding, as the prime subject for the study of man, the nature, constitution, and destiny of man himself. And the illustrious series of disciples, some of them probably greater than their master, who followed his example, were not therein aping or



adopting the mere peculiarity of an individual, but obeying a congenial impulse that sprang from the depths of their being. Whatever philosophy was to be indigenous in Greece could not but be predominantly and profoundly human; and their power and fame as analysts of our unfathomable constitution, are fresh and unabated at the present hour. Fashion may wave her wand, but it is with small result. Idolatrous veneration of course has at times begotten temporary reaction and neglect; but the power of Greek culture seems again and again to assert itself by virtue of the law which makes all things find their level, and since it came into existence it has never ceased to be in the most instructed periods the chief criterion and means of the highest intellectual training: not, of course, necessarily for each individual, but for classes and for countries. The point, however, to which I wish to draw particular attention at this moment, is the large and well-balanced view, to which Greek philosophy attained, of the compound nature of man. Never, probably, has there appeared upon the stage of the world so remarkable a union, as in the Greeks, of corporal with mental excellence. From the beginning of the race, Homer shared the privilege of his most gorgeous epithet between battle and debate. The Odes of such a poet as Pindar, handing onwards the tradition of the Twenty-third Iliad, commemorate, so to speak, the marriage of athletic exercise with the gift of song. We do not trace among the Greeks that contrast, which is found so rude and sharp elsewhere, between energy in the body and energy in the brain. The Greek was in this respect like Adam, in the noble verse of Milton,

"For contemplation and for valor born."

And the Greek philosophy was for nothing more remarkable than the manner in which it not only asserted but felt as an elementary law, the place of the body in human education. This was with no exclusive or peculiar view to what we should call utilitarian purposes, such as those of defence, or industry, or even art. It seems to have been rather an ample recognition of the right of the body to be cared for, and to be reared in its various organs up to the highest ex-

cellence it is capable of attaining; as being, what indeed it is, not a mere vesture, or tool, or appendage of the soul, but, like the soul, an integral part of man himself. This plenitude and accuracy of view on such a subject is the more to be regarded on some special grounds. In general, the philosophies of the world, outside of Christianity, have shown a tendency to fluctuate between sensuality on the one hand, and on the other a contempt and hatred of matter, and a disposition to identify it with the principle of evil. The philosophy of Socrates, of Plato, and of Aristotle, seems to have steered clear and safe between this Scylla and this Charybdis. But, again, the Greek saw, as all men see, the body parted from the soul at death, and hastening rapidly, as by the law of its nature, to corruption. To none could this severance, and its mournful and painful incidents, be more repulsive than to him, with his delicate perceptions and his lively emotions. Of a future existence in any shape he usually knew or even surmised little; of the revival of the body, or of the reünion hereafter of the two great factors of the human being, he had yet less conception. We may say, then, that he lay under every temptation to a disparaging view of the body and of its office. Yet, in spite of his immense disadvantage, it fell to him to find a place for the body in the philosophy of human nature, and to incorporate the principle thus conceived in laws, usages, and institutions, with a clearness and general justness of view, by which Christian learning has done and will yet do well to profit. What with us is somewhat dubious and fluctuating both in theory and in practice, with him was familiar and elementary in both; and the teachers of mental accomplishment taught also the science, if not the art, of bodily excellence. Thus, for example, Plato, in his Treatise on the State, has to consider what men are fit to be chosen for rulers. They should, if possible, he says, have the advantage of personal beauty. They must be energetic; and he therefore proceeds to treat of the character of the *φιλόπονος*, or diligent man. He must be ready and keen in study; for human souls are much more cowardly in strong studies than in exercises of corporal strength; as in the former they bear all the burden, instead of

sharing it with the body. But philosophy itself, he admits, has fallen into some dishonor from a tendency to partiality in handling this question. The truly diligent man, then, must not be half or one-sided in his diligence. If he be fond of athletic exercise and of sports, but not apt for learning and inquiry, then he is but half diligent. And no less "lame" will he be, says the philosopher; if, addicted to mental pursuits, he neglects the training of the body, and of the organs with which he is endowed. This may serve for a sample, but it is a sample only, of the large and complete grasp of the Greek philosophy upon the nature of man: and I connect this largeness and completeness with the fact that the Greek, from the nature of his religion, cherished in a special degree the idea of the near association of human existence, in soul and body, with that existence which we necessarily regard as the largest and most complete, namely, with the Divine. It may indeed be said that the Greek lowered and contaminated the Divine idea by weak and by vile elements carried into it from the human. Yes, this and much more may be said, and said with truth. Nothing can be more humbling or more instructive than the total failure of the Greek mind, with all its powers, either to attain, or even make progress towards attaining, the greater ends of creation, by rendering man either good or happy. This is the negative but most important purpose which the Greek of old may have been destined to fulfil; the purpose of casting down the strongholds of our pride, by first showing us how great he is, and then leaving us to see how little, when standing alone, is all his greatness, if it be measured with reference to its results in accomplishing those ends of life without which every other end is vain. But I am not now engaged in endeavoring to ascertain what Greek life or what the Greek mind was in itself, and for itself, nor for what negative or secondary uses the study of it may be available. I wish to point out in some degree what it was for a purpose beyond itself, what materials it was preparing for our use, how it was, if I may so express myself, the secular counterpart of the Gospel, and how it became, in one word, the great intellectual factor of the Christian civiliza-

tion. Now, it is not, I think, difficult to see that materials and instruments, such as it furnished, were required. I will not attempt by argument to show that all the powers and capacities of man, being the work of God, must have their proper place in His designs; and that the evil in the world arises not from their use, but from their misuse, not from their active working each according to its place in the providential order, but from their having gone astray, as the planets would if the centripetal force which controls their action were withdrawn. We see, then, in the Greeks, beyond all question, these two things—a peculiar and powerful element of anthropomorphism pervading their religion, and giving it its distinctive character; secondly, a remarkable fulness, largeness, subtlety, elevation, and precision in their conception of human nature; taking form in, or at least accompanying, an immense vigor both of speculation and of action; a language of marvellous reach, elasticity, variety and power; a scientific excellence in art never elsewhere attained; and an eminence in the various branches of letters which has given to them, for more than two thousand years, the place of first authority in the cultivated world. The Latin literature, though it has a character and purpose of its own, is, in its most splendid elements, derivative from the Greek. Now, if we survey with care and candor the present wealth of the world—I mean its wealth intellectual, moral, and spiritual—we find that Christianity has not only contributed to the patrimony of man its brightest and most precious jewels, but has likewise been what our Saviour pronounced it, the salt or preserving principle of all the residue, and has maintained its health, so far as it has been maintained at all, against corrupting agencies. But the salt is one thing, the thing salted is another; and as in the world of nature, so in the world of mind and of human action, there is much that is outside of Christianity that harmonizes with it, that revolves, so to speak, around it, but that did not and could not grow out of it. It seems to have been for the filling up of this outline, for the occupation of this broad sphere of exertion and enjoyment, that the Greeks were, in the councils of Providence, ordained to labor; that so

the Gospel, produced in the fulness of time, after the world's long gestation, might have its accomplished work in rearing mankind up to his perfection, first, in the spiritual life, but also, and through that spiritual life, in every form of excellence for which his varied powers and capacities have been created. If this be so, it is quite plain that the Greeks have their place in the providential order, aye, and in the Evangelical preparation, as truly and really as the children of Abraham themselves. But indeed there is no need, in order to a due appreciation of our debt to the ancient Greeks, that we should either forget or disparage the function which was assigned by the Almighty Father to his most favored people. Much profit, says St. Paul, had the Jew in every way. He had the oracles of God; he had the custody of the promises; he was the steward of the great and fundamental conception of the unity of God, the sole and absolute condition under which the Divine idea could be upheld among men at its just elevation. No poetry, no philosophy, no art of Greece ever embraced, in its most soaring and widest conceptions, that simple law of love towards God and towards our neighbor, on which "two commandments hang all the law and the prophets," and which supplied the moral basis of the new dispensation. There is one history, and that the most touching and most profound of all, for which we should search in vain through all the pages of the classics—I mean the history of the human soul in its relations with its Maker; the history of its sin, and grief, and death, and of the way of its recovery to hope and life, and to enduring joy. For the exercises of strength and skill, for the achievements and for the enchantments of wit, of eloquence, of art, of genius for the imperial games, of politics and war, let us seek them on the shores of Greece. But if the first among the problems of life be how to establish the peace and restore the balance of our inward being; if the highest of all conditions in the existence of the creature be his aspect towards the God to whom he owes his being, and in whose great hand he stands—then let us make our search elsewhere. All the wonders of the Greek civilization heaped together are less wonderful than is the

single Book of Psalms. Palestine was weak and despised, always obscure, oftentimes and long trodden down beneath the feet of imperious masters. Greece for a thousand years,

"Confident from foreign purposes,"

repelled every invader from her shores, and, fostering her strength in the keen air of freedom, she defied, and at length overthrew the mightiest of empires; and when finally she felt the resistless grasp of the masters of all the world, them too, at the very moment of her subjugation, she subdued to her literature, language, arts, and manners. Palestine, in a word, had no share of the glories of our race; they blaze on every page of the history of Greece with an overpowering splendor. Greece had valor, policy, renown, genius, wisdom, wit—she had all, in a word, that this world could give her; but the flowers of Paradise, which blossom thinly, blossomed in Palestine alone. And yet, as the lower parts of our bodily organization are not less material than the higher to the safety and well-being of the whole, so Christianity itself was not ordained to a solitary existence in man, but to find helps meet for it in the legitimate use of every faculty, and in the gradually accumulated treasures of the genius, sagacity, and industry of the human family. Besides the loftiest part of the work of Providence intrusted to the Hebrew race, there was other work to do, and it was done elsewhere. It was requisite to make ready the materials not only of a divine renewal and of a moral harmony for the world, but also for a thorough and searching culture of every power and gift of man, in all his relations to the world and to his kind; so as to lift up his universal nature to the level upon which his relation as a creature to his Creator, and as a child to his father, was about to be established. And the question arises whether, among the auxiliaries required to complete the training process for our race, there were not to be found some which were of a quality, I will not say to act as a corrective to Christianity, but to act as a corrective to the narrow views and the excesses which might follow upon certain modes of conceiving and of applying it. Doubtless the just idea of their general purpose is that they

were a collection of implements and materials to assist in the cultivation of the entire nature of man, and to consecrate all his being to the glory and the designs of his Maker. Yet in part they might have a purpose more special still—the purpose of assigning due bounds to the action of impulses springing out of Christianity itself. Now, that narrow conception which I have mentioned, of the Jews as virtually the sole object of the providential designs of God, while it began doubtless in a devout sentiment, passed into superstition when it led men to assign to the Jewish people every imaginable gift and accomplishment, and into virtual impiety when it came to imply that the Almighty had little care for the residue of his creatures. And certainly it was not to Scripture itself that opinions like these were due. In a dissertation *On the Prophecies of the Messiah dispersed among the Heathen*, Bishop Horsley has shown what a large amount of testimony is yielded by the Sacred Books to the remaining knowledge of the true God among the races in the neighborhood of Judea. With them religion seems to have been for long periods, as was also to no small extent the religious practice of the Jews, an inconsistent combination of lingering and struggling truth with rampant error. Melchisedec, the type of Christ, and Job, one of the chosen patrons of faith and patience, were of blood foreign to the patriarchal race; and the same agency of the prophetic order, which was employed to correct and guide the Jew, was not withheld from his neighbors: Balaam, among the Moabites, was a prophet inspired by the Most High. Of the minor prophetic books of the Old Testament two are expressly devoted to setting forth the burden of Nineveh and the dealings of God with its inhabitants: and Eastern Magi were, in the words of Bishop Horsley, “the first worshippers of Mary’s Holy Child.” A system of religion, however absolutely perfect for its purpose, however divine in its conception and expression, yet of necessity becomes human too, from the first moment of its contact with humanity; from the very time, that is to say, when it begins to do its proper work by laying hold upon the hearts and minds of men,

mingling, as the leaven in the dough, with all that they contain, and unfolding and applying itself in the life and conduct of the individual, and in the laws, institutions, and usages of society. In the building up of the human temple, the several portions of the work, while sustaining and strengthening each other, confine each other also, like the stones of a wall, to their proper place and office in the fabric. Divine truth, contained in the Gospel, is addressed to the wants and uses of a nature not simple but manifold, and is manifold itself; though dependent upon one principle, it consists of many parts, and in order to preserve reciprocally the due place and balance of those parts, means that we call human are available, as well as means more obviously divine; and secular forms and social influences, all adjusted by one and the same Governor of the world, are made to serve the purposes that have their highest expression in the Kingdom of Grace. The Gospel aims not at destroying this equilibrium, but at restoring it; and in the restoration it accepts, nay courts, and by natural law requires, the aid of secondary means. It is manifest, indeed, that there was in Christianity that which man might easily and innocently carry into such an excess, as, though it would have ceased to be Christian, would not have ceased to seem so, and would under a sacred title have tended to impair the healthful and complete development of his being. Rousseau objects to the Christian system that it is opposed to social good order and prosperity, because it teaches a man to regard himself as a citizen of another world, and thus diverts him from the performance of his duties as a member of civil society. “Far from attaching the hearts of the citizens to the state, it detaches them from it, as from all other earthly things. I know nothing more opposed to the social spirit. . . . A society of true Christians would no longer be a society of men. . . . What matters it to be free or slave in this vale of misery? The one thing needful is to go to Paradise, and submission to calamity is an additional means of getting there.” In an age and in a country such as this, it is not required, it is scarcely allowable,



to seem to depreciate those various forms of self-restraint and self-conquest which the spirit of man, vexed in its sore conflict with the flesh and with the world, has in other times employed to establish the supremacy of the soul, by trampling upon the sense and appetite and all corporal existence. Even in the time of the apostles, it seems to have been manifest that a tendency to excess in this direction had begun to operate in the Christian church. As time passed on, and as the spirit of the unrenewed world became more rampant within the sacred precinct, the reaction against it likewise grew more vehement and eager. The deserts of Egypt were peopled with thousands upon thousands of anchorites, who foreswore every human relation, extinguished every appetite, and absorbed every motive, every idea, every movement of our complex nature in the great but single function of the relation to the unseen world. True and earnest in their Christian warfare, they, notwithstanding, represent a spirit of exaggeration, which it was necessary to check, uprooting what they ought rather to have pruned, and destroying what they ought to have chastised, and mastered, and converted to purposes of good. That internecine war with sin, which is the very essence of Christianity, seems to have been understood by them as a war against the whole visible and sensible world, against the intellectual life, against a great portion of their own normal nature: and though, as regarded themselves, even their exaggeration was pardonable, and in many respects a noble error, yet its unrestricted sway and extension would have left man a maimed, a stunted, a distorted creature. And it would have done more than this. By severing the Gospel from all else that is beautiful and glorious in creation, it would have exposed the spiritual teacher to a resistance not only vehement but just, and would have placed the kingdom of grace in permanent and hopeless discord with the kingdoms of nature, reason, truth, and beauty—kingdoms established by the very same Almighty hand. Those principles of repression, which were indispensable as the medicine of man, were unfit for his food. What was requisite, however, was not to expel them, and

thereby to revert to the mental riot and moral uncleanness of heathenism, but to check their usurpations, and to keep them within their bounds; and this was to be effected not by prohibition or disparagement, but by vindicating for every part, and power, and work, of human nature, and for every office of life, its proper place in the divine order and constitution of the world. The seed of this comprehensive philosophy was supplied by the words of the Apostle: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." And so the solid and fruitful materials of the Greek civilization came in aid, by a wise Providence, of the humanizing principles and precepts of the Gospel, to assist in securing a well-balanced development of the powers of the Christian system, and to prevent the instruments designed for eradicating the seeds of disease from subverting the yet higher agencies appointed for the fostering and development of life in every region of our being and our activity. Volumes might be written with profit to trace the application of the principles touched upon in this address to the whole history of the church, and of the Christian civilization, down to the present day. That which I have now attempted is no more, in effect, than a suggestion. And if that suggestion be just it will be difficult to deny its importance. Let us glance in a few concluding words at some of its results.

First, it places, on high and safe grounds that genial primacy of the Greeks in letters and in human culture, to the acknowledgment of which Christian Europe has been guided not so much by a logical process, or a definite forethought, as by a sure instinct with the after confirmation of a long experience. Nor can this primacy be justly disturbed by the multiplication, and the energetic and growing pursuit of those branches of knowledge for which this age has been so remarkable. For Aristotle it was excusable to regard the heavenly bodies as objects nobler than man. But Christianity has sealed and stamped the title of our race as the

crown and flower of the visible creation: and with this irreversible sentence in their favor, the studies, well called studies of humanity, should not resent nor fear, but should favor and encourage all other noble research having for its object the globe on which we live, the tribes with which it is peopled in land, air, and sea, the powers drawn forth from nature or yet latent in her unexplored recesses, or the spaces of that vast system—

"Ultra flammantia mœnia mundi,"

to which our earth belongs. But more than this; we live in times when the whole nature of our relation to the unseen world is widely, eagerly, and assiduously questioned. Sometimes we are told of general laws, so conceived as to be practically independent either of a lawgiver or a judge. Sometimes of a necessity working all things to uniform results, but seeming to crush and to bury under them the ruins of our will, our freedom, our personal responsibility. Sometimes of a private judgment, which we are to hold upon the hard condition of taking nothing upon trust, of passing by, at the outset of our mental life, the whole preceding education of the world, of owing no debt to those who have gone before without a regular process of proof, in a word, of beginning anew each man for himself: a privilege which I had thought was restricted to the lower orders of creation, where the parent infuses no prejudices into its litter or its fry. Such are the fancies which go abroad. Such are the clouds which career in heaven, and pass between us and the sun, and make men idly think that what they see not is not, and blot the prospects of what is in so many and such true respects a happy and a hopeful age. It is, I think, an observation of Saint Augustine, that those periods are critical and formidable, when the power of putting questions runs greatly in advance of the pains to answer them. Such appears to be the period in which we live. And all among us, who are called in any manner to move in the world of thought, may well ask Who is sufficient for these things? Who can with just and firm hand sever the transitory from the durable, and the accidental from the essential, in old opinions?

Who can combine, in the measures which reason would prescribe, reverence and gratitude to the past with a sense of the new claims, new means, new duties of the present? Who can be stout and earnest to do battle for the truth, and yet hold sacred, as he ought, the freedom of inquiry, and cherish, as he ought, a chivalry of controversy like the ancient chivalry of arms? One persuasion at least let us embrace—one error let us avoid. Let us be persuaded of this—that Christianity will by her inherent resources find for herself a philosophy equal to all the shifting and all the growing wants of the time. Let us avoid the error of seeking to cherish a Christianity of isolation. The Christianity which is now and hereafter to flourish, and, through its power in the inner circles of human thought, to influence ultimately, in some manner more adequate than now, the masses of mankind, must be such as of old the wisdom of God was described. "For in her is an understanding spirit, holy, one only, manifold, subtle, lively, clear, undefiled, plain, not subject to hurt, loving the thing that is good, quick, which cannot be letted, ready to do good, kind to man, steadfast, sure, free from care, having all power, overseeing all things. . . . For she is the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of his goodness." It must be filled full with human and genial warmth, in close sympathy with every true instinct and need of man, regardful of the just titles of every faculty of his nature, apt to associate with and make its own all, under whatever name, which goes to enrich and enlarge the patrimony of the race. And therefore it is well that we should look out over the field of history, and see if haply its records, the more they are unfolded, do or do not yield us new materials for the support of faith. Me at least, for one, experience has convinced that, just as fresh wonder and confirmed conviction flow from examining the structure of the universe and its countless inhabitants, and their respective adaptations to the purposes of their being and to the use of man, the same results will flow in yet larger measure from tracing the footmarks of the Most High in the seem-

ingly bewildered paths of human history. Everywhere, before us, and behind us, and around us, and above us and beneath, we shall find the power which

"Lives through all life, extends through all extent,  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

And, together with the power, we shall find the goodness and the wisdom, of which that sublime power is but a minister. Nor can that wisdom and that goodness anywhere shine forth with purer splendor than when the divine forethought, working from afar, in many places, and through many generations, so adjusts beforehand the acts and the affairs of men as to let them all converge upon a single point, upon that redemption of the world, by God made Man, in which all the rays of his glory are concentrated, and from which they pour forth a flood of healing light even over the darkest and saddest places of creation. Mr. Vice-Chancellor, Professors, and Gentlemen, I commend to your notice and your impartial research the subject of the foregoing remarks. It is at least a less unworthy offering than the mere commonplaces of taking leave. Yet I claim one remaining moment to convey to you my gratitude for your confidence, to assure you that I shall ever feel a lively interest in all that pertains to the welfare of your famous University, and to bid you respectfully farewell.

The Fortnightly Review.

#### THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF TENNYSON.

DURING the last ten years the works of Mr. Alfred Tennyson have become thoroughly classical. There seems every chance of their being read while the language and literature of this country continue. The current editions of the great living poet are in every one's hand; while comparatively few have any acquaintance with earlier versions of now remodelled poems, or with the suppressed pieces of his first volumes. The present rarity of these editions amply explains the general ignorance of their contents. That they contain mines of nearly unexplored beauty, extracts will put beyond question. It is

easier to set on record these bibliographical details now than twenty years hence. Certain it is, that no one of these will be hereafter without a due interest and value. Great poets, moreover, are proverbially careless about their poetical offspring. How much Goethe lost or forgot of what he wrote is well known. That charming little lyric of our Laureate's, *Home they brought him Slain with Spears*, has only been this year rescued for the public. We are able to date its composition from 1848-49. Does not this lead us to infer that Mr. Tennyson is, in common with his greatest predecessors,

"Like wealthy men, who care not how they give?"

nor, we may add, how they lose. We, his humble students, however, are not so affluent of rich thought, that we can afford to throw away the smallest crumb. It is right for the master, no doubt, to refine his work to the utmost. But we may also claim the right to keep a place for his first ideas. The process by which perfection has been reached is full of interest and of valuable lessons; nor can we better show our respect for this great poet than by thus treating his verse, so far as our ability enables us, as the subject for serious study.

In this spirit, then, we proceed without further preface or justification. But on the very threshold of our Tennysonian bibliographical inquiries, difficulty awaits us. The greatest prize for collectors of this literature bears the following title-page:

#### POEMS,

By TWO BROTHERS.

"Hæc nos novimus esse nihil."—*Martial*.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. SIMPKIN AND R. MARSHALL,  
STATIONERS'-HALL COURT,  
AND J. AND J. JACKSON, LOUTH.

1827. (pp. 228.)

This volume has been so repeatedly ascribed to Mr. Alfred and Mr. Charles Tennyson, when boys of sixteen and seventeen, that it commands a fancy price in the book-market on that account. Still, it ought clearly not to be reckoned in the Tennysonian series proper, although we can hardly pass it

over without comment. Assuming, then, *argumenti gratia*, the correctness of the popular rumor, let us hear what the preface says: "The following pages were written from the ages of fifteen to eighteen, not conjointly but individually, which may account for their difference of style and matter, &c. March, 1827."

What, then, may be said of the contents of this volume as a whole? Our verdict must agree with what all previous probability would prepare us to expect, namely, that the poetical talent of the Laureate, already so abnormally precocious at nineteen, had barely dawned in the boyish sketches of 1827. It is only by the aiding light of our hypothesis, that we are able, after the carefulest perusal, to detect a few shadowy touches somewhat akin to the master hand. We may safely assert, that the most intense student of the Laureate might read this volume through without the faintest suspicion of its alleged authorship.

During the first hundred pages it is possible to distinguish with tolerable confidence the poems of each brother. Hence, possibly, the pieces last in order were first in completion. We warn our readers to expect no great elucidation from our meagre extracts on the early genius of Mr. Tennyson. Here are a few. *Remorse* may be given to the Laureate from some general likeness to the *Confessions* of 1830. Here is one slight Tennysonian echo in a single line:

"The glimmerings of the boundless flame."

Or fainter still from the *Dell of E*—,

"High hills on either side to heaven upsprung,

Y clad with groves of undulating pine,  
Upon whose heads the hoary vapors hung,  
And far—far off the heights were seen to shine."

Containing perhaps the germ of, but still how unequal to, the full ripe after-music. In *Antony to Cleopatra*, take two lines:

"And I have moved within thy sphere,  
And lived within thy light."

Are we to detect a touch of the later *Oriana* (1830) in the *Vale of Bones*?—

"When on to battle proudly going,  
Your plumage to the wild winds blowing,  
Your tartans far behind ye flowing,

Your pennons raised, your clarions sounding,

Fiercely your steeds beneath ye bounding."

Thus in *Oriana*:

"Winds were blowing, waters flowing,  
We heard the steeds to battle going,

Oriana,

Aloud the hollow bugle blowing," etc.

And in *Midnight* we get one really Tennysonian chord, such as the master could strike now without much shame:

"A wan, dull, lengthen'd sheet of swimming light."

Here is a good verse from *The Deity*:

"Throned in sequester'd sanctity,  
And with transcendent glories crown'd;  
With all his works beneath his eye,  
And suns and systems burning round."

One simile from the *Fall of Jerusalem* has something of the well-known lilt and ring:

"Like the morning star, whose gleam  
Gazeth through the waste of night,  
What time old ocean's purple stream  
In his cold surge hath deeply laved,  
Its ardent front of dewy light."

In the following little piece, without denying its immaturity, or eliminating its commonplace, we call attention to the success of the central idea. Original, too, is it, for a mere boy to have written. Compare this also, though the distance is great, with the manner of the short lyrics in the "Princess." *Thy Voice is Heard through Rolling Drums*, and *Home they Brought her Warrior Dead*:

#### ON A DEAD ENEMY.

"I came in haste with cursing breath  
And heart of hardest steel;  
But when I saw thee cold in death  
I felt as man should feel.

"For when I look upon that face,  
That cold unheeding frigid brow,  
Where neither rage nor fear has place,  
By Heaven! I cannot hate thee now."

*Sunday Mobs* is worth reading, and quaintly suggestive. *Phrenology* contains several astronomic passages, possibly the very remote ancestors of their more gorgeous successors:

"Tell us why Saturn rolls begirt with flame?  
Whence the red depth of Mars' aspect came?"



A rather remarkable ballad headed *King Charles's Vision* closes the book.

## TIMBUCTOO.

BY A. TENNYSON,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

1829.

"Deep in that lion-haunted inland lies  
A mystic city, goal of high emprise."—  
CHAPMAN.

Next comes Mr. Tennyson's Cambridge prize poem. This dates the year previous to the "Poems, chiefly Lyrical." In point of general excellence it shows a vast improvement on the 1827 volume. Fine lines are numerous, and the whole conception of the subject successful, though perhaps a little old-fashioned and over-elaborate. Astronomy still continues to attract the young poet:

"The moon's white cities, and the opal width  
Of her small glowing lakes, her silver heights  
Unvisited with dew of vagrant cloud.

Blaze within blaze, an unimagined depth  
And harmony of planet-girded suns  
And moon-encircled planets, wheel in wheel,  
Arch'd the wan sapphire."

The seasons are prettily drawn:

"With earliest light of Spring,  
And in the glow of fallow Summer-tide,  
And in red Autumn, when the winds are  
wild  
With gambols, and when full-voiced Win-  
ter roofs  
The headland," etc.

It is interesting also to find here, in *Timbuctoo*, a fragment afterwards repeated in the *Ode to Memory*:

"Listenest the lordly music flowing from  
The illimitable years."

This continues—

"I am the Spirit,  
The permeating life which courseth through  
All the intricate and labyrinthine veins  
Of the great vine of Fable, which, outspread  
With growth of shadowing leaf and clusters rare,  
Reacheth to every corner under heaven,  
Deep-rooted in the living soil of truth;  
So that men's hopes and fears take refuge in  
The fragrance of its complicated glooms,  
And cool impleach'd twilight."

The whole poem consists of some two hundred and fifty lines.

We now enter on the real series of

the Laureate's works with all the ardor of humble yet zealous admirers. Let us suppose ourselves a newspaper hack, to whom one morning in the year 1830 his editor may have sent a bundle of the newest publications. Among a heap of utterly ephemeral rubbish in poetry and prose we come upon a thin little volume in a buff cover, entitled *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*, by Alfred Tennyson. Now, should we have been wise enough to have singled out, then and there, these lines as bearing upon them the impress of immortality? Should we have predicted that some thirty years hence, this young author would be the greatest of living poets, so universally acknowledged that any censure of his works would seem to many a kind of semi-profanity? Assuredly not, you reply. You might as well expect a seedling Wellingtonia in a six-inch flower-pot at the nurseryman's to be known at first sight among its companion pines as the future giant of timber. But the comparison of intellectual with vegetal growth fails manifestly in one essential point. For sixty-two pages of this volume are found in the sixteenth edition of *Tennyson's Poems*, 1864, and several of its lyrics, nearly unchanged, are printed there side by side with the Laureate's maturest efforts. While, if we include his second volume of 1832, many detached passages written by him at one-and-twenty are as fine as any he has produced at fifty. Yet the critic must fairly confess that it is only when he reads this first effort by the light of the maturer works and the writer's subsequent reputation, that he is able to discover how exquisitely good are these earlier pieces in spite of crudeness, in spite of immaturity. The "San Sisto" of Raphael enables us to appreciate his early sketches, but who would have had the sagacity to expect a "San Sisto" from the sight of the pen-drawings for the Borghese "Entombment?"

To describe more minutely this inaugural volume—

## POEMS, CHIEFLY LYRICAL,

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

LONDON:

EFFINGHAM WILSON, ROYAL EXCHANGE,  
CORNHILL.

1830.

(pp. 154.)

—we shall proceed to give some rough account of its contents. We pass over the pieces retained at the present day. Thus, the three opening poems of this volume are still found at the commencement of the modern collected edition. Then follow some singularly melodious *Elegiacs*. They open thus:

"Low-flowing breezes are roaming the broad valley dimm'd in the gloaming;  
Thoro' the black-stemm'd pines only the far river shines."

Here a boy of nineteen has already perfected for himself that harmonious individuality of expression, that strange power of saying commonplace things in a way peculiar to himself, of strengthening all he touches by adding a turn and stamp of his own; and all this with that apparent ease which veils the art.

The "*How*" and the "*Why*" is a maze of intricate thought, with a few blemishes of overstrained originality, which have proved great stumbling-blocks and rocks of offence to the critics of these earlier volumes. Here are some pretty lines from it:

"The little bird pipeth—'Why, why?'  
In the summer woods when the sun falls low;  
And the great bird sits on the opposite bough,  
And stares in his face and shouts, 'How, how?'"

The supposed *Confessions of a Second-rate Sensitive Mind not in Unity with Itself* is a deeply pathetic effusion, with many exquisite passages. The germ of that keen analytical power shown in the *Two Voices* (1842) is clearly visible. The treatment of the two poems should be compared. The sensitive intellect of the *Two Voices* is, however, of the highest order, and consequently prevails over its doubts at the end of the piece. Here the "second-rate mind" is still left in hopeless protest. Much might be quoted, but we will take one touching contrast of animal and human existence:

"In the flocks  
The lamb rejoiceth in the year,  
And raceth freely with his fere,  
And answers to his mother's calls  
From the flower'd furrow. In a time  
Of which he wots not, run short pains  
Through his warm heart; and then, from whence

He knows not, on his light there falls  
A shadow; and his native slope  
Where he was wont to leap and climb  
Floats from his sick and filmed eyes,  
And something in the darkness draws  
His forehead earthward, and he dies."

The *Burial of Love*, with two songs beginning "Sainted Juliet, dearest name," and "I the glooming light," require no special comment, although they all possess the poet's airy delicacy of harmony. A succeeding lyric, *The Linthwhite and the Thrustlecock*, is charming, but should be quoted entire or not at all. Then follow two pendant or companion pieces, such as our author loves to write, headed *Nothing will Die*, and *All Things will Die*. To suggest a few other pendants, take *Sir Galahad* and *St. Agnes*, *Ulysses* and *Tithonus*, the *Two Marianas*, the *Hesperides* and *Lotos-Eaters*, etc. Mr. Tennyson's poetry is more pictorial than any other poet's, hence, perhaps, this frequency of companion pictures. *All Things will Die* opens with a full stream of genuine Tennysonian harmony:

"Clearly the blue river chimes in its flowing  
Under my eye;  
Warmly and broadly the south winds are blowing  
Over the sky."

*Hero to Leander* interests us because it is not precisely in the manner of anything the Laureate has since produced. Next comes that most remarkable poem *The Mystic*, in blank verse, a truly marvellous effort for the mind of a boy of nineteen. The whole poem is perhaps the most striking, though certainly not the most successful, of all the suppressed pieces. Here are a few lines as a sample of the weird atmosphere which pervades the whole:

"He often lying broad awake, and yet  
Remaining from the body, and apart  
In intellect and power and will, hath heard  
Time flowing in the middle of the night,  
And all things creeping to a day of doom."

The modern positivist would demolish at a blow the mystical creed and Neo-Platonic metaphysics of the whole sketch, but it is not the less charming as poetry.

The *Grasshopper* is a graceful comparison of this "Bayard of the Meadow"

with a warrior in full mail, no withered Tithonus, as the ancients vainly feigned.

*The Chorus of an Unpublished Drama, written very early*, will, we trust, be some day rescued from the suppressions of this volume. It is a lyric full of the finest imagery and stately rhythmical movement. At least we find no lines which should bar its republication as it now stands. No doubt many of the other pieces of this volume would, if revived by their author, require now both omissions and additions. Listen to one fragment of this chorus:

"Each sun that from the centre flings  
Grand music and redundant fire,  
The burning belts, the mighty rings,  
The murmurous planets' rolling choir."

*Love* is as remarkable for its tenderness and delicacy as the last piece was for its lyrical grandeur. The first stanza and parts of the second are very beautiful; the remainder and the conclusion are much inferior:

"Thou foldest, like a golden atmosphere,  
The very throne of the eternal God:  
Passing thro' thee, the edicts of His fear  
Are mellowed into music.

To know thee is all wisdom, and old age  
Is but to know thee."

*The Kraken* is worth quotation, but requires to be given altogether. The sea-monster is described "in the abysmal sea," "battening upon huge sea-worms in his sleep." Then follow an *English War-song* and a *National Song*. The patriotic songs of the Laureate are things *per se*. He assumes, as it were, quite a different poetical individuality. His rhythm roughens, and the whole utterance of the man is changed.

While upon the patriotic songs of this volume, we may hint *en passant* that various other lyrics which have appeared from time to time in our contemporary press, have been ascribed to the Laureate, we leave it to our readers to judge with what degree of truth. It is some slight corroboration that *The Charge of the Light Brigade* and the *Form, Rifleman, form*, first appeared anonymously in like manner. There are other songs, however, which have as yet never been acknowledged by their author, whoever he be. *Britons, Guard your Own, The Third of Febru-*

*ary*, 1852, and *Hands all Round*, appeared in the *Examiner* in the earlier part of 1852. Another, headed *Arm, arm, arm*, is of the same date.

Here is a simple stanza from *Britons, Guard your Own*:

"Call home your ships across Biscayan tides,  
To blow the battle from their oaken sides.  
Why waste they yonder  
Their idle thunder?  
Why stay they there to guard a foreign  
throne?  
Seamen, guard your own."

This is from *Hands all Round*:

"Gigantic daughter of the West,  
We drink to thee across the flood,  
We know thee most, we love thee best,  
For art thou not of British blood?  
Should war's mad blast again be blown,  
Permit not thou the tyrant powers  
To fight thy mother here alone,  
But let thy broadsides roar with ours.  
Hands all round!  
God the tyrant's cause confound!  
To our great kinsmen of the West, my  
friends,  
And the great name of England round and  
round."

This is signed "Merlin, February 7, 1852." The author is a true patriot as well as a true poet, be he who he may.

Returning from this conjectural digression to the concluding pieces of the volume of 1830, we come to *Dualisms*, a kind of duplicate of *Circumstance*. Here are the two children at play:

"Like, unlike, they roam together  
Under a summer vault of golden weather;  
Like, unlike, they sing together  
Side by side.  
Mid May's darling golden lockèd,  
Summer's tanling diamond eyed."

We now quote, as an instance of the power of mere verbal melody without any depth of thought, a little lyric, headed

"WE ARE FREE."

"The winds, as at their hour of birth  
Leaning upon the ridgèd sea,  
Breathed low around the rolling earth  
With mellow preludes, 'We are free.'  
The streams through many a lilled row  
Down-carolling to the crispèd sea,  
Low-tinkled with a bell-like flow  
Atween the blossoms, 'We are free.'"

\* This piece is dismissed in Christopher North's review of "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," with a "That is drivell."

Contrast the perfectly charming flow of these verses, bearing as little thought as Sir Walter Scott's average lyrics possess, with what the Laureate can do when the subject requires him to put forth his intellectual strength. He can then legislate for the theologian and geologist, as in *In Memoriam*; nor will biology refuse to acknowledge the suggestiveness of one suppressed stanza of *The Palace of Art* (1832):

"All nature widens upward: evermore  
The simpler essence lower lies.  
More complex is more perfect, owning  
more  
Discourse, more widely wise."

A quaint poem, of *ῥέοντες*, setting forth the creed of the "flowing philosophers," closes the volume of 1830. We have only noticed the more important lyrics therein; we have not referred to any of the unsuppressed pieces of that date. Note also that, except the *Two Brothers*, which does not count, and this volume of 1830, every other work of the Laureate has been published by Messrs. Moxon and Co. This is merely a hint for bibliographers. It is worth noticing that a poem entitled *A Lover's Story*, was about this time privately printed. Only a few copies were issued. I know not if any are still in existence.

## POEMS,

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

LONDON:

EDWARD MOXON, 64, NEW BOND STREET.

1833.

After an interval of two years the volume of 1833 appeared.\* The poet was then twenty-one or twenty-two. And it must strike us with wonder that, though all retouched, and nearly all in parts wholly rewritten, *The Palace of Art*, *The Dream of Fair Women*, *The*

\* The note in the present editions tells us that this volume was really published in the winter of 1832. Still, as I only have the 1833 edition, and this bears no marks on the title-page of being a second or new edition, I shall always refer to it. Even if the other edition were still accessible, the difference would only be that of a few months. The ill-natured and unintelligent review in the *Quarterly* (No. 97) is of the copy of 1833.

*Lotos-Eaters*, *Ænone*, *The Miller's Daughter*, should have been the work of a boy of that age. It is noteworthy that the poet, while, in 1842, rewriting much of this volume, preserved comparatively untouched the selected pieces of 1830. Consequently, as a study of the poetical transmutation of species, this collection of 1833 is the most highly interesting of any.

We begin with three sonnets, *All Good Things have not Kept Aloof*, verses of which are given in our concluding paragraph, and a fine but rather Campbellsque fragment, *Bonaparte*. Here is a Shakespearian touch from the second sonnet:

"I only ask to sit beside thy feet.  
Thou knowest I dare not look into thine eyes."

*The Lady of Shalott*, except in Part III., has been largely rewritten. We shall here and there instance a few of these instructive improvements, as in Part I.:

1833.

"Willows whiten, aspens shiver,  
The sunbeam showers break and quiver  
In the stream that runneth ever," etc.

1842.

"Willows whiten, aspens quiver,  
Little breezes dusk and shiver,  
Through the wave that runs for ever," etc.

Also in *Mariana in the South*, which follows, compare the first refrain of 1833:

"'Madonna,' with melodious moan,  
Sang Mariana, night and morn,  
'Madonna! lo! I am all alone,  
Love-forgotten and love-forlorn.'"

with 1842:

"But 'Ave Mary,' made she moan,  
And 'Ave Mary,' night and morn,  
And 'Ah,' she sang, 'to be all alone,  
To live forgotten, and love forlorn!'"

Or further on in the same poem, what force is given to the earlier version:

"From the bald rock the blinding light  
Beat ever on the sun-white wall,"

by the later:

"And all the furnace of the light  
Struck up against the blinding wall."

*Eldorado* follows, hardly touched, an exception to the retained pieces of 1833.



*The Miller's Daughter* is an excellent instance of judicious remodelling. We could hardly, for instance, believe that the charming stanza, retained unaltered, which now opens this poem should have been originally preceded by one nearly as weak as this is beautiful. There is a wonderful leap for the better further on:

1833.

"How dear to me in youth, my love,  
Was everything about the mill.  
The black and silent pool above,  
The pool beneath that ne'er stood still."

1842.

"I loved the brimming wave that swam  
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,  
The sleepy pool above the dam,  
The pool beneath it never still."

Or again afterwards:

1833.

"('Twas April then) I came and lay  
Beneath those gummy chestnut buds  
That glisten'd in the April blue."

1842.

"('Twas April then) I came and sat  
Below the chestnuts, when their buds  
Were glistening to the breezy blue."

"Breezy blue," though an after-thought, describes an April day almost by inspiration. Nothing can be truer to nature than the suppressed "gummy chestnut buds," but the word is ugly, and would offend weak-stomached Tennysonian brethren.\* Then, again, the hero's gaze follows the widening ripples after the leaping of a trout, and he is prettily introduced to the first sight of his mistress at the mill window; in the 1833 edition this machinery is supplied thus:

"A water-rat from off the bank  
Plunged in the stream."

Here is a pretty suppressed verse:

"Oh! that I were the wreath she wreathes,  
The mirror where her sight she feeds,  
The song she sings, the air she breathes,  
The letters of the book she reads."

And these still most exquisite stanzas:

"I heard you whisper from above  
A lute-toned whisper, 'I am here;'  
I murmured, 'Speak again, my love,  
The stream is loud: I cannot hear.'

\* As it did Christopher North. *Blackwood*, May, 1832.

"I heard, as I have seem'd to hear  
When all the under-air was still,  
The low voice of the glad new year  
Call to the freshly-flower'd hill.

"I heard, as I have often heard  
The nightingale in leafy woods  
Call to its mate, when nothing stirr'd  
To left or right but falling floods."

The charming incident of how the hero brings his betrothed to see his mother was added in 1842. Also the lyric, *Love that hath us in his Net*, certainly much finer than the song whose place it supplies, *All yesternight you met me not*. I take it that the three concluding stanzas (but one) as they now stand of *The Miller's Daughter* are equal to nearly any lyrics in the English language. The first of these, "Look through mine eyes with thine, true Wife," is unaltered, as the poet wrote it at twenty-one; the two others were added in 1842.

The prefixed motto from the celebrated Sapphic fragment,

φαίνεται μοι κῆρος ἴσος θεοῖσιν  
ἔμμεν ἀνθρ,

explains *Fatima* better than that present vaguely oriental heading.

The introduction to *Enone* has been quite rewritten, and with infinite improvement. All through the piece the additions and alterations are considerable. Perhaps the finest passages, however, the description of Aphrodite and the paragraph beginning "They came, they cut away my tallest pines," are substantially unchanged from the original edition. The celebrated speech of Pallas has been varied here and there. We may compare two difficult passages in each edition as throwing some light upon the interpretation of each other. It is perhaps best in this case to take the latest and simplest version first. We presume the reader to know the context:

1842.

"Until endurance grow  
Sinew'd with action, and the full-grown will,  
Circled thro' all experiences, pure law,  
Commensure perfect freedom."

1833.

"So endurance,  
Like to an athlete's arm, shall still become  
Sinew'd with motion, till thine active will

(As the dark body of the Sun robed round  
With his own ever-emanating lights)  
Be flooded o'er with her own effluences,  
And thereby grow to freedom."

Compare, lastly, the fine coincidental expression of Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, Part II., Act 4, sc. i., "Insinew'd to this action."

Take another suppressed line of the *Enone* of 1833:

"The golden-sandall'd morn  
Rose-hued the scornful hills."

Here the poet has seen that the epithet "scornful," as applied to hills, though striking enough, savors too much of our modern subjectivity to be allowed place in a quasi-classical poem. The touch,

"A shudder comes

Across me, never child be born of me," etc.

is an addition of 1842. Whether an improvement or not is somewhat difficult to decide.

*The Palace of Art* has been also remodelled. Here, more than elsewhere, we regret the omission of so many exquisite verses that we have no space to quote all. The following is, however, so interesting that we must give it, note included:

"When I first conceived the plan of the *Palace of Art*, I intended to have introduced both sculptures and paintings into it; but it is the most difficult of all things to *devise* a statue in verse. Judge whether I have succeeded in the statues of Elijah and Olympias.

"One was the Tishbite whom the raven fed,  
As when he stood on Carmel-steeps,  
With one arm stretch'd out bare, and  
mock'd, and said:  
'Come cry aloud—he sleeps.'

"Tall, eager, lean, and strong, his cloak  
wind-borne  
Behind, his forehead heavenly bright,  
From the clear marble pouring glorious  
scorn,  
Lit as with inner light.

"One was Olympias: the floating snake  
Roll'd round her ankles, round her waist  
Knotted, and folded once about her neck  
Her perfect lips to taste.

"Round by the shoulder moved: she seem-  
ing blythe,  
Declined her head: on every side  
The dragon's curves melted and mingled  
with  
The woman's youthful pride

"Of rounded-limbs."

Certainly no one but their author could have been in doubt about the success of these stanzas. If, indeed, Elijah be more of a picture than a statue, Olympias is as clear and calm as the Fates of the Elgin Marbles. The power of wedding intense passion with as intense a majesty of repose is the true master's mark. Why should not Mr. Woolner, whose fine touch has more than once rendered for us the poet himself in bronze and marble, try to give us this magnificent ideal of Olympias in marble?

The stanzas next to be quoted are not less successful in a direction comparatively new to poetry. The poet's love of astronomy, the results of which culminate in this superb passage, has besides led to the naturalization through him into modern English poetry of numberless astronomic terms and metaphors. Any one versed in the Laureate's works can supply ample illustrations for himself; but, if he has never read the following lines, they will open richer worlds to him. They are "expressive of the joy wherewith the soul contemplated the results of astronomical experiment:—"

"Hither, when all the deep unsounded skies  
Shuddered with silent stars, she clomb,  
And as with optic glasses her keen eyes  
Pierced through the mystic dome,

"Regions of lucid matter taking forms,  
Brushes of fire, hazy gleams,  
Clusters and beds of worlds, and bee-like  
swarms  
Of suns, and starry streams.

"She saw the snowy poles of moonless Mars,  
That marvellous round of milky light  
Below Orion, and those double stars  
Whereof the one more bright

"Is circled by the other," etc.

The omitted stanzas (24-27) are well worthy of quotation did space permit. We must conclude our extracts with one charming little picture, hoping only that the grandeur of the preceding verses may not spoil its comparatively sober effect:

"Or blue-eyed Kriemhilt from a craggy hold,  
Athwart the light-green rows of vine,  
Pour'd blazing hoards of Nibelungen gold,  
Down to the gulfy Rhine."

*The Hesperides* precedes the *Lotus-Eaters*, to which it is an obvious pendant; fine lines are abundant, but we

regret it less as a whole than other pieces :

"But from a slope  
That ran bloom-bright into the Atlantic blue,  
Beneath a highland *leaning down a weight*  
*Of cliffs*, and zoned below with cedar shade."

The principal additions to the *Lotos-Eaters* are those of stanza 6, as it now stands, "Dear as the memory of our wedded lives," and of the greater part of the last stanza, from "We have had enough of action." Both additions, it is almost needless to say, contain some of the finest lines in this poem.

In *The Dream of Fair Women*, we do not find any very extensive alteration. The speech of Cleopatra is the part most touched. Some opening stanzas, containing a balloon simile, are omitted. These lines, of the 1842 edition,

"And forms that pass'd at windows and on  
roofs  
Of marble palaces,"

originally stood "And forms that *scream-ed*," etc. This, though a small point, illustrates the ripening of a true poet. His mind passes from the turbulent to the quiet, from spasm to repose, from the ornate and florid to the simple. Of the last tendency we select one of innumerable instances in *Mariana* :

1830.

"The day  
Down sloped was westering in his bower."

1842.

"The day  
Was sloping toward his western bower."

Again, in *The Dream of Fair Women*, we may instance a great improvement in the passage where Iphigeneia describes the moment of her sacrifice and her dying glimpse of the visible world :

1833 and 1842.

"The tall masts quiver'd as they lay afloat  
The temples and the people and the  
shore.  
One drew a sharp knife thro' my tender  
throat  
Slowly—and nothing more."

1860:

"The high masts flicker'd as they lay afloat,  
The crowds, the temples, waver'd, and  
the shore.  
*The bright death quiver'd at the victim's  
throat,*  
*Touch'd; and I knew no more.*"

The underlined portion is greatly superior to the old version. The brilliant metonymy of "bright death" vivifies the tamer "sharp knife" with the electric touch of genius. The remainder of the verse is, we submit, rather weakened. The rapid and elliptical "and nothing more," surely more vividly portrays the last flash of fainting consciousness than the slow-drawn action and deliberate phrasing of "And I knew no more."

The alterations of text subsequent like this to 1842 are so few, that half a page would contain them all.\* It would be carrying out our bibliographical inquiries too minutely were we to specify them. Take only one, curious because it never appeared till this year in Moxon's *Miniature Poets*, and because it is difficult to see its full force and exact relation to the context. The conclusion of the *Vision of Sin*, gives us after the lines,

"Then some one spake: 'Behold! it was a  
crime  
Of sense avenged by sense that wore with  
time,"

this interpolation :

"Another answer'd, 'But a crime of sense?  
Give him new nerves with old experience.'"

Then the old version is resumed :

"Another said: 'The crime of sense became  
The crime of malice and is equal blame.'  
And one: 'He had not wholly quench'd his  
power;  
A little grain of conscience made him  
sour.'"

The whole passage is, of course, highly mystical, and must not be taken too prosaically *au pied de la lettre*. The point is whether the interpolation is intended to justify or contradict its preceding lines. This volume of 1833 closes with some suppressed sonnets, and a not important addition to the Laureate's gallery of beauties, entitled *Kate*, much inferior to her sister *Adelines and Isabelles*.

\* The most notable are in *Amphion*, *Walking to the Mail*, *The Dream of Fair Women*, in all of which a few new lines were added or excised subsequent to 1842. One rather amusing addition occurs in *The Lake* (1851), where is interpolated, "And now we left the clerk behind us." Some hard-grained "Philistine" had doubtless suggested the impropriety of a clergyman running. Of such stuff are critics made.

*Poems by Alfred Tennyson.* In two volumes. 1842. This is substantially what we buy at the present day in the booksellers' shops, on asking for *Tennyson's Poems*. The modern edition will be found to consist of three divisions.

1. A selection from the contents of the 1830 volume. 2. A selection from the volume of 1832, in which division are now included six poems (written, we are told, with one exception, in 1833, namely, *Lady Clare Vere de Vere*, *The Black-bird*, *The Goose*, and the three unnamed patriotic lyrics, *You ask me Why, though ill at Ease*; *Of old sat Freedom on the Heights*, and *Love thou thy land, with love far-brought*;\* but not one of these was actually published till this collected edition of 1842. 3. Poems then published for the first time, including many of the Laureate's greatest works, like *Ulysses*, *Love and Duty*, *The Two Voices*, *The Vision of Sin*.

There is little to remark on this edition in a bibliographical point of view, because the Laureate has scarcely touched his *Poems* since this 1842 edition. Then, however, besides excising so much from the volumes of 1830 and 1832, he rewrote much of what he retained from the latter (and from the latter only, as we see above). Instance *Enone*, *The Palace of Art*, *The Lotos Eaters*, and to some extent *The Miller's Daughter*, and *A Dream of Fair Women*.

The few portions and pieces of the *Poems* in the sixteenth edition not appearing in 1842 are as follows: In 1851 (seventh edition) the dedication to the Queen on his creation as Poet Laureate, appeared. There were newly published at the same time *Edwin Morris*; or, *The Lake*; *Come not when I am dead*, and *The Eagle*. An unimportant piece, *The Skipping Rope*, was also suppressed in this first Laureate edition. *The Golden Year*, and *To —, after Reading a Life and Letters*, had been previously added in the third, fourth, or fifth editions, and *The Deserted House*

of 1830 revived. The two volumes were incorporated into one at the same time. The piece *To E. L. on his Travels in Greece* dates probably from the illustrated edition in 1857, which is not otherwise important. *The Sea Fairies* (1830) was revived about the same time.

An interesting note appended to this edition (1842) has since been omitted, to the effect that "*The Idyll of Dora* was partly suggested by one of Miss Mitford's pastorals; and the ballad of *Lady Clare* by the novel of *Inheritance*." Perhaps a similar note referring the unlearned to Dante for *Ulysses* may not be wholly uninteresting. But we strongly approve of the Laureate's plan of resolutely setting his face against all notes.

*The Princess.* A Medley. 1847. As this poem now stands, about 170 lines have been added to the blank verse of the first edition. There are hardly any omissions; but of these more presently. The greater part of the new lines are occasioned by the weaving into the plot of the piece, the afterthought of the Prince's cataleptic seizures,\* of which there is no mention till the second or, perhaps, the third edition. The intercalary lyrics (not *Tears*, *idle tears*, and *Swallow*, *swallow*, etc., but those which divide the sections) were added at the same time. There can be no doubt that the poem has gained by the introduction of these lyrical pausing places. Nearly the only omission is part of the angry speech of the Princess to Lady Blanche after the Tournament; some of the suppressed lines are peculiarly forcible; after *Mingle with your likes* (p. 154, new edition), there would come:

"Go help the half-brain'd dwarf, Society,  
To find low motives unto noble deeds,  
To fix all doubt upon the darker side;  
Go, sitter thou for narrowest neighborhoods,  
Old talker, haunt where gossip breathes  
and seethes  
And festers in provincial sloth," etc.

Also, as an instance of the immense improvement producible by judicious alteration in the well-known and already

\* The first two of these first, received *Britain and Freedom* as their headings in Moxon's *Miniature Poets*, 1865. The *Conclusion* of the *May Queen* was also added in 1842. Then, too, *The Day Dream* was amplified from that one section of it, headed *The Sleeping Beauty*, which dates from the 1830 volume.

\* The contrast between England and France in *The Conclusion* was also added.



magnificent passage at the end of the poem, we may quote:

1847.

"All the past

Melts mist-like into this bright hour, and this  
*I scarce believe*, and all the rich to come  
Reels, as the golden Autumn woodland reels  
Athwart the smoke of burning *flowers*."

Comparing the passage with

1851.

"All the past

Melts mist-like into this bright hour, and this  
*Is morn to more*, and all the rich to come  
Reels as the golden Autumn woodland reels  
Athwart the smoke of burning *weeds*."

The courage of writing "weeds" instead of the commonplace "flowers" has given the simile a truth beyond all praise. An interesting line, exquisitely true to nature, is also elsewhere omitted, describing the interval between twilight and dusk as the time

"When the first fern-owl whirr'd about the copse."

*In Memoriam*. 1850. There are not above five or six alterations in the whole volume since its first appearance. The sonnet, No. 58, *O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me*, was added subsequently to the first edition.

*Maud, and other Poems*, 1855, was remodelled somewhat in the new edition of 1859. (Note the slower sale of this volume.) Stanzas 14, 15, and 16 of the first section are new. Also the whole nineteenth section (of seven pages), which is occupied in explaining the antecedents of the story—the child-betrothal of Maud and the hero—before only hinted at, the subsequent family feud, etc. In Part II., Section 3, *Courage, poor Heart of Stone*, tells us that Maud is dead, a fact which the reviewers had quarrelled over in the first edition. There is also a new stanza at the conclusion of the story. It is noteworthy that the germ of the romance of *Maud* is found in a small poem by the Laureate, first printed in a volume of miscellaneous contributions entitled *The Tribute*. There is also in existence, by his hand, for its place comes in here chronologically, a sonnet written at the dinner given to Macready, on his retirement from the stage, March 1st, 1857. We quote two characteristic lines:

NEW SERIES—Vol. III., No. 2.

"Thine is it that our drama did not die;  
Nor flicker down to aimless pantomime."

*The Idylls of the King*. 1859. The first part of this volume, that is, *Enid and Vivien*, was privately printed as *Enid and Nimue*; or, *The True and the False*. 1857. It comprises a thin volume of one hundred and thirty-nine pages. A few copies are said to be still in private hands.\*

*Enoch Arden*, etc., 1864, collects into a volume, with some longer poems, several pieces which appeared in various periodicals before its publication. These are: *Sea Dreams*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, No. 1; *The Grandmother*, *Once a Week*, July 16, 1859; *Tithonus*, the *Cornhill Magazine*, February, 1860; *Sailor Boy*, in a volume published by Miss Faithfull, *A Welcome to Alexandra*, 1863; *Experiments in Quantity*,† the *Cornhill Magazine*, December, 1863; *Requiescat*, stated to have been published before in some miscellany.

*A Selection from the Works of Alfred Tennyson*, 1865 (Moxon's *Miniature Poets*), is an interesting volume in many ways; but chiefly as showing which of his poems the Laureate himself sets most store by, or considers as specially appealing to the hearts of his general audience. It contains, besides these new poems, *The Captain*, *Three Sonnets to a Coquette*, and *On a Mourner*. *Lady let the Rolling Drums*, is a kind of poetical duplicate of *Thy Voice is heard through Rolling Drums*. It will be seen that the same incident is narrated in both by the poet, *ab extra*, who addresses the wife. Still the whole attitude of the poem is somehow altered in this last-published version, and the rapidity of action, its chief beauty, lost in the change. Not so with *Home they brought him Slain with Spears*, another duplicate of *Home they brought her Warrior Dead*. Both of these are so fine that it is difficult to decide between them, but the newly given version conquers, perhaps by its conciseness and exquisite simplicity. We suspect that

\* The dedication of the *Idylls* to Prince Albert is subsequent to the first edition.

† The amusing *Translations of Homer* are omitted, "When did a frog coarser croak upon our Helicon?"

the other intercalary lyrics of the *Princess* were originally also written in duplicate. Would we might be allowed a glimpse of the unchosen versions! Last, this volume is interesting for a partial revival of a poem of 1832 in 1865. It is now headed *My Life is Full of Weary Days*. It contained seven verses originally; two are here reprinted, but we can not refrain from giving two more:

"Then let wise Nature work her will,  
And on my clay her darnings grow.  
Come only, when the days are still,  
And at my headstone whisper low,  
And tell me if the woodbines blow.

"If thou art blest, my mother's smile  
Undimm'd, if bees are on the wing:  
Then cease, my friend, a little while  
That I may hear the throstle sing  
His bridal song, the boast of spring."

J. LEICESTER WARREN.

NOTE.—We subjoin the present number of editions through which the Laureate's works have passed up to 1864.

*Poems*. Sixteenth edition.

*The Princess*. Twelfth edition.

*In Memoriam*. Fifteenth edition.

*Maud*. Sixth edition.

*Idylls of the King*. A new edition.

*Enoch Arden*, etc.

Macmillan's Magazine.

### THE HUMAN BRAIN

BY H. CHARLTON BASTIAN, M.B., F.R.S.

THE opinions that have been expressed as to the time at which the brain in man arrives at maturity or attains its maximum size have been very various. The English anatomists have been the most zealous in working out this question. They have weighed the organ in some thousands of cases, including persons of all ages; and the results of their investigations go to prove that, as a rule, the brain continues to increase in weight till about the twentieth year, although more rapidly in the earlier half of this period than in the later; that from about the twentieth to the fortieth year it retains its maximum size, and is subject only to almost imperceptible variations; while after this latter period a slow and gradual decrease takes place through the closing decades of life. The average weight of the female brain is about five

ounces less than that of the male, that of the latter being about forty-nine ounces, and that of the former about forty-four ounces avoirdupois. This weight of the brain in man is found to be *absolutely* greater than that of the same organ in any of the lower animals, with the exceptions of the elephant and the whale. At one time it was imagined that the *relative* weight of the brain as compared with the total weight of the body was greater in man than in any of the animals; but although this is generally the case, yet there are notable exceptions to the rule. In man, it is true, the proportion varies immensely at different periods of life, and with different states of obesity, and the proportionate weight of the brain to that of the body is greater at birth than at any subsequent period of life, the ratio at this time being about 1 to 6, while that of adult life may be considered as 1 to 36. Comparing the ratio of adult life, however, with that met with in the lower animals, we find that in certain of the smaller birds, a few rodentia, and some of the smaller American monkeys, the proportionate weight of the brain is greater than it is in man.

There has been a much-debated question as to the bearing of the size of the brain in different individuals upon the excellence of the intellectual faculties. One thing, however, seems to be pretty clearly proved from the observations of M. Lelut and others; and that is, that when the brain does not exceed about 32 oz. in weight, it is invariably accompanied either by idiocy or some degree of mental imbecility. The lightest human brains on record have been examined and described by Professor Marshall. The one, that of an idiot boy, weighed only 8½ oz.; while of the other, from an idiot woman, the weight scarcely exceeded 10 oz. Many conflicting statements have been made concerning the weight of the brain in different distinguished individuals. Thus the brain of Lord Byron has been said by Wagner and many others to have considerably exceeded the average; but there is reason to believe that the estimation of its weight was not free from errors. Certainly his skull was small, as it is a notorious fact that few of his friends could succeed in getting their

heads into his hat. The brain of Baron Cuvier is about the heaviest yet on record; it is said to have weighed 64 oz. The brain of Schiller was examined by Carus, the celebrated German anatomist, and said not to have exceeded the average weight. Descartes, Raphael, and Voltaire are said to have had small heads, while that of Napoleon only slightly exceeded the mean dimensions. Statements concerning the size of the head, however, are of little value unless actual measurements have been made; as, where an ocular examination only has been resorted to, the observer is so liable to be misled by the different proportions between the development of the face and the cranium proper. Thus Montaigne, Leibnitz, Haller, Mirabeau, and other distinguished men have been known to have had both large faces and large brains, while in Bossuet and Kant, on the contrary, though the faces were small, the brains were large. When we take into account, however, the fact that in many persons whose intellectual capabilities are far below the mean, the brain is frequently found to exceed the average weight by several ounces, we can easily understand that something besides mere weight of brain is necessary to insure mental superiority. Thus, a short time since, we found the brain to weigh 55 oz. in an imbecile man of about the middle age, whose intellectual defect was congenital. He never conversed with others, spoke with hesitation when giving his monosyllabic answers to the simplest questions, had a very deficient memory, and seemed to have little notion of the lapse of time.

It has already been stated that the average weight of the brain in women is less than it is in men, and an examination of the capacity of the skull in the two sexes is also confirmatory of this result. But the German anatomists have gone still further, and Professor Vogt, speaking on this subject, says: "The type of the female skull approaches, in many respects, that of the infant, and in a still greater degree that of the lower races; and with this is connected the remarkable circumstance, that the difference between the sexes as regards the cranial cavity increases with the development of the race, so that the male European excels much more the female

than the negro the negress." The observations bearing upon this do not seem to be sufficiently numerous to enable us to receive it as an accepted fact. Were it so, it would certainly be most interesting evidence as to the effects of civilization as a modifying influence upon the human organism, and the manner in which higher types and races may be evolved out of those of an inferior grade; for, as Professor Vogt says, "the lower the state of culture, the more similar are the occupations of the two sexes. Among the Australians, the Bushmen, and other low races, possessing no fixed habitations, the wife partakes of all her husband's toils, and has, in addition, the care of the progeny. The sphere of occupation is the same for both sexes; while among the civilized nations there is a division both in physical and mental labor. If it be true that every organ is strengthened by exercise, increasing in size and weight, it must equally apply to the brain, which must become more developed by proper mental exercise." If this be the effect of civilization, then may we not look forward to a time when a later and more perfect type of progress shall again tend to restore the balance, by calling more into play, and giving a wider sphere for the activity and culture of woman's intellectual nature? This supposition as to the influence of the habits of individuals, and of the progress of civilization, in increasing the capacity of the skull, and, as a necessary consequence, the size and weight of the brain, seems also to be confirmed by the observations of Broca. He availed himself of the opportunity of examining a number of skulls from certain vaults and cemeteries in Paris. A certain number of skulls were taken from a common pit in which paupers were buried, and others belonging to the same epoch from private graves, which may fairly be supposed to have been occupied by people of the more educated classes, and a striking difference was observed in the average cranial capacity obtained from an examination of the two series. The measurements, also, of a series of skulls of persons buried in the twelfth century, when compared with those derived from another series of skulls belonging to persons of the nineteenth

century, seemed to show that the cranium of the Parisian population has, in the course of centuries, gained in capacity. The data from which these conclusions were derived were not very numerous, so that, however interesting the facts may be, it would be desirable that they should be confirmed by subsequent investigations before we can look upon them as established truths.

Let us now turn our attention to the convolutions of the cerebrum. The importance of attention to these is very great, since their principal office seems to be to increase in any given brain the amount of surface over which the "gray matter" of the brain can be extended. Now, seeing that this "gray matter" is supposed to be connected intimately with the manifestation of the intellectual faculties, the first impression would be, that the superiority of these might be in direct proportion to the complexity of the convolutions. This view requires some limitations, however, since, in animals belonging to the same group, their intricacy and development appears to increase with the size of the body, though it could scarcely be maintained that the development of the intellectual faculties obeyed the same law. This difficulty has been met by M. Baillarger. He called attention to the fact that, "on comparing two bodies of similar form, but of different size, their respective volumes vary as the cubes of their diameters, while the proportion of their surfaces is as the square of the diameters, or, in other words, the volume of a body increases more rapidly than the surface." From this it will be evident that, of two animals of different sizes belonging to the same order, the brain of the larger, in order to present the same proportionate amount of surface for the distribution of its gray matter, must have its convolutions or surface folds more developed, if the same ratio is to be preserved between the relative amounts of gray and white matter in the brains of the two animals. Thus, in comparing the development of the convolutions, allowance must always be made for any differences in size that may exist between the brains examined.

Throughout the classes of fishes, reptiles, and birds, the comparatively small cerebral hemispheres are smooth and

devoid of convolutions, and only a trace of one principal fissure even is to be met with among some of the smaller mammalia, such as the bat and the mole. Their complexity varies much in the different families of mammalia, though it has been shown by M. Leuret that each family has more or less its own distinctive type. Hence arises a most interesting question: Can the physical constitution of man, so far as his brain is concerned, be at all assimilated to the type of the lower animals, or is he immeasurably separated from them in this respect by a gulf as broad as that which sunders his intellectual and moral nature from theirs? In reply, let us see what Professor Huxley says upon the subject, since his opinions on this point coincide with those of almost all the distinguished naturalists who have studied the question. He remarks: "As to the convolutions, the brains of the apes exhibit every stage of progress, from the almost smooth brain of the Marmoset to the Orang and the Chimpanzee, which fall but little below Man. And it is most remarkable that, as soon as all the principal sulci appear, the pattern according to which they are arranged is identical with that of the corresponding sulci of man. The surface of the brain of a monkey exhibits a sort of a skeleton map of man's, and in the man-like apes the details become more and more filled in, until it is only in minor characters, such as the greater excavation of the anterior lobes, the constant presence of fissures usually absent in man, and the different disposition and proportions of some convolutions, that the Chimpanzee's or the Orang's brain can be structurally distinguished from Man's." In connection with this identity in the type of the convolutions in man and the higher apes, it is well to bear in mind the great difference existing in the size of their brains. For notwithstanding the considerably greater bulk and weight of the Gorilla, the largest brain of this animal yet weighed has not exceeded 20 oz., while, as we have before stated, the European human brain cannot possibly perform its normal functions if its weight be less than about 32 oz.; below this we meet only with idiocy and mental imbecility.

A very great difference exists even



among Europeans as to the degree of the complexity of the convolutions in different individuals, and what is now wanted is an accurate examination of their arrangement in the different tribes constituting the human family. An examination of this kind was made by Gratiolet of the brain of the celebrated Hottentot Venus, and quite recently, in a most valuable memoir, Professor Marshall has given us the results of his examination of the brain of a Bushwoman, accurately comparing the various points in its anatomy with that of the average European brain, and with the brain of the Chimpanzee. After a detailed examination of the convolutions, he says: "Compared with the same parts in the ordinary European brain, they are smaller, and in all cases so much less complicated as to be far more easily recognized and distinguished among each other. This comparative simplicity of the Bushwoman's brain is of course an indication of structural inferiority, and, indeed, renders it a useful aid in the study of the more complicated European form." Compared with the brain of the Hottentot Venus as represented by Gratiolet, that of the Bushwoman presented a remarkable similarity, which is all the more interesting from the fact that the former was believed by G. Cuvier to have been a Bushwoman of small stature, so that, as Professor Marshall says, "their common inferiority to the European brain may justify the expectation that future inquiries will show characteristic peculiarities in degree of convolutional development in the different leading races of mankind." Although, as regards size—its weight being about 31.5 oz., or slightly less than the lowest healthy European female brain—and the low development of its convolutions, there is an evident leaning with this brain of the Bushwoman, as well as with that of the Hottentot Venus, towards the higher quadumanous forms; yet still the sum of their convolutional characters indicates a greater difference between them and the highest ape's brain yet described, than between them and the European brain. It is, however, a matter of absolute certainty that there is less difference in convolutional development between their brains and that of the "high-

est ape, than between the latter and the lowest quadumanous animal." Much has been said concerning the actual differences existing between the convolutions in man and the higher apes, and attempts have been made to find well-marked lines of demarcation between them. Such attempts have, however, not been crowned by any very definite results, since the differences met with are variations in degree, and not of kind. The type in both being identical, in addition to the less complex development of the convolutions in the higher apes, certain fissures are more apparent in them, separating some of the lobes, while in man the most notable divergence is to be seen in the specially increased complexity of the frontal convolutions, the size of the so-called "supra-marginal lobule," formed by the extreme development on each side of a convolution of the median or parietal lobe, and the greatly increased development of certain connecting convolutions of the posterior lobes which serve to unite these with those of the parietal region. These connecting convolutions, or "*plis de passage*" of Gratiolet, have attracted much attention, and their vastly increased development is certainly a most characteristic point in the anatomy of the European human brain. The interesting fact has been revealed by Marshall that in the brain of the Bushwoman these "connecting convolutions are, in comparison with those of the European brain, still more remarkably defective than the primary convolutions." In man it is the development of the connecting convolutions that obliterates the fissure bounding the occipital lobe, which we have already alluded to as being more easily seen in the higher apes. But besides size there is a still further difference with regard to these interesting convolutions. In man they are quite superficial, while in nearly all the apes they are more or less covered by a sort of operculum or projection forwards of a development from each of the posterior lobes. For a time this absolutely superficial position of the "*plis de passage*" was maintained by Gratiolet to be the peculiarity distinguishing the brain of man from those of the higher apes. According to Marshall, however, one of the most essentially human characters in

the brain of man is the want of symmetry in the arrangement of its primary fissures and convolutions on the two hemispheres. This asymmetrical condition was well marked in the brains of the Bushwoman and the Hottentot Venus, though even in the brains of the highest apes the departure from absolute symmetry of these parts on the two sides is so slight as to be almost imperceptible.

Other considerations to which I will now allude make this asymmetrical arrangement of the convolutions on the two hemispheres of the human brain a matter of extreme interest. Some years ago it was first pointed out by Dr. Boyd, as a result of his most extensive investigation into the weight of the brain and its component parts, that he almost invariably found the left cerebral hemisphere heavier by nearly one eighth of an ounce than that of the right side. We have ourselves also recently been investigating the specific gravity of the different parts of the human brain, and have obtained some curious and interesting results from an examination of the convolutional gray matter of the cerebrum. For, in addition to the fact that different specific gravities are met with in the same brain of gray matter from the frontal, parietal, and occipital convolutions respectively (the nature of these variations being pretty constant when different brains are examined), we have very frequently found differences on the two sides of the brain, and moreover that the *average* specific gravity for gray matter from each of these three regions is about two degrees higher on the left than it is on the corresponding part of the right hemisphere. Although the average numbers are higher, however, on the left than on the right side, it is by no means always so in every brain, or, when it does occur, in all three regions of the same brain. This difference seems to be met with more frequently in the gray matter from the parietal convolutions than in that from the frontal or occipital regions. Very rarely indeed has an excess of density been met with on the right side. At all events it is an interesting fact that the specific gravity of the gray matter is not the same over the whole surface of the cerebrum, and that, just as it is special-

ized by its localization in certain convolutions, so do we find a further specialization of structure as indicated by differences in its specific gravity. For may not these changes be in some way indicative of different functions appertaining to the several convolutions? The average increase of specific gravity of the gray matter of the left hemisphere may perhaps partly afford an explanation of the absolutely greater weight of this half of the cerebrum as ascertained by Dr. Boyd, though perhaps it may also be in part accounted for by the fact that, of the two asymmetrical hemispheres, a very slight excess of convolutional complexity is most frequently met on that of the left side. May not the greater use also of the right side of the body have something to do with the increased weight of the left hemisphere?

In connection with this structural difference of the two hemispheres, it may be interesting to allude to certain theories which have been advocated concerning the functions of the cerebrum. Some years ago the theory was advanced by M. Paul Broca, that the portion of brain concerned with the faculty of language was the anterior lobe of the left hemisphere; and he even went farther, since he attempted to localize it more specially in the third left frontal convolution. Dr. Hughlings Jackson, in this country, was also led independently to believe that impairment, not of the powers of articulation only, but of the command of language of any kind as a mechanism for the communication of ideas, was especially connected with lesions of the left anterior lobe, and paralysis of the right side of the body. He was led to this conclusion by observing that almost invariably, when paralysis of the body was associated with this impairment of the faculty of language, the injury to the brain was found to be in the left hemisphere, while, on the other hand, lesions of the right hemisphere and left paralysis were not usually associated with any such impairment. Exceptions have, however, been met with to this rule; but, even should it prove that future observations will confirm the fact that in the majority of cases these different effects result from injuries to one or other side of the brain, we should still

have an enigma of a most puzzling nature to resolve. But we may well hesitate to accept the belief that any such faculty as that of language could be restricted to a portion of one hemisphere only, unless it were proved by the accumulation of evidence of the most indisputable character. For is it possible to look upon the operation of the mind when engaged in referring known objects or ideas to certain special and conventional attributes, such as names really are, as any thing different from an ordinary process of reasoning? But, if this be the correct view to take of the nature of naming and language considered as intellectual operations, it seems to us that, in order to retain the theory of Broca, it would be necessary to prove that either our general power of reasoning, or else the faculty of memory, was essentially connected with the anterior lobe of the left hemisphere! What evidence we possess bearing upon the subject seems rather to show that, notwithstanding the double nature and somewhat asymmetrical condition of the two hemispheres of the cerebrum, there must be a pretty close correspondence in function between similar parts on the two sides. It is true, indeed, that as regards the lower functions of sensation and power over locomotory acts, the brain is essentially a double organ, each hemisphere in these respects ministering to the sensations and powers of movement of the opposite half of the body; and from this analogy it has also been attempted by many to show that this duplex condition of the brain as an organ is associated with a certain duality of mind or consciousness. Such a theory of the "Duality of Mind," has been most fully expounded by Dr. Wigan, who believed that a separate train of reasoning could be conducted by each hemisphere separately. This is, however, a matter of pure theory, and the facts cited are almost equally explicable from a consideration of the extreme rapidity of all mental operations, and the supposition that in cases of apparent duality a rapid alternation of consciousness takes place. However this may be, it is, indeed, a remarkable fact that pretty well authenticated cases have been recorded, in which, with ex-

treme disease and destruction of tissue, confined to one half of the cerebrum, all the mental faculties have appeared intact. A general diminution of the mental power has been observed, but no aberration of special faculties. This would, of course, point to the belief that the functions of the corresponding parts of the two halves of the cerebrum are identical.

But let us turn from these speculations as to the functional relation existing between the two halves of the cerebrum, to the equally interesting inquiry concerning the functions of their component lobes. Are we to admit the broad phrenological doctrine, that the anterior lobes are connected with the operation of the more strictly intellectual faculties, while the posterior are principally concerned with the propensities? Can we in fact say which lobes may be considered to be chiefly concerned with the highest faculties, and which are therefore most characteristic of man?

It is a fact well known to comparative anatomists that the brain in many fishes is made up of three pairs of ganglia in longitudinal series, followed by a single median portion representing the cerebellum, which lies on the medulla oblongata, or continuation of the spinal cord. Of these three pairs of ganglia the most anterior, or olfactory, are almost invariably the smallest, while the posterior, answering to certain portions of the so-called *central ganglia* in man are usually notably larger than the median pair. This median pair is, however, the one to which we wish particularly to call attention, since, in addition to the most anterior of the central ganglia in man, of which its two halves are partly composed, these are the only representatives of those cerebral hemispheres which in him attain such an enormous development. It can be shown, moreover, that these rudiments of the cerebrum must not be considered as the foreshadowings of the entire organ, but that they must, on the contrary, be regarded as answering to the *anterior lobes* of the cerebral hemispheres only. The increasing complexity of brain met with in ascending through the series of vertebrated animals, speaking generally, may be said to be especially due,

partly to a diminution in the size of the olfactory lobes, though more particularly to the progressively increasing size of the cerebral hemispheres, and the degree of their backward extension, at first over the posterior pair of ganglia, and lastly over the cerebellum itself. Throughout the classes of fishes, amphibia, reptiles, and birds, though the cerebral ganglia go on increasing in size, still they are the representatives only of the anterior lobes. In the lower mammalia the middle lobes first make their appearance, and then gradually increase in size, till at last, in the higher forms, the first rudiments of the posterior lobes appear. If we inquire as to the method of development of the brain in the human embryo, we find that here also the same order is observed. The first traces of the cerebral hemispheres are evidently rudiments only of the anterior lobes, inclosing the anterior pair of central ganglia, as in fishes: at progressively later periods these increase in size and extend backwards, covering successively the posterior ganglia and the cerebellum, by the development and growth from the original portions, first of the middle and then of the posterior lobes. The backward development of the hemispheres, and the extent to which they cover the cerebellum, have, indeed, by some anatomists been considered as a rough guide to the degree of development of the intellectual faculties of the animal. The possession, indeed, of posterior lobes overlapping the cerebellum, with structures contained in them, has been considered a matter of so much importance, that one celebrated anatomist in this country sought to make it the fundamental distinction differentiating man from the higher apes; and on this account to place him in the zoological scale alone, in a distinct sub-class of the mammalia. These statements, in the face of such abundant evidence to the contrary, naturally met with the most strenuous opposition from other anatomists. We will not recapitulate points of a controversy, which it would be better rather to bury in oblivion, but will quote from Professor Huxley statements concerning the cerebral lobes in the quadrumana, which have received the acceptance of fellow-workers in the

same subject. He says: "It is a remarkable circumstance, that though, so far as our present knowledge extends, there is one true structural break in the series of forms of simian brains, this hiatus does not lie between man and the man-like apes, but between the lower and the lowest Simians; or, in other words, between the old and new-world apes and monkeys, and the lemurs. Every lemur which has yet been examined, in fact, has its cerebellum partially visible from above, and its posterior lobe, with the contained posterior cornu and hippocampus minor, more or less rudimentary. Every marmoset, American monkey, baboon, or man-like ape, on the contrary, has its cerebellum entirely hidden, posteriorly, by the cerebral lobes, and possesses a large posterior cornu, with a well developed hippocampus minor."

In connection with these facts concerning the development of the cerebrum in the vertebrate series, and in the human embryo, let us call to our recollection the convolutional differences stated to obtain between man and the apes, and the greatly increased development in him of the transition convolutions of the posterior lobes and the "supra-marginal lobule" adjacent to them. These facts surely are sufficient to make us direct our inquiries with increased interest towards all details bearing upon the growth and anatomy of the posterior parts of the brain; since in them do we find most of those cerebral differences which serve to distinguish man from the lower animals. Of especial interest, therefore, are Professor Marshall's observations upon the occipital convolutions of a brain belonging to an individual of so low a race as that of the Bushwoman, when he states as follows: "The three rows of *occipital convolutions*, which in quadrumanous brains of moderate complexity are simple and easily distinguishable, but which in the anthropoid apes assume a puzzling complexity, become, as is well known, in the human brain so highly complicated and involved with the external connecting convolutions that a detailed description of them is almost impossible. Considered generally, they are remarkably defective in total depth and in individual complexity in the



Bushwoman's brain. The vertical depth of the three rows and of their connecting convolutions in the European brain is 2.75 inches; in the Hottentot Venus brain 2.25 inches; in the Bushwoman only 2 inches. This deficiency affects all three rows of occipital convolutions, but is especially noticeable in the inferior row, along the lower border and extreme point of the occipital lobe. This is, perhaps, the most defective region of the Bushwoman's cerebrum." It has also been mentioned before that in this brain the highly important external connecting folds or "*plis de passage*" were, "in comparison with those of the European brain, still more remarkably defective than the primary convolutions."

Can we maintain, after evidence such as we have just detailed, that the anterior lobes of the cerebrum in man are the parts most likely to be concerned in those higher intellectual operations by the excellence of which he is so very far removed from the highest quadrumana? Does not the developmental history of the cerebrum point rather to the inference that, so far as any localization of faculties is possible, we should be led to expect that the anterior lobes, in harmony with their early appearance in the vertebrate series, would be more intimately concerned with the intellectual faculties or feelings of a lower type, such as we might expect to find in every vertebrate animal, be it fish, reptile, bird, or mammal; that the middle lobes, appearing for the first time in the lower mammalia, would deal with intellectual operations of a more complex kind; while, finally, the posterior lobes appearing only in the highest mammals, and whose development culminates so significantly in man, should rather be looked upon as the organs destined to take the most active part in those highest and most subtle intellectual operations which are his proud prerogatives? Of course, we can quite imagine that the increased development of the cerebrum in the vertebrate series would produce continual specializations of function, and that, as a consequence, there would be an increased necessity for maintaining a thorough interdependence and connection between these faculties, tending to blend them more closely and

inextricably together into that meshwork of relations of which our psychical nature is known to consist. Such being the case, it would seem almost as impossible to have any minute localization of independent faculties as it would be difficult to portion out our psychical nature into any great number of operations radically different from one another. Still, broad groups of functions may be more intimately connected with particular lobes; and, if such be the case, then we believe the evidence in our possession points to the posterior rather than the anterior lobes of the cerebrum as those concerned more especially with the highest intellectual operations.

The Saturday Review.

#### WYSE'S EXCURSION IN THE PELOPONNESUS.\*

THESE volumes are the record of a tour in the Peloponnesus, made in the year 1858 by Sir Thomas Wyse, then our Minister at Athens. It was undertaken partly for health, and to gain some respite and refreshment from the heat and dust of Athens; but Sir Thomas Wyse had also before him objects connected with his public duties, and he wished to examine and see for himself the state and progress of one of the most considerable portions of the Greek kingdom. After the Crimean war, a Financial Commission was appointed by the three protecting powers to inquire into the resources of Greece, and to ascertain how far the allegations of the Greek government as to the poverty of the country and the impossibility of paying the interest of the guaranteed debt were to be trusted. Of this commission, consisting of the English, French, and Russian Ministers at Athens, aided by two assistant Commissioners, Sir Thomas Wyse was president. It was comprehensive in its investigations and very diligent in its labors; it collected a great mass of information; it drew up a report, which has been laid before Parliament, and

\* *An Excursion in the Peloponnesus in the Year 1858.* By Sir THOMAS WYSE, K.C.B. Edited by his Niece, WINIFRED M. WYSE. With numerous Illustrations. Two Volumes. London: Day & Son, 1865.

accompanied it by a series of elaborate and detailed papers on the separate heads of inquiry, which have not yet been published, but which are said to be of great interest and value. But it failed to convince the Greek government that the difficulty of paying their debts lay, not in the slenderness of their resources, but in their own palpably vicious way of managing them, and their manifest disinclination to apply even the most obvious remedies. To collect materials for the use of this commission was one of the objects kept before him by Sir Thomas Wyse in his Peloponnesian tour. But he was also a scholar and an accomplished man of letters; and he visited and looked at the country through which he travelled with the interest and inquisitiveness of a student of ancient Greek civilization, as well as with the practical eye of a public man intent on the present improvement and prospects of the country. His journal combines the observations and reflections of an admirer of old Greek art and literature with those of the political economist and the diplomatist, watchful for the facts of popular habits and development, education, agriculture, and the statistics of produce and trade. The work was not finished as its author intended; the labor of revising and putting into shape was interrupted by his death; but he deemed that it would contribute to a better knowledge of what he had taken so much pains to examine, and he was earnestly desirous that it should be published. His wish has been fulfilled by his niece, who has brought the utmost devotion to discharge the trust bequeathed to her by her uncle. The book, as published, bears traces of the unfavorable circumstances under which, like every book which its author does not bring to completion, it appears before us. The work of condensation and rearrangement is impossible for an editor, however obvious the necessity for it, and the likelihood that it was intended. The meaning of references and hasty notes is not always to be recovered; passages in all probability left for rewriting and further development, cannot now be amended or explained; and a list of errata, which might be considerably enlarged, shows that the

author's handwriting has not always clearly told its purport. But the work is that of a well-prepared and very intelligent observer, who had unusually favorable opportunities for seeing what he wished to see, and was extremely well qualified to pass judgment on what he saw.

Sir Thomas Wyse and his party—a tolerably large one, including ladies—first proceeded to Monemvasia, the curious Laconian counterpart to our Cornish and Breton St. Michael's Mounts, of which a characteristic sketch forms the frontispiece to his first volume. It is a place out of the beaten track even of travellers in the Morea; and the account of it, and of the visit to it, is excellently given. The grandeur of the rugged rock, and the brilliant light of sky and sea about it; the ruinous decay in which all works of man upon it, whether of former generations or of the present, present themselves to the visitor; the mingled traces of the various powers which have used it as a bulwark; the eager childish liveliness and simplicity of the quick-witted people of the sleepy, sunny, tumble-down village at its foot, excited to the utmost pitch of amazement, curiosity, and perhaps hope, by the astonishing apparition of an English war-steamer in their port, and a veritable English Minister in the flesh scrambling among their rocks, talking Greek with Eparchs and Demarches, and drinking coffee in the Bishop's house—all this is described with great spirit, and with full appreciation, not only of the picturesque and historical interest of the scene, but of its grotesque oddness:

"At ten we followed to shore in the captain's gig, and experienced some difficulty in picking our way through the rocks to the bridge. The authorities were already there to meet us—the Eparch, a silent jejune man, in island trousers; the Demarch, in creditably clean fustanella; and the doctor, in Frank dress, presenting a good epitome of the transition through which manners and customs are hastening in Greece. They were attended by a whole train of merry urchins, armed with knapsacks and slates, who, bonâ fide bound for school, could not resist the temptation of gazing on the Frank new-comers. The road near the bridge is tolerable, but this past, all traces of the kind vanished. We had to scramble through huge blocks of limestone rock, seamed with arragonite, fallen

from above, along the cliff, over the narrow isthmus towards the south side, where we were informed the town lay packed up between its old parallel walls, but of which we could see no hint until we arrived at the gate. Our *cortège* by this time embraced nearly half the population. All sorts of fustanellas, island trousers, and one or two 'Young Greece' pale and travelled faces, in French dress and white neckcloths (I am thankful there were no *gants glacés*), leading the way. After half an hour's hot walk we reached a ruinous gateway, guarded by two soldiers, and crowded by the Primates, ready to welcome us, and entered the burgo, or town. I am sorry to say that the first glance was not encouraging. The whole place makes a wretched tumble-down appearance. Streets narrow and precipitous, still Turkish; pavement broken up in block and hole; houses, many of them Venetian born, crumbling and disconsolate enough. The streets had a few open shops, with here and there an old tailor working at island trousers, the thriving trade of the place."

The church of this strange place united in itself a number of incongruous memorials of its former history. Its decided Western physiognomy at once struck Sir Thomas Wyse, a keen observer of differences in things ecclesiastical between the Greek and his own (Roman Catholic) communion. The interior architecture, arrangement, and decoration, he says, are still Catholic. On the "Eikonostasis," the "Christ" appears to be early Venetian; while the "Panagia," on the other side, is "orthodox Oriental." Turkish art appears in the mother-of-pearl framing of a small shrine, while the pulpit appears to be "renaissance." At the west end of the church two canopies were pointed out which were said to mark the place of the thrones of the Emperor Andronicus and his empress, the Byzantine patrons of Monemvasia, whose Bishop is said to have claimed, according to a decree of Andronicus, the right of sitting in the place of Patriarch of Jerusalem in the Synod, if the Patriarch was absent, and above the Patriarchs of Alexandria and Antioch. Monemvasia is a state prison, and had lately been occupied by a certain distinguished prisoner, one General Spiro Milio; and Sir Thomas Wyse observed that the custom of engraving moral sentences on walls prevailed at Monemvasia as well as in the Tower of London. General Spiro Milio

had recorded—to the amusement, apparently, of those who were acquainted with him—on the walls of the prison, his conviction that "after darkness comes light," and that "all passions and prejudices are transitory, but only Truth eternal." At Monemvasia nobody had ever seen a steamer near; "we only see steamers pass on the edge of the sea," they said, "but they never come nearer." It is a place without trade or manufacture, and nothing can be grown on the rock. Sir Thomas Wyse, like Leake, inquired in vain about Malmsey wine; "the people seemed to know nothing of its name or renown." It is hard to understand what the inhabitants can find to do. Half the houses are uninhabited, and a large number were falling into ruin. Yet the place has two "Demotic or primary" schools, and one "Hellenic," or superior one; a large proportion of the people read and write; newspapers abounded, and there was a café and billiard room; there was an air of health, freshness, and content about the population; and the young ladies, full of gayety and cheerfulness, appeared in "bright green satin jackets and incipient crinolines."

The party landed in Maina, and travelled up the plain of the Eurotas to Sparta; thence across Taygetus into the plain of Messenia, and by Ithome, Bassæ, and Olympia, through the rugged mountain gorges which lead down by Megaspelion to Vostitza and the Gulf of Corinth. From thence they skirted the shores of the gulf, and returned by Corinth to Athens. The line which they took excluded Argolis and the western coast, as well as the central Arcadian uplands; but they went through the richest and most beautiful portion of the Peloponnesus. Sir Thomas Wyse is enthusiastic, but not unreasonably so, in his admiration of this singularly magnificent region. The Peloponnesus has—what northeastern Greece so much wants—water and verdure. Its fat alluvial plains have rivers running through them, are covered with vegetation, and are ready for the most abundant crops; and the noble mountains which frame them round furnish examples, not only of the wildest and most savage rock scenery on a vast scale, but of that combination of green

wood and ever-flowing waters which is so rare in the austere mountains round Athens. The smiling beauty and softness of the valley of Sparta form a curious contrast with our ideas of the hard, stern character of the Spartans of the Peloponnesian war, though it suits with what Sir Thomas Wyse speaks of as the "rich semi-oriental Sparta of the Odyssey." But Taygetus hangs over the whole, and the girdle of solemn mountains gives what is wanted of severity to the scene. Sir Thomas Wyse thus describes it, and the impression which it produces:

"It is difficult to see more abundance with less uniformity. All kinds of luxuriance in full produce—the sharp green mulberry, the tender vine, the valonea in sturdy masses, oranges and lemons—embosoming bright-tiled houses; corn, like a very sea, below us; and through the whole, clumps of cypresses, marking two realms departed for ever—old Greece and aged Turkey—and breaking up the monotony, both pictorial and historic, Sparta the new, in the midst of this, was hardly discoverable, except as a string of pleasant places, with here and there a twinkling of the Eurotas to indicate the sources of profusion. Life, and work, and reward, are seen now in all this; but it is a faint reflection of its ancient renown or ancient proprietors. Here is found whatever the most industrious or the most luxurious could desire, and, to complete the picture, Taygetus rises beyond, the great mountain guardian of all, its upright wall rising from the plain, its ridgy defiles, its outstanding spurs, each a base of a citadel, gloomy, grand, unchanging; all this has another influence, and comprising the adjoining scenery of Menelaion, stretching off to Parion, in its stern Tzakonian character, brings back the temper to a more Doric mood, and braces up to manly thought what would else dissolve under gentler influences. I saw in it such a landscape as nature chooses when she makes Tells, and raises at the same time, in the same spirits, the strongest attachment to soil, with the firmest nerves and resolves to defend it. My first impression on seeing Sparta and its plain, years ago—it was then, indeed, far more solitary—came just to this: a grander, gloomier, sterner, richer scene could not be found; exactly the ground which my imagination would have chosen for that remarkable element of Hellenism, the Spartan."

Modern Sparta is a growth of the new kingdom, built to order for the purpose of reviving an old name, and built, according to a modern Greek

practice which Sir Thomas Wyse severely condemns, on the very site of the old city; so that the new buildings cover it up, and effectually put an end to any clearing away and antiquarian exploring of the ruins which may be beneath the soil. Its place was taken in the middle ages by the singularly picturesque hill town of Mistra, close under Taygetus, and encircled by its grand ravines. The town is now almost deserted, but its ruined houses and churches and castle still stand, looking like a town which "a conqueror had only just passed through"—"neither living nor dead." Here, as so often, the odd contrast between old and new came before the travellers. A great plane tree and a Turkish fountain, at which women were washing, recalled the Mohammedan love of shade and water, and then recollections of Nausicaa and the Odyssey. The great plane tree suggests a poetical train of thought:

"Beside the fountain stood a group of Spartan, or at least Laconian damsels, who in health and form would not have shamed their countrywomen in the Lysistrata. They were busily engaged in washing, preparing, as they told us, for the bridal of the youngest of the party, which was to be celebrated in a day or two. The Nausicaa was very active and practical, and did not allow the presence of strangers to interfere with the prosecution of her work. The great plane tree spread its branches over the party, and joined its shadows with those of the rock in protecting them from the sun. If there live a tree in Greece which deserves or appears to have a Dryad to take care of it, it is assuredly the plane. Oaks themselves are dwarfs beside it, to say nothing of that artless art with which, while grasping rock and block below (I have seen them keep defiant hold on both in the very face of a Taygetan torrent) with roots like claws and talons, worthy of the Blockberg roots of Goethe, they run out above, resembling a sort of huge convolvulus, the arms apparently as pliant as tendrils, but loaded with shade sufficient for a whole squadron. Nor is it massive heavy shade, but of a light twinkling kind; the exquisite sharpness of the foliage, moved by every breeze, and discovering at each turn all the gray, silver, brown, and purple of its lining in rich harmony with its bright verdure."

Everything looks primitive, oriental, or classical, when some one suggests to Nausicaa and her companions that a "Spartan *χορος*" would be charming:



"Two young girls were very ready to take our solicitations into consideration, and, by way of preamble, proposed to commence, while we were beating up recruits, with a *pas de deux*. The dais was cleared, and we were ready with admiration, when off they started, arm and arm, with a *mazourka*! This was taking civilization *à rebours*, and as unconscious a satire, looking at their naked feet, and at the site where we were, on the whole system of modern Greece, as the most solemn article in the *Athena*. What nymph or muse inspired the innovation it is useless to inquire. It came down, I believe, wrapt up in a Greek grammar from Athens."

Sir Thomas Wyse travelled into the neighboring valley plain of Messenia by a pass through Taygetus which is not often taken, from the difficulty of the track even for mules, but which amply repays the traveller who is not afraid of rough scrambling by the rare magnificence of its scenery. Sir Thomas Wyse was a true and discriminating judge of genuine beauty in the features of the country through which he travelled, and his volumes show that he fully appreciated its charm. Travelling in the Peloponnesus is always rough, and still sometimes dangerous; but it is a country which has the advantage of not having been broken into by the crowd, and no man in health need be afraid of its difficulties. And for its size, there are few regions which reward the traveller better, by its combination of historical interest with a characteristic landscape worthy of the associations which gather round it, and impressing itself with singular clearness on the mind. The subjects of the numerous illustrations, from Sir Thomas Wyse's own drawings and those of Signor Lanza, who accompanied him, are well chosen. There are some highly characteristic sketches among them, such as that of the rock of Monemvasia, and one of Bassæ, with the altar-like hill of Ithome rising above the Messenian plain. On the other hand, either from the fault of draughtsman or engraver, justice is scarcely done to the beautiful outlines and strongly-marked features of Taygetus, as seen from the plain of Sparta.

Sir Thomas Wyse shows the interest of a well-read and refined classical scholar in the care with which he observed and examined the country

through which he passed in reference to the history of which it was the theatre, and in his comments on the history itself. His mind was full, as his journal shows, of the singular characteristics of Spartan organization and policy, and of the romantic incidents of the Messenian wars. He had also the tastes of an artist, and an eye for the physical peculiarities of a country and for topographical accuracy; and he enters critically into questions about Messenian sites, and, at still greater length, with the advantage of the most recent knowledge and a careful personal inspection of the ground, into a discussion of the topography of Olympia—a place, as he says, less sufficiently explored than any equally important site in Greece, and where the alluvium of the Alpheius probably covers up treasures of ancient art which would well reward a comprehensive and judicious system of exploration. On all these matters, however, there was not much new to be said without a more methodical and special course of investigation than Sir Thomas Wyse had leisure for. But he was as much interested in modern as in ancient Greece, and his account is that of a very friendly, yet at the same time very dissatisfied, observer; and it is a curious and instructive picture of a Greek province. The country, as he saw, had great natural advantages; the population were lively, quick-witted, furnished with elementary education of which they eagerly availed themselves, anxious to thrive and get on; but everything was at a dead-lock, and came to very little, because they had learned to depend for everything on a central government which claimed to direct and dispose of everything, and which was utterly unequal to its task, and unconscious of the essential conditions of what it had to do. Year after year, it had allowed a barbarous system of taxation, inherited from the ignorant and careless Turks, to go on, under which improved cultivation was hopeless. It undertook the road-making of the country, and it left the roads unmade, with the amusing apology that, after all, the sea was the great Greek high-road. The want of internal communications raises prices and wages, makes them grossly unequal, hinders the use of the most manifest resources of

the country, and keeps everything at a standstill. Among the many strange illustrations of the general helplessness engendered by this manner of governing, one is given which would appear incredible anywhere but in Greece. The superior of the monastery on Pentelicus had paved his church with marble from Lucca, and he proved to Sir Thomas Wyse that it cost him less to convey marble from Lucca than to take it from the old quarries directly above the convent; the reasons assigned for this being the difficulty of obtaining skilful workmen, their high wages, and the imperfect implements in use in Greece. The clumsiness and inaptitude of the Greeks in tools and mechanism of all kinds struck Sir Thomas Wyse. In this, as in everything else, their fault is to be in a hurry about means, to be satisfied with the first expedient at hand, and to be careless about being exact and thorough, provided that a superficial approximation to what they aim at is attained, whether it be an imitation of a European house, a European fashion of dress, a European machine, or a European constitution. And as the government has systematically trained and accustomed the Greeks of the provinces to depend entirely on itself for everything, no one thinks it his business to move a step or make any effort unless the instruction, the order, and the money come straight from Athens. And the impulse is given from Athens, not for general reasons of policy, but because some immediate motive, frequently of a very unworthy character, presses with those in power. The progress of a foreign Minister through a remote province, and the fear of his remarks and remonstrances, would have the effect of drawing supplies from Athens for local objects which otherwise would have in vain solicited either attention or aid. When Sir Thomas Wyse remonstrated with some monks on the disgraceful state of their buildings, they said they had no money, and had long been vainly trying to get some from the government, and begged him to intercede for them at Athens. The Greek Minister at Athens took no notice of Sir Thomas Wyse's appeal on behalf of the monks; but it was found afterwards that he had first sent down to rate the monks soundly

for daring to make complaints, and then had followed up his scolding by a considerable sum of money, and an order to make all the necessary repairs and improvements at once.

Sir Thomas Wyse does not give a favorable account of Greek monks and monasteries. He criticises them, provoked especially by what he saw at Megaspelion, with a severity which recalls the ordinary objections made by Protestant travellers against monasteries generally, while at the same time he contrasts them with the loftier ideal and greater activity of monasticism in the West. His remarks are, on the whole, probably just. A Greek might reply that, in point of fact, it would be as easy to generalize against the Latin monastic system from many a Latin monastery in Italy and Spain, as against the Eastern monks from Megaspelion.

The work is perhaps too elaborate in its design, and this appears all the more from its unavoidably wanting the corrections of a final revision. But it reflects with admirable fidelity, and often with great force, the impressions which are made on a traveller through the Peloponnesus. And it contains the mature judgment of a sincere and sagacious friend of Greece on the opportunities and the dangers which lie before the Greek State and people.

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Macmillan's Magazine.

#### THE LITERARY LIFE OF ISAAC TAYLOR.

BY PROFESSOR FRASER, OF EDINBURGH.

OUR greatest English lay theologian since Coleridge has been taken away. A brief paragraph lately announced the death of Isaac Taylor, at the age of seventy-seven, in the secluded retreat of Stanford Rivers, where he has meditated for forty years, and from which he has given to three generations words of thoughtful wisdom, expressing deeply-fixed beliefs. The announcement must, in an unwonted manner, have touched the feelings and imagination of those among its readers who appreciated his literary work, and the way he did it, in the last forty years of English religious life. His long term of unbroken mental activity was marked by a rare and curious

individuality of taste, feeling, and thinking, which is of great price in the conventional uniformity of these generations. It was passed in a spirit, with intentions, and amid circumstances which may be called unique, and even romantic, in an age much devoted to the worship of useful knowledge and free trade. Although the silence still sacred to a recent sorrow might rather suit the feeling of one who loved him, a brief utterance may be acceptable to some, in this and other countries, who desire to ponder, when it is closed forever, what we all held in having a literary life like his so lately lived among us.

The strong individuality of Isaac Taylor is shown in his behavior amid the traditions of his birth and his early social environment. His father was in the early years of this century the evangelical pastor of dissenting congregations at Colchester and Ongar, and the benignant head of a family already not undistinguished in art and literature. Both father and mother wrote books full of mild domestic wisdom, and the young of a now risen generation were made happy by a small library, written for their instruction and amusement at the leisure hours of the good pastor at Ongar. One of two uncles was an eminent publisher, and the other was the learned editor of *Calmet*. Two sisters have cheered and enlightened many a juvenile family group by their hymns. And it can now be added that his eldest son, the fourth Isaac in direct succession, is the known author of *Words and Places*, and one of the rising hopes of the Anglican Church.

A busy, genial home life, first at Lavenham, in Suffolk, where he was born, and afterwards at Colchester and Ongar, was the soil which nourished the growth of the author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*. But his inherent tastes, sympathies, and antipathies, were much too strong to be moulded by any section of domestic or ecclesiastical society with which his antecedents might happen to connect him; his intellect and imagination were too active to allow him to accept beliefs as an easy inheritance. The family life at Ongar warmed his heart, and helped to keep it pure. His eye, imagination, and reason were in his own keeping; no public school or theo-

logical academy shared that duty with him. His youthful taste may have yearned for the grand old Church Universities from which his ancestors had separated; nevertheless neither Oxford nor Cambridge can point to his name on their matriculation lists. A theological contemplatist from his first years, having his conscience and his meditative tendencies nourished in self-education by the historic disclosures of inspired books with regard to the origin, destiny, and hopes of man, his was not a nature to brook the bondage of a pastorate in the meeting house, or to find its ideal and full satisfaction for its religious cravings in the stern isolation of Puritanical Dissent. An independent expression of profoundly-seated convictions was more agreeable to a mind of this order than the profession of the Christian ministry, in this modern age of ecclesiastical schism, and narrow controversies about systematized theological doctrine. His refined and pensive genius at first sought exercise in the family love of art; but literature was soon found to be a form of expression for his mental pictures more fit and convenient than the pencil or the canvas. The *Eclectic Review*, a periodical which could boast of some of the best writings of Foster and Hall, then the intellectual pillars of Dissent, about 1818 received the first published writings of Isaac Taylor. Ten succeeding years of experimental exercise with his pen produced more than one volume still associated with his name. This initial series commenced in 1822 with *Elements of Thought*, and ended characteristically, about 1828, with disquisitions on the *Process of Historical Proof*, and on the mode of the *Transmission of Ancient Books to Modern Times*, which suggest the uniformly concrete and historical character of his early as of his later religious musings.

It was about 1828, when fairly settled in domestic life in his old-fashioned cottage at Stanford Rivers, that he addressed himself to the literary enterprise which gives unity to his life, and in which he appears most truly as he was. With this literary enterprise his characteristic feelings and fancies, as well as his deep and peculiar insight of humanity, are so obtrusively blended, that when we want to rescue any of the subjects on

which he touches from the pale colors reflected by the surrounding atmosphere of ordinary opinion, there are few more effectual resources than to watch its transmutations as it here passes through the alembic of his richly imaginative sentiment.

On the well-filled book shelf that is occupied by nearly thirty volumes produced by Isaac Taylor, six stand out prominently to the eye of the reader who looks for the key to the inner meaning of his literary life. First of these in chronological order is the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, published in 1829, and the last is *Home Education*, which appeared in 1838. *Fanaticism*, *Spiritual Despotism*, *Saturday Evening*, and the *Physical Theory of Another Life*, were issued in the interval. They all belong to the fifth decade of their author's life. Their history explains at once the strength and the weakness of his position as an educator of the modern English mind, as well as the inadequacy of the contemporary recognition which his endeavors have received in proportion to the genius which they display.

Let us try to put ourselves at the point of view he occupied when commencing the literary enterprise of which at least three of those books are the exponents. In doing so we seem to see one of fastidious taste and active imagination, with acutely sensitive moral and religious sensibilities, who has been long in daily intercourse, through canonical "books transmitted" from ancient time, with minds inspired by the Supreme Mind to shed light upon the origin and issue of this mysterious life, and to warm our hearts with heavenly hopes. His faith has been fed by a history of supernatural events transacted on earth, in the framework, as it were, of the terrestrial economy—these transactions, and not systematized doctrines, being to him the very substance of religious truth. His conscience and moral emotions are sustained by this record of human and divine doings, which seem to him in a sensible manner to connect the visible with the invisible. Through these biblical records, in England, in this nineteenth century, he has learned to sustain and regulate religious feelings, simply by belief in events centuries old, in which God was sensibly revealed as the Moral

Governor of men. His devout emotions thus depend on no mere abstractions; they are attached to the firm rock of the historic past. He believes that "every particle of the German infidelity must be scattered to the winds, when it is proved that Jesus rose from the dead." Christianity is with him religious emotion evoked by historical belief in a series of real events, and not by an abstract theological science. It is not assisted by metaphysical theories about the facts, nor suggested by them. It is no more dependent on abstractions and generalizations than the pains and pleasures of animal life are. Indeed, its objects are not of a kind to be generalized by us at all, for in "divinity many things must be left abrupt," and whatever *Calvinism* or any other *ism* may say, he believes with Bacon, that "perfection or completeness in Divinity is not to be sought." We may be morally influenced by its unsystematizable facts or transactions—we cannot translate them into a consistent abstract system without spoiling them. The rudiments of all religious life so cohere, in his view, to the grand historic transactions recorded in these biblical records, that neither can be separated from the other. On them, and only on them, he feels that he can plant his foot firmly, and ascend, on the basis of our common-sense faith in good history, from the abyss of doubt and anxiety to which earnestly continued meditation had at first reduced him. Historic testimony to a miraculous economy, once unfolded on this planet in a series of events which occupied ages, is to this theory of religious life what his famous abstract maxim was to Descartes. Unlike that of Descartes and the abstract philosophers, this resting place is in the concrete of history, on good and sure historic proof. "The function and range of the human mind," our English lay theologian would probably say, "makes no veritable commencement, either in theological science or in abstract philosophy, in the rear of the line where the concrete makes its appearance. Christian faith is in its very substance historical. It becomes vague sentiment if it be at all loosened off from the events recorded in the sacred books transmitted from ancient times; or a web of illusory metaphysic spun by theological sophists



and system-mongers when the anomalies and eccentricities of its historical evolution are sought to be accommodated to deductive theological systems; or a maddening frenzy, when the genuine effects of its facts are perverted by the imagination, divorced from good sense, and brought into alliance with inhuman or malignant feelings; or an intolerable yoke, when the tremendous power with which its constituent events are charged is turned aside for purposes of civil or ecclesiastical tyranny."

But is not the history of Christianity, as actually professed among men, for the most part a history of these very perversions of its Historic Substance? If the writings commonly called canonical brought the recluse student of History at Ongar and Stanford Rivers face to face with events which—looked at across the gulf of more than eighteen centuries—were the daily aliment of his own fresh and pure life, other historical books—Patristic and Mediæval—which he diligently studied, and the patent phenomena of modern English Christianity, revealed the dark and troubled story of the Christian church. If he found the historic transactions of the supernatural economy fitted to evoke liberal and comprehensive thought, and to sustain humble and tender feelings, ready to solve practically the perplexing moral and social problems of humanity, and apt to inaugurate a reign of universal peace, the story of their professed belief revealed a long course of narrow-mindedness and cruelty. The living communities which most loudly proclaimed their Christian faith were mutually repellent under the influence of sectarian hate. The large conceptions which unite men who are animated by a common belief in eternal truths, were exchanged for the pettiness and bigotry which have perverted the history in which he found peace into an occasion of malice and all uncharitableness. The glory of the real religion of feelings generated and regulated by faith in grand historical transactions, was lost in the vain disputes of a verbal one; and the sentiment of its divine grandeur was concealed in dreary symbols and technicalities, from which living meaning had subsided by long-continued professional usage.

The characteristic literary enterprise

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of Isaac Taylor's life seems to have been the issue of a brooding sense of the affecting contrast between the feelings and sympathies generated in him on the one hand by the *biblical* story of a supernatural restorative intercourse, and on the other by the *Church* history of the abuse by the intellect, the imagination, and the feelings of men, of these same Divine Revelations transacted upon this planet. It expresses the recoil of highly-wrought meditative sentiment, in sympathy with the vision Divine, from painful contact with the vulgar work and tone of modern English ecclesiastical life, as well as from the more corrupt, if more splendid, hierarchies of the past or the distant; and which finds the nearest approach to congeniality with itself in the records of those historic crises, led by Apostles or Reformers, when the human mind, over a wide area, was anew brought for a time into real intercourse with the supernatural facts that had been transacted in ancient history.

Might not such brooding rather have induced despair?—a taking for granted that the contrast between the ideal of the historically excited religious life and the actual condition of the communities called Christian must maintain itself in the future as in the past—a standing mystery to try the faith of the few? It might well seem so. But this literary enterprise was undertaken, at a time when "the belief that a bright era of renovation, union, and extension" presently awaited the Christian Church was widely entertained by devout persons in England. The author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm* announced "his own participation in this cheering hope," as what impelled him "to undertake the difficult task of describing, under various forms, that fictitious piety which has hitherto never failed to appear in times of unusual excitement, and which may be anticipated as the probable attendant of a new development of the powers of Christianity." Perhaps with most this belief was then the result of an uncritical study of prophetic books. With him it was the issue of a philosophical survey of the relative social strength of Christianity and the other religions of the world. Amid an otherwise increased religious imbe-

cility and dotage, the Christian beliefs alone, notwithstanding the dark shades which rest upon the history of their profession, retained in his eye the signs of youthful vigor. These beliefs, in their nearest approach to purity, had their centre in the Anglo-Saxon nations, at the motive-springs of modern energy, wealth, enterprise, and enlightenment, and were actually in the one place to command an ultimate and not distant succession to universal empire. The time in which he engaged in his literary undertaking was to him the "Saturday morning" of the world's eventful history, and the Sabbath of its redemption was near at hand. It was the time to inaugurate an "Instauratio Magna" for the Church.

More than two centuries before, the prophetic eye of Bacon had discovered signs of the intellectual revolution which he has heralded in the great labor of his life—his unfinished *Instauratio Magna Scientiarum*, where, in six successive books, he proposed to spread before the imagination the deficiencies, errors, and corruptions of the human-understanding, and to prescribe appropriate remedies—the chief of these being an exposure of the causes of error, and the abatement of their influence, which once accomplished, the mind will spontaneously recognize what is true. A design in much akin to this *Instauratio* of Bacon, and animated by much of the large comprehension of Baconian imagination, but confined to the world of moral and religious experience, suggested the six volumes of which the *Natural History of Enthusiasm* was meant to be the first. And this *Instauratio* was also to take the form of six books, but concerning itself only with ecclesiastical *idola*. It was a religious philosophy offered to meet the wants of an age enfeebled by religious divisions. It proposed to display in one view "the principal forms of spurious religion"—Enthusiasm, in which the imagination modifies feelings and beliefs, which the actual evolution of the historical events, which constitute the divine revelation ought alone to regulate; Fanaticism, in which malignant passion conspires to a like effect with imagination; Spiritual Despotism, under which beliefs and feelings, as professed, are the mere creatures of ecclesiastical authority, and not the intelligent result

of historical research; Credulity, which is ready to substitute any belief and correlative feeling for those imposed by the real historical evidence; Skepticism, which, discarding the history, believes nothing; and Corruption of Morals, which practically illustrates the operations of the five preceding substitutes for pure biblical faith.

The first instalment of this *Instauratio* was greeted with general applause. Each section of the ecclesiastical commonwealth exulted in the blows which fell upon its neighbor and rival. But, as they fell in turn impartially upon all, their author began to be looked upon as an ecclesiastical Ishmael. The gloomy shades which darken some of their pictures of sentiment in the past, have been actually reproduced in the history of their own collision with the life which they criticised. Only the first three of the six proposed books made their appearance, though what are virtually fragments of the others may be found in the more discursive productions of their author's later life. But the reader will find in the finished and fragmentary volumes more original study of the moral phenomena of man in his relations to the Unseen and Eternal, more massive and even picturesque delineation of the broad principles in human nature which underlie religious history, viewed in their operation on a great scale, as well as richer contributions to the facts of moral science, than in any other English theological writings of the years in which they appeared. No Englishman since Coleridge has done more to conquer room for the intellect to employ itself, and for the heart to expand itself, while continuing to maintain a sympathetic faith in historic records of a supernatural part of the history of our planet and our race.

But the forty years which have well nigh elapsed since this enterprise was launched abounded in social currents and eddies of opinion which left it stranded in its disturbed course through the mazes of Puritanism and of Low Church, High Church, and Broad Church Anglicanism. An unusual interest belongs to the theological history of this same forty years in England. Its early stage carries fancy back to years when a spring freshness still marked the rise

within its own social circle of the type of religious life that is associated with Thomas Scott and William Wilberforce, in the Establishment, and, more intellectually, with Foster and Hall, in the world of Puritanical Dissent; when a halo of romance surrounded the then novel undertaking in England of Protestant missionary incursions on Heathendom; and when emotional ardor, divided between petty controversies at home, and crudely concocted assaults upon the kingdom of darkness abroad, vexed the soul of the student secluded at Stanford Rivers in the morning of his appointed work. The noon of his busy life recalls to those now in middle age the fervid heat that followed the introduction within the Anglican Church of elements latent indeed in its constitution, but which the devout and learned enthusiasts of Oxford had recalled from ancient Christianity to restrain modern worldliness and growing anarchy in the crisis of our political reformation, when venerable church institutions and traditions were becoming imperilled by the modern heresy of religious equality. Oxford in those days raised the ecclesiastical temperature of society to a degree which, about 1840, induced even the sage of Stanford Rivers to exchange his meditations upon the past religious phenomena of human nature for a place in the strife as author of *Ancient Christianity*. And then at a third stage in this same forty years we find him in the evening of his working day, overtaken by a current of sympathy, emanating from the same Oxford, and having springs in the constitution and history of the same Church, but which was coloring the atmosphere of all Western Europe with neither the merely biblical nor the merely ecclesiastical religion of the past, but with an ideal Christianity of the future, which—as he viewed it—was to relax the tie by which he had all his life essentially connected spiritual religion with the historic records of a supernatural economy.

The literary life of Isaac Taylor is surely not to be credited exclusively to any one of these three phases of Anglican Christianity—inherent in the Anglican as in every comprehensive religious system, and which have reproduced themselves in turns, as often as Anglicanism has been moved into spiritual, ecclesias-

tical, and intellectual activity. Some of the elements which form his individuality repelled him from each, while others attracted him to each in turn, and might draw liberal representatives of all the three to him. The professed Biblicism of the first harmonized with the groundwork of his own religion, but was presented in its repulsive exclusiveness in the narrow, unreflective, schismatized religion, in which "the individual Christian, with his Bible in his hand," thinks that he "need fix his eyes upon nothing but the little eddy of his personal emotions," and was for him spoiled in abstract doctrinal systems whose authors have forgotten that "truth in religion is always something that has been acted and transacted." The ecclesiastical religion which rose around him in his middle life seemed at first to carry in its constitution seeds of dismal maladies, with which his studies of ancient church life and literature had long made him familiar. But then it was congenial to him as something embodied in persons and societies, and it also appeared to his broad historic sympathies with the variations of form and hue which absolute Christianity, subsequent to its original historical evolutions, must bear, when reflected with various effect from age to age "from distorted and discolored human nature," in the types presented in the religious lives of Prophets and Apostles, of Nicene and post-Nicene Fathers, of Hildebrande and Loyola, or in the modern church organizations—Eastern and Western, Anglican and Dissenting. As life advanced he seems to have felt as if his exposure of ancient Christianity was one-sided, and that it unduly darkened phases of religious life already too little recognized in the creed of the self-satisfied Low-Churchman or Dissenter, but which claimed recognition all the more as he observed the strength of Anglican Christianity intensified, or its elevating spirit diffused, by the powerful influence emanating from Keble and Newman. The more ideal phase of Christianity which began to be accepted in his later years probably seemed to him more subversive of faith, hope, and charity than either the popular Evangelicalism of his youth, or the revived Ecclesiasticism by which he was surrounded in middle life. In the religious phil-

osophy which he offered to his age Christianity is steadily regarded as an emotional life sustained by belief in supernatural events attested by history. Either this or atheism was his uniform alternative to himself. But the tendency of the theory of Christianity now becoming current is to secure for the substance of religious life an independence of perennial controversies about historic facts and scientific doctrines, to conquer unlimited space for historical and scientific discovery, in consistency with a continued conscious possession of all that is essential in Spiritual Christianity. His antagonism to this tendency, in what he believed to be its results, was condensed in his *Restoration of Belief*, as *Ancient Christianity* was his weapon in the warfare with Anglicanism.

We cannot claim for the religious philosophy contained in this unfinished *Instauratio* resources for an encounter with evils probably attendant upon this latest and now present phase of English Christianity equal to those which it possesses as a corrective of evils which attend the two other phases. Perhaps, with the habits of Isaac Taylor's life, notwithstanding the fresh intellectual vitality which he so remarkably retained to the last, he could less readily accommodate himself to the new point of view. Let us try for a moment to compare that point with his. Truth in religion is, according to his habits of thought, something that has been miraculously acted and transacted. It is something that has been supernaturally embodied in persons and societies. But then religion itself is a manner of feeling and acting in relation to God. The realization of the Christian manner of feeling and acting is the *end* towards which the extraordinary events and transactions that constitute religious truth, on this philosophy, are the *means*. But is this Christian manner of feeling and acting—to which our moral and spiritual experience responds, now that it has been realized and embodied in modern institutions—is it to be exposed to the accidents of the endless controversies that are going on about what has happened in long past ages? This Christianity of the Inner Life is a treasure which has somehow come to us—whatever its historic origin, or however it may have at

first become assimilated with the evolutions of human affairs. Must we refrain from *living it* in our daily feelings toward God, until we shall have settled the controverted questions about the manner of its introduction in the past of human history? There is something in us which responds to it, and with which it blends congenially in good men. Shall we disregard this, and peril the moral and spiritual treasure upon historical disputes, which—as still maintained among learned and candid persons—must relate to matters of opinion, and not to truth absolute and eternal? With the inner treasure already in our possession, and ready for universal use, Christians may, some begin to think, now and henceforward hold themselves free to pursue any researches, historical or scientific, confident that no iconoclast of ancient historical documents, canonical or non-canonical, no physical discovery of what has happened or may hereafter happen in the wide realms of nature, can alter a manner of feeling and acting in relation to God which—whatever its historic origin—has now found its warrant in the depths of our being, and in all modern experience of it as the supreme motive power in human affairs. In this faith, all history, as well as the biblical and ecclesiastical—the history of nature and the scientific interpretation of the same, together with the history of man and the interpretation of the moral experience of the human race—is virtually Divine Revelation, contributing to nourish and expand those feelings towards God and men which, however the historical and scientific questions to which they give rise may be settled, the scriptural books and the institutions of Christianity have developed and maintained, and must develop and maintain in yet richer harmony, when free from the bondage of the letter, and from the risk of interference with our intellectual growth.

The religious philosophy of the stage through which English Christianity is now passing has thus to address itself to persons at whose point of view it seems necessary, for the very sake of the spiritual treasure itself, that that treasure should be finally extricated from the entanglements of historical and scientific controversy—raised aloft in



view of all possible discoveries about books of nature—and thus saved and secured for the race which it is blessing, while indefinite room is left for the free interpretation of nature and books in a spirit of philosophic candor. This is not the place to consider on what conditions may be attained this result, so congenial to many whose religious manner of feeling and acting towards God and men is made known to others by its good fruits in their lives, if not by the orthodoxy of their abstract doctrines.

We ought perhaps to read the somewhat discursive and miscellaneous writings of Isaac Taylor in the last quarter of a century of his literary life as if they were produced in discouragement consequent upon the partial abandonment of his chief literary enterprise. The volumes on *Loyola and Jesuitism* (1849), and on *Wesley and Methodism* (1851), as well as *Essays in the North British Review* on Chalmers and Scotch theology, present in diversified aspects his favorite view of Christianity as something continuously embodied in persons and social transactions, as well as his sympathy with a variety of form in its embodiment—provided that each form expresses in its own fashion a profound sense of human guilt and divine deliverance. The essays on Scotch theology especially indicate his abiding conviction that Christian truth consists of a series of historical events, not of logical deductions from dogmatically assumed definitions; and that a religious community which in these times perverts Christianity into a despotic human system of such deductions must inevitably lose its own hold over educated minds. His *Restoration of Belief* (1855), is the nucleus of subsequent periodical essays in defence and illustration of his own resting-place of religious belief and feeling in the records of history, as against the disintegrating influences of modern criticism.

But the undertones of another and more speculative question reach us from the volumes of this lay theology, asking whether, after all, even in its best state, there is not something in the circumstances of our earthly environment which must make human life in this animal body a field in which the powers,

whether of good or evil, can be only imperfectly developed, and in which all must be more or less the prey of prejudices and perversions? It invites us to consider the limitation and imperfection which are inherent in a consciousness sustained under the conditions of this animal body. The earthly experience of each man presents only a few of the infinite changes of which the sensible universe is the theatre, and yet these few are inextricably linked with all the others. Then our human experience of what we call the material world is here limited to five senses, and yet there may be qualities of matter to which millions of senses are inadequate. The memory of man on earth retains but a little of this little which he has experienced, and the little so retained is ever tending to release itself from our keeping, and at the best can only be reproduced in consciousness by instalments. How dim and narrow in its results is our reproductive power itself, when it evolves its images of what is past or of what is possible. Unable to comprehend the universe and its relations in a single intuitive grasp, we must have recourse to verbal reasonings as a substitute, and try thus to solve bit by bit, with the help of words, a small part of the vast problem which we cannot entertain as a whole. Reasoning is carried on by arbitrary signs, which are the medium of our reflective intercourse with ourselves, and of all our intercourse with other minds. But what an instrument is a system of arbitrary signs which carries in it the seeds of constant misunderstanding, and in which, from its very nature, the relation between words and their meanings tends to perpetual change and dissolution. Then how great a withdrawal from the service of our higher nature is occasioned by the daily wants of the animal economy and our organic welfare. How under a physical system such as this can we expect to reach the high ideal of a Renovated Church, or escape the din of controversy and the passions of contending sects? Can any events, natural or supernatural, in past history or in present, rescue us from these consequences, so long as we are subject to the restraints and limitations of this present sensible world and animal economy?

Without quitting, for transcendental abstractions, the economy of historic events in the sensible world in which we now find ourselves, and with which our inner religious life is indissolubly connected, Isaac Taylor sought to find, in this same economy itself, grounds for previsive inference, or at least for conjecture, in regard to the historic evolution of events which are to happen in our conscious experience, subsequently to the dissolution of human nature—in the death of this present animal body which retards the full growth of the seeds of good and evil. To the contemplation of this grander ideal than that of any possible millennium upon earth, the author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm* turned from amid the disjecta membra of his *Instauratio*, as to "the favorite and peaceful themes" of still earlier meditations and studies, in which "he is most happy to find himself in a region not exposed to storms." A *Physical Theory of Another Life* took the place of those historical analyses of the religious and moral nature of man, when it presents the phenomena of Credulity or of Skepticism, or when it is morally vitiated by any of the forms of spurious religion which he had proposed to delineate in the latter part of his *Instauratio*. Perfect knowledge, and the perfect Ecclesiastical and other Social harmony which implies perfect knowledge, are not consistent with the very conditions of life in this animal economy. But "there is a spiritual body," in which consciousness may hold new physiological relations to what we call Matter.

This excursion into mental physiology is made in one of the six books already reckoned characteristic of its author's literary life—and that not merely because it may be regarded as a portion of the design of the *Instauratio* transferred to a now invisible system of things, but also because it presents his characteristic manner of meditating about the "world of mind" in its present and future physiological relations in man and other animals.

The phenomena of human nature, in its use and abuse of that supernatural economy whose history fed his own religious feelings, formed only a part of the

possible evolutions in the "world of mind" which Isaac Taylor cogitated for more than sixty years. The shadow of the "Unseen and Eternal" converted his daily pilgrimage through this strange life into a daily scene of literally supernatural interest. Slightly as the great mystery in which it all terminates usually excites the imagination of the average "religious world," his was not an eye that could withdraw itself from that which to the meditative envelops this transient sense-experience, in every part of it, with awe and sublimity. If biblical history, which seemed to him to convey religion embodied in the wonders of the past, has shed no distinct light on that more wonderful future which is to follow the dissolution of the animal body, can previsive physical science, which has unlocked so many secrets of our earth and heavens, not discover, from what now is in this sensible world, what shall be hereafter in larger fields of sense-experience? In the study of our now embodied mind may we not have suggested to us at least some plausible representation of the spiritual embodiment which, in the natural course of events, as they historically evolve themselves in the new earth and heavens, is to be substituted for this animal one? Our death as animals is indeed an event unique in the personal history of each, and our conjectures cannot be tested by adequate inductive verification. Yet this analogical exercise of the imagination is akin to its exercise in all fruitful observation of nature.

By far the most elaborately conceived and executed work of this whole literary life is the one in which its author—under the designation of a *Physical Theory* of continued life under supposed conditions of a spiritual body—employs analogy to lift the veil now guarded by Death, and to unfold to our view the splendid possibilities of a conscious history maintained under new relations to a new experience of matter. Through analogy man has long been supposed capable of having his belief confirmed in the nature and attributes of God; through analogy he was now invited, for the confirmation of his faith, to anticipate in imagination his own embodied immortality.

Physical metaphysics was congenial to the historical and inductive tastes of this author. The series of which the *Natural History of Enthusiasm* was the first instalment is a piece of work in the study of mind, but it is mind related to and influenced by the facts of its external, physical history. And when its author tries to follow mind as it passes beyond this earthly scene of facts, natural and supernatural, it is human nature, somehow embodied and somehow connected with the physical system, that he is still pursuing. For philosophy, as something in its very conception to be distinguished from mere science, concrete and physical, he had little appreciation; in metaphysics, as distinguished from this mental physics, he could see nothing beyond the adjustment of a dozen abstract phrases.

In this connection it is not to be forgotten that this recluse literary life at Stanford Rivers was, some thirty years ago, all but exchanged for one which would have demanded an exclusive professional attention to questions of mental philosophy. In 1836 the chair of Logic and Metaphysics, in the University of Edinburgh, became vacant, and the author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm* was induced to drop the vizor which had so long concealed him from a curious public—as a candidate for this department of the public service of philosophy. Sir William Hamilton, the greatest, living master of the philosophical literature of the world, the acutest reasoner about the “dozen abstract phrases” who had been in this age drawn to a recognition of their import and significance, was met by a rival whose acquaintance with that literature was comparatively scanty, who put small value on the “dozen abstract phrases,” whose studies of human nature were all directed to its actions and transactions in its embodied manifestations, who esteemed Bacon more than Aristotle, but who could not touch any subject without shedding on it the distinctly marked colors of his own capacious imagination, or investing it with the rich “glow of humanity.” Hamilton ascended the Edinburgh chair to expound and guide the now dominant philosophical movement of Europe. His English rival returned from “the gray

metropolis” to the employment, more congenial to him—amid the simple country life in which he guided the education of his own children—of watching the phenomena in the ecclesiastical heavens, or anticipating in thought his own future spiritual embodiment in a purer and more exalted heaven.

*Home Education* is a charming fragment, redolent of its author's own heart and rural home. It stands among the books which best express the inner meaning of his life. The sadness with which his search into the story of the *Great Family of the Church* tinged his mind, the doubt and darkness, which no “theory,” however ingenious, and however associated with observed physical facts, can remove from that future which Death veils, is dissipated on the pages which describe the loving father's contrivances for enlarging the capacities and the intellectual stores of the group under training in a domestic atmosphere of daily happiness—“in the insulated country house, with its internal comfort and frugal elegance, its garden of sweet gay, perennial enjoyments, and its verdant, silent vicinage of arable and pasture, of woodland and riverside meadow.”

The spot of this material world on which Isaac Taylor's literary life was passed is, alike in itself and in its previous associations, in true harmony with his life. The fragrance of the rural nature which he loved, the stillness of the leafy lanes of Essex in which he daily studied, is diffused through his writings. His old insulated country house, in its old-fashioned garden, with the sluggish stream winding through the valley behind, has become one of the places, now so numerous in rural England, that are associated with those who, with devout hearts, simple tastes, and a love for nature, have helped to improve mankind by the high exercises of reason and imagination. Those who look with affectionate recollection to Bemerton, or Olney, or Rydal, or Herstmonceux, and Pevensy Level, will not now forget Stanford Rivers and the vale of Ongar. Less than twenty miles east of London, in the triangle of which the sides are formed by the Cambridge railway which passes Harlow, and by the Colchester line which passes Romford, the wood-

land and meadow of the green undulating expanse of England which lies between maintained its seclusion in all the past years of this century, undisturbed by the sounds of traffic or locomotion—a corner reserved for meditative quiet near the great metropolis, protected from its sights and sounds by the remains of the ancient forest of Hainault and the glades of Epping in the intervening distance. It has more than one association with those devoted to the world of mind. On the northern part of this green undulating country, John Locke spent the last years of his life, in the now ruined manor house of Oates, the guest of the good Lady Masham, attracted to this part of Essex by the relief which its air never failed to afford to the ailments of his old age. The great English philosopher of the seventeenth century and the sensitive religious contemplative of the nineteenth were thus lodged on neighboring parts of the same rural expanse. Within an easy morning walk, the mortal remains of the one now rest at High Laver, and of the other at his own Stanford Rivers. Widely different in many of their qualities and sympathies, the father of English philosophy and this last departed member of his variously featured family were both nurtured in the vigorous but hard soil of English Puritanism, and both at last, as life advanced, while preserving community with all who inherit the charity of the Gospel, by whatever name they are called, found the religious home most congenial to their hearts in the venerable service of the English ritual, and the freedom which they loved within the broad shadow of the Church of Hooker and Cudworth.

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Fraser's Magazine.

#### FICTION AND ITS USES.

A FRIEND of the writer is engaged on a work of great importance, entitled *The Philosophy of Fiction*, which he has declared it will take at least three thousand years to complete, with a century or two more to be allowed for unforeseen delays in the publication. The proportion of fiction to truth, he maintains, in the philosophies, religions, amusements, employments, conversations, speeches,

newspapers, and advertisements of the world, justifies this calculation. He has often asserted that all the great truths of life were long ago discovered, and were known as well to Plato as to Descartes or Locke, while it still remains to understand and generalize the great falsehoods; and he believes that the happiness of mankind would be furthered by bringing clearly into the light those "vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, unrestrained imaginations, and groundless fears," which obscurely occupy the minds of men. Without following these ingenious speculations to an extreme, may we not perceive how much they contain of truth? Did we not all begin the world as romancers, and compose each of us a parlor library of novels, domestic, naval, or military, before we had even seen afar off the stern realities of long division, orthography, or syntax? We began authorship when the pinafores and frocks were very small indeed, and it was not till the silver age of our childish imaginings that we could not trust in our dreams without the tangible confirmation of drum, of boat, or doll. Those works of ours are shelved now, and somewhat dusty, in the Bodleian Library of dreamland, but our places have been taken by the little lads and lasses of today, and they are doubtless as full of literary activity as we, their superannuated predecessors, ever were. Two serious eyes fixed on the red hollows of the fire, and two still hands gathered together on the boy's lap; that slight, girlish figure, motionless in the window for half an hour while the shadows are falling—these tell us that the romances are making rapid progress, and that the chapters are of enthralling interest. How much we should like to hear one of these tales quite through! You should not wish to know the man who could laugh in a contemptuous way at any of them. They would come to us like echoes of half-forgotten melodies, or like a friend's reminder of the pictures that hung upon the walls of the house where we were children. A writer of certain grave and notable books, which all men of science know, has confessed that his earliest ambition was to be a coachman. And if this fantastic dream budded and blossomed (never to come to fruitage) in the brain of a future mathematician and col-



lege-fellow, shall we wonder if gentle maidens dream sometimes of that wonderful prince to come from fairy land, on whom leaning they may go across the purple mountain-rims into the great world beyond? These are fictions beautiful and pure. Alas for many in no way beautiful! Imaginary characters we make out for our acquaintance, which form the hypothesis explaining all their words and deeds, characters not to be admired—the nod or hint pregnant with its malignant lie—cowardly assentation—and idle and slanderous tongues which bring that cloud between faces, and that hollowness into friendly voices in place of the glad, confident morning-feeling—*trust*. Well, these fictions assuredly have their uses, for they are something that may be put under foot, and crushed; they may also beget a noble *autarkeia*, *self-sufficiency*, or nobler sufficiency of duty.

But this essay is not to be a *Philosophy of Fiction*. It merely hints at the vastness of the subject, and retreats to its own narrow plot of ground. There are certain books—beloved at watering-places, by home firesides, and even in the “pensive citadels” of students—which, though forming a less important branch of fiction than many others (than the *faibles convenues* of social life, or of history, for instance), have yet been bolder than the others, have appropriated the name, and professed themselves to be not true, but what at least is very pleasant—new: *fictions*, but withal *novels*. Let the reader who would hear something about these read on.

It was Sydney Smith who required for perfect happiness an arm-chair and slippers, a kettle singing its undersong on the fire, a paper of sugar-plums on the mantelpiece, and in his hand a novel. And he rightly enounced the principle on which the novel, at least under such circumstances, should be chosen, when he declared that its first function is to entertain us, to amuse us, to give us agreeable relaxation. Nor let such entertainment be counted a trivial gain. Our health and sanity depend on it. Half an hour's overwork often is enough to make your entire evening an unhappy one. It leaves you fretful and impatient, morbidly sensitive, cross. You find the remarks of your friends and

relatives for that evening miserably unphilosophic, paltry, personal; the gossip of your sisters-in-law is insupportable, yet your wife seems to enjoy it. You wonder what is coming next. Will it ever stop? Do they know how delightful silence is at times? Did they not tell that story, correcting one another precisely as now, at least twice before in your hearing? You feel the world becoming too coarse for a man of refinement and sensibility, and mourn over it in gloom. Why did you not half an hour ago give over that languid mental drudging? Why did you not quietly (hurry would be certain failure) read one chapter of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, or of *Amelia*, or of that delightful fiction, *Sir Roger de Coverley*, or of Jane Austen's novels? If you had done this the world would gradually have come to rights; your room would not appear so dark, nor your books so repellent, nor all your relatives so very stupid. It would never have occurred to you that your life was a monotonous one, made up of a great number of days each like the other; it really is not so monotonous, with little children growing up about you, hurting themselves and requiring solace, saying every day some new, wise thing, and effecting such extraordinary improvements by stone walls, canals, and artificial lakes, in your back-garden. Life would have seemed not so miserable after all; your forehead would have cooled, and your eyes cleared, and your brain grown tranquil; then, too, your voice would be softer, your words less strictly to the point, and you would be giving your opinion, in quite an animated way, on that piece of family history which now appears so despicable. You are most blameworthy for the first and casual offence—refusal to amuse yourself at the right time, consequent exhaustion of nervous force with no adequate return of work done, and pride in the thought that you were taking a great deal out of yourself.

After work, which is a pursuit, quiet enjoyment, which is a possession, brings us advantages beyond itself. Let us go into the green inland fields in early summer, and lying on the grass with face upturned watch the white cloudlets float idly overhead, or turn to look at the

merry black spiders scampering in the blades, while the cuckoo is heard at once far off and near, and the breezes come cool over our bodies. Or let us go down a month later to the sea-beach, and listen to the waves breaking and breaking on the shore all the July hours, and see the sunlight sleep on the water, and hear the sound of the sail swung round, brought gently with the lazy lapping, and sucking, and swishing about the weedy stones, and the "yo ho!" from the sailor-lad among the yacht-lines. Well, are these hours lost? We need not think that. They teach us (what it surely is the final cause of July watering-places to teach) the divine principle of *leisure*—that life is not altogether a pursuit—that there are golden hours in it full of enrichment, when we may "feed this mind of ours in a wise passiveness"—

"The grass hath time to grow in meadow-lands,  
And leisurely the opal, murmuring sea  
Breaks on its yellow sands."

And this is living indeed; we are following after nothing, not even enjoyment; we cannot tell how it came to pass, "it seems that we are happy;" we have paused for a little on our journey, at the wells, to drink, and the rest has made us dreamy; and yet though we seek them not, great gains are ours; they come to us of themselves, like that physical balm and those quiet thoughts that come to us, while we lie cool and languid, satisfied for hours to watch half unconsciously the changes of the light, after a long illness, in the first days of returning health. But we cannot always get to the grassy meadow or the yellow sands. And we should therefore be glad to have upon our shelves some books which may serve as a partial substitute for these—books which we read with no view to remote advantages, over which we may linger restfully when we return home wearied and faint with the pursuing of the day. A great master in the philosophy of living wisely has spoken on this whole subject in a way worthy of himself, and of a heart, which if men would only believe the possession of two things by one person possible, they would see was as noble as his head. "It was doubtless intended," wrote Bishop Butler, in his first sermon

upon the love of God, "that life should be very much a pursuit to the gross of men. But this is carried so much farther than is reasonable, that what gives immediate satisfaction, that is, our present interest, is scarce considered as our interest at all. It is inventions which have only a remote tendency towards enjoyment, perhaps but a remote tendency towards gaining the means only of enjoyment, which are chiefly spoken of as useful in the world."

Innocent enjoyment, how good a thing it is! It keeps the temper sweet, and when it is mixed with love and thankfulness and sunny days, brings us some of that spirit of pure, gentle, and peaceable wisdom which we might aptly name after Izaak Walton. And he of all men perhaps knew best what leisure was, and must have done his business even in a quiet old-fashioned way. There were no monster shops in those days, and his in Cheapside was only seven feet and a half in length; but that house was doubtless the place he lived in, his home, and therefore we do not hear that he ever called it a "concern" or an "establishment." He enjoyed many pleasant hours in it, we may be sure, reading Drayton's *Polyolbion*, and Silvester's translation of Du Bartas; and sometimes he could leave it for a day, or several days, to wander with "honest Nat and R. Roe" along the edge of green fields, rods in hand, like honest fishermen, pitying the "poor rich men" who grudged themselves a rest, listening to the milk-maid song, and bringing their braces of trout in the evening to some country inn, where the ale was good, and the sheets were fragrant with lavender. And innocent enjoyment is a good *for ever*. It does not die with the passing day. Often, years after, the remembrance of a single moment—when we reached a hill top and suddenly beheld the sea, when we found in latter February or early March the first spring flowers, when we listened to the gladness of some pure soprano air, or the storm of choral passion—the remembrance of this comes upon us with a keen thrill of pleasure, almost as it first seemed in the nerves themselves—

"Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,  
And passing even into the purer mind  
With tranquil restoration."

Doubtless the remembrance of the enjoyment we have had from literature (from poetry even) is a much less rapturous pleasure than these; but, on the other hand, it is much less evanescent, and more easily reproducible, and when the original enjoyment was heightened by sympathy, the pleasure of the remembrance—even the remembrance of an hour's novel reading—may reach a point of considerable elevation.

To realize the maximum of delight derivable from novel reading, several unfavorable circumstances have to be excluded. You must not be solitary; you must not be old (the delicate haze of morning should give some mystery to life); you must on no account be married, and conscience must not once say that you ought to be at work. A little indisposition which keeps you for a day or two in bed will sometimes not detract from your pleasure; only it must not be such as to require your hands to remain under the clothes, for there has yet been offered no satisfactory solution of the great problem of convalescence—how to hold a book, and turn the pages, without letting your nursetender suspect there is danger of catching cold. It is best to allow some one to read to you aloud; and if you have ever so done yourself for one who was very dear, you will know that the reader's enjoyment is often greater than the listener's. And there is surely some one who will not think it hard to leave the drawing room and the music (you cannot hear it) and the talk for your sake, to come to your bedside, and make the pillows cool, and read in a clear, sweet voice the books you like, for an hour or thereabout, till the darkness falls, and you, knowing it may be done with a good conscience, and no ingratitude, have dropped away to sleep.

But on the whole (to bring together all the conditions of delight) you will enjoy a novel most if you are in health, resting after work, with a prospect of continued rest, under golden five-and-twenty rather than over it, and if you read the novel aloud, in the summer, in the country, to a small but sympathetic circle of hearers. And there exist, not only in the fictions, but in every shire of real England, so many hospitable Uncle Georges, so many kind Aunt Janes, and so many agreeable cousins, that all the

above conditions may probably be realized if you but say "yea" when they ask you down in midsummer, from the gray walls and now deserted quadrangles of college, upon a visit of indefinite length. The change is a great and pleasant one. The delightful rambling old house! What shadows of leafy boughs sway upon your blind at night! What whispering there is of rippled grass when you open your window in the morning! The cream is wonderful. The little pats of cool pale butter are admirable works of art. It is pleasant to see the calves feed—those creatures with soft liquid eyes, and lips that drip as they pause to give one another's ears a fraternal lick. And though at first you were taken a little aback by the number of Heros and Neros and Gertys and Flirts, you soon will find out their distinctive personality, and learn the character of every living thing, down to the gander and the turkey-cock. Then you are supposed to have been killing yourself with work, and are gravely exhorted to the *duty* of idling for a little. To which gentle exhortations you, with a gentle remonstrance (implying their general futility, with a willingness to resign your most ardent desires for once, to be obliging), allow yourself to yield. There is a general impression that you have lately obtained a fellowship or two, or at least something which proves you to be (as you overheard your maiden aunt telling the rector's wife) "a remarkably clever young man." You ride with your cousins Fanny and Lucy one day, and with your cousins Emily and Anne the next, a horse being always ready for you to keep you from "those books." You interest yourself in the parish feuds, espousing the family cause in the great stray donkey question. You discuss Tennyson and Longfellow, and even give esoteric teaching, to a select school of one, in the mysteries of Robert Browning. You wonder why the "Psalm of Life" is underlined and marked so emphatically in young ladies' volumes of poetry. Are they all going to leave "footprints on the sands of time?"—or has the marking here a hidden reference to the curate, whose soul, its sorrows and its aspirations are known to Emily? You throw off free expositions of the most trying passages of *In Memoriam*; and then to

test your cousins' critical acumen, you read as a recently published poem of the Laureate's your own verses on "Youth and Love;" which having in simple faith been received and admired, the girls rise in your esteem and you confess the innocent deceit. You visit the dairy, and help those dainty little feet over the slobbery yard. You return and take part in the duets of Mendelssohn, or listen to the sonatas of Beethoven. And, last, you suggest that if it be generally approved, and if a number of imaginary objections, which ingeniously indicate your thoughtfulness, are of no weight you will begin the first volume of "Somebody's Secret," or "Legacy," or "Small House," or of "James and I," or "John Jenkins," or "How did he get it?"—the great novel of the day. A leap up in all the voices is sufficient evidence that the suggestion is an agreeable one, the considerate Fanny only, after crying, "Oh do, Charley," reminding her sisters in a faint way that perhaps Charles had rather be reading his books. You generously declare your readiness to sacrifice the afternoon. Whereupon ensues an impromptu round or catch, well concerted and sustained, "Wait one moment till I bring my work. Wait till I bring my work one moment;" and before the girls return with the Berlin wool, the anti-macassar, the crochet-edging, and the Dorcas rudimentary you-know-not-what, you have, without question, been pronounced "such a good fellow!" instead of the shabby humbug that you are. Your uncle is in the five acre with the dogs; your aunt is superintending some wonderful preserves—a *spécialité* of the house—which in course of preparation fill the room with an indefinable distant peachy odor; the maiden aunt nods visibly in the arm chair, only asserting her wakefulness at times by preternaturally intelligent questions; and now she is fairly gone; you are left clearly monarch of all you survey, with the sense of being a magnificent monarch too, and of diffusing pleasure among your subjects with generous self-sacrifice.

But the essential prerogative of novel reading as a relaxation is, that one can enjoy it anywhere, and at almost any time when enjoyment is possible. If one is sea-sick, or has the tooth-ache, or has

a suit in chancery, of course there is nothing for it but to be as miserable as possible, and get some satisfaction in that way. And it is some satisfaction to believe one's self by far the most unfortunate, ill-used, unhappy person in the world; it is a source of great dignity. The man who got *miserrimus* cut upon his tombstone must have had one pleasure all his own, when he reflected how far below him the poor folk were who knew only the positive and comparative degrees of wretchedness; and was it not Mrs. Pullet's chief support under the afflictions of life to remember that she had consumed more bottles of medicine than any woman in the parish? But nearly every one who has the capacity of happiness in him is capable of being made happier by a pleasant book. Croquet is a very charming game, but you cannot croquet on a winter's evening in the parlor. Advertisements tell us that some inventive tradesman will supply ladies and gentlemen with skates that run upon a drawing-room carpet. But unless the mistress of the drawing room be possessed with a generous desire to further the manufacture of Kidderminster or Brussels, she will probably object to this popular indoor amusement. An enthusiastic cricketer—a college friend of the writer—was, he remembers, many years since, often to be seen of a morning, in pink shirt and cap, bowling against a *Liddell and Scott* set up in the corner of his chamber. But, after all, these eminent lexicographers were unsatisfactory bats, and too invariably allowed themselves to be taken by a "twister." There are many people to whom whist is now a mystery, and in a company of six nominally well-educated persons (may these words not reach thine ear, dear shade of Sarah Battle!) one may be reduced to double dummies. And then, which of all these pleasures will make the hours pass, when a wet day finds you on your summer ramble among the lakes and mountains, and the lengths of gray cloud, and the incessant sound of the rain-fall forbid one footstep over the threshold? If you are wise, you will forget on such days that it is July or August, call for a fire in your bedroom, and order all the books in the house to be sent up. And sometimes your good fortune will surprise you. In a wild corner



of Ireland who could have expected to find a volume of the *Calcutta Magazine* for 1810, the hymns of Mr. Wesley, the *Adventures of an Atom*, and, best of all, a tattered copy of *Waverley*? In such company a man is superior to fate, and may laugh at the weather. And if a thunderstorm should ever keep the reader housed in the valley of the Aar, at Reichenbach, let him know that there is to be found in the dining-room book case, beside many other works of interest, a German version of the letters of that true English gentleman, Sir Charles Grandison, and of the Honorable Miss Harriet Byron. Get far into it while the rain sweeps down the hill sides, and keep all the while at the bottom of your heart an assurance that the sun will shine bright to-morrow on the descending, rocket-like shoots of the falls, and the delicate azure of the Rosenlani ice field. And let us all thank these novel writers for the many pleasant hours they have given us, and for their preserving weather-bound travellers from a multitude of sins—grumbling, discontent, ill-temper, and (before dinner) determined misanthropy.

To come to another point, you must now suppose the last entire paragraph a parenthesis, and suppose that, dusk having fallen, the cousins' hands lie idle on their laps, and you have finished your reading aloud. In the conversation which immediately ensues you may learn something of the manner in which that important system of female ethics, and that transcendental female Philosophy of the Affections, with which we are all familiar, is developed and brought to perfection. If the hero of your novel has only made himself miserable enough, and remained unflexibly constant, from the middle of the first volume till the naughty uncle is found dead over his ledger, and the will all right, in the last chapter but one, why then he must have been a hero indeed. And when you, with a shadowy reminiscence of some article in a recent *Saturday Review*, insinuate the low doctrine that a man may have two sincere attachments at once, or at least in a single lifetime, are you not peremptorily commanded "not to be horrible," and does not Fanny say to Anne not to mind Charley, for "*she knows* he does not believe half he says?"

And it is certainly trying to find yesterday evening's conversation so well remembered, when you admitted there were some men whose first love is the love of all their lives, and philosophized at large on the subject in a much sounder strain, arguing (after De Quincey) that a succession of *passiuncles* exhausts the soil of the heart, and impairs the capacity for genuine and profound emotion. But you will retract nothing, and maintain, against much opposition, the consistency of all that you have put forth. Till, finding yourself sentenced to separation for heresy from all cousinly communion during an indefinite period of time, your contumacy gives way, and you profess a sincere desire for restoration, with a readiness to undergo any appointed penance after tea, whether it be listening to Beethoven upon the sofa, or going on with the novel, or holding skeins of Berlin wool on outstretched hands, while the soft yarn glides under and around and over, with a silent rhythm, or requires the approach of dainty fingers, and two serious eyes to release it from its deep entanglements. How refined is the casuistry of these little moralists—the subtle, angelical, seraphic little doctors! What eloquent pleaders they become when you arraign some favorite hero who loved not wisely, but too well! What charitable distinctions they discover! What store of recondite motives they suggest! How high a standard of morality they establish for uncles and hard-hearted guardians! Many of the thinkers of modern times have learned more of dialectic, of psychology, of ethics, from such conversations as these (this is literally true), than from all the *Summa Theologiae* of Aquinas.

Seriously, we do want something to talk about, some personal themes not incentive of that sprightly malice (not to speak of the "malignant truth or lie") and that tell-tale gossip which leaves so bitter an after-taste on the lips of any kind or thoughtful person. It is not a pleasant thing to blush when we are alone. It is a very painful thing to long keenly and in vain to undo a moment's ill work of the tongue, the shame and sorrow of idle words—that hasty piece of injustice, that repetition of what was intended to be uttered but once, that exaggeration indulged at the expense of

truth and simplicity of mind, that sudden betrayal of the heart to an impulse of vanity, that unfortunate speech meant merely to fill a gap in conversation, but which wrung the nerves of some listener as sharply as if it had been purposely brutal. There is an awkwardness, and a painful acknowledgment of either intellectual indigence or want of mutual sympathy, when we discuss the weather three times on the same evening. But two novel readers who have not yet grown old, and have therefore life enough to dispense some of it on imaginary creations—these happy talkers have always subjects of conversation, rich with human interest, and opening constant opportunities for an interchange of opinions on the philosophy and the casuistry of life. Such themes did Wordsworth love best, and if the dearest were

"The gentle lady married to the Moor,  
And heavenly Una with her milk-white  
lamb,"

one who knew him well has told us that the poet could be happy in less divine company than Shakespeare's, and in a less ethereal world than Fairyland, loved Fielding well, and doubtless included in his personal themes some which we surely have not forgotten—the Adventures of Partridge, and Tom Jones, and Parson Adams, and Sophia Western, and the Squire, and Amelia, and Captain Booth. How many friends these novelists have given us whose doings and sayings we may pleasantly remind one another of, applaud, and censure, and laugh over, and grow tender to think of, even when the book has lain dusty on our shelves for months and months. One had rather lose sight of a good many of one's acquaintance than of that homely Wakefield family. One had rather have a good many doors closed on one than the doors of that hospitable little vicarage. Every room of it we know—we have seen the mantelpiece with the epitaph over it of the monogamist's only wife; the walls adorned with pictures of Sophy's and Livy's own designing; the bed "those boys" that got a lump of sugar each gave up to Mr. Barchell; and the closet where Deborah kept her gooseberry wine. Nor should we like to forget the Dominie Sampson, nor Jeanie Deans, nor Colonel Newcombe,

nor old Dob, nor Mark Tapley, nor Mrs. Gamp. A goodly company! Are you over grave? Here are merry people for you. Would you be quiet? Keep away the terrible folk who visit your sick room in obstreperous boots, sit upon your bed clothes, exhort you to cheer up, and maintain that you require to be roused; and call some of these gentle, tender people—Ruth Pinch if you will, or Mrs. Pendennis, to sit by you, and tell you about Tom or darling Arthur. And you may talk freely of them all. These patient shadows do not readily take offence. The most litigious of them will never bring you before a jury for slander. Here is a brave world, where you may walk about, and take your pleasure, and see life. The small and the great are here, kings and counsellors of the earth, and crossing-sweepers, and beggar-maids. And you understand them so thoroughly. Shadows!—they are as real to us as most men and women—ininitely more real than many of the unknown creatures whose smooth clothes and smooth faces we see perhaps every day of the year, never getting at the hearts of them; or those persons whom we might understand were we a little less eager to classify them, had we not made such complete and consistent characters for them, on the leading passion or some such theory, in our own dramatic imaginations.

And here we may take notice of a gain, perhaps the greatest gain, we can hope to derive from a novel. This dramatizing imagination of ours has its uses. Nay, without it life could not be a spiritual thing at all. Stimulated by love, and reacting upon love, it is the very soul of sympathy. It is the interpreter of man to man. Every action of our fellows is for us inhuman, merely mechanical, until we have ourselves put a soul behind it, until indeed we have played the dramatist, and become for a moment the man before us: and every action of ours is for others, until they have done the like, inhuman and mechanical. Uninterpreted by this wise, imaginative sympathy, our alms-deed is only so many pence, and a motion of the muscles of the face; interpreted, that motion stands for all the yearning with which our heart cries, though our lips are silent, "O my brother, O my poor

sister, I love, I pity you." This is a case in which no one could be dull enough to miss the meaning of man to man. But in the multitude of cases, subtler than this, the habit of ready, faithful, and charitable interpreting of man and woman by fellow-man and woman has been, we must believe, too feebly exercised. Surely, were it otherwise there would be more of tenderness, more of thoughtful kindness, more of mutual forbearance, more of charity; and less of hardness, less of ineffective good will, less of mutual interference, less of censoriousness. With some happy souls, indeed, this interpretation is a native power; they are the geniuses in social life or in literature, diffusing without an effort happiness and life; but with most of us it is in great part a habit to be patiently acquired. And just in proportion as it exists does life become a divine and spiritual thing, material facts becoming more and more the symbols of mental, till often, with two souls that have been loving students of one another, the mere "touch of hand, or turn of head," is the perfectest seal and declaration of an inward covenant which language is too pure a work of thought to express. Now we may consider this sympathy which we so much want to get, as made up of a wise imagination, love, self-knowledge, and experience. For love it is which gives us first the will, and then imagination gives us power and insight, and experience and reflection give us the empirical laws of this interpretation by sympathy. Good will alone, is not sufficient; it yearns and is powerless. There is, indeed, something very touching, we have all felt it, in love that strives to sympathize though it can understand but little (as in the devotion of a lower human intelligence to one it recognizes as higher, or even in the sad, mute eyes of a dog, conscious of his master's distress); but this love invariably weakens and breaks us down, instead of sustaining us. The "understanding heart" is so much better than the heart. Yet even this we too seldom find. For how very much of selfishness, and pride, and the blindness of pride, and the disease of superficial curiosity, is required to account for the amazing equanimity with which so many men endure all the sorrows of

their acquaintance, and of the world at large! But with their imaginations stifled under the pressure of over-much worldly work, unwatered by the dew which falls upon the heart in an hour of leisure and of peace, or, it may be, made gross by indulgence in things sensual, how can we hope that the unseen, the future, or the remote, will possess any reality to the minds of men? Before men can sympathize, they must be given the power, and acquire the perceptions of sight.

But what has all this to do with novels? Much, indeed; for our novelist (but he must be a thoroughly good one) will help us here, inasmuch as he will afford culture to that dramatizing imagination spoken of above, inasmuch as he will lead us to self-knowledge, and will give us, in a form most interesting and impressive, the record of his own reflections and observations concerning mental conditions, how they express themselves, and how they are commonly misunderstood. And it ought not to be forgotten that, but for this mode of utterance, many voices from which we have learned much, should have remained for ever silent; many lives should have passed out of the world comparatively unutilized. That nature, full of noble reserve and true womanliness (we can acknowledge so much now) which gave birth to *Villette* and *Jane Eyre*, in what form but that of fictitious narrative could it have declared itself? When Charlotte Brontë wrote in verse, she was scarcely a poet. She would have shrunk, perhaps too violently, from the anguish and exposure of an autobiography. But for that branch of literature to which, even in her childish years (so clear was the true tendency), she instinctively turned, a soul like hers, endowed with quite unique gifts, and possessing so rich though sorrowful an experience, could never have made us partakers of its wealth, could never even have fully realized that wealth for itself. Those wild lights intense in their joyousness and in their sadness, like the lights that we have seen sometimes pass over a troubled sea on a stormy day in June, could never have gleamed forth for us; we should have known somewhat less than we do know of the secrets of self-conflict, the life in solitude, and the

mysterious affinities which guide the elections of the heart.

The novelist who would afford much culture in sympathy must, we have said, be a thoroughly good one; for the automaton manufacturer does not teach much about physiology, and those moral automatons, called men and women in the story books, are alike deficient of heart and brain and bowels, and execute their simple movements by aid of a few powerful springs in them, called motives and leading passions, in a way altogether violent and mechanical. These are easy things to understand; but human beings are truly very hard things to understand, and are never to be quite made out. And yet, as Mr. Carlyle has taught us, there is no book so inept that it may not bring a lesson to somebody. Therefore, let these clothes - horse, speech-making heroes and heroines remain; they may be complex enough to give some reader a new hint regarding the constituents of character, among many simple folk there is so exceedingly rude a psychology, so exceedingly blank a chart of human nature. But it is not well that half-a-dozen principles of action should be resorted to as sufficiently explaining all the doings of men for the threescore years and ten. The consequence is strikingly evil; many an innocent look is interpreted as pride—how else could it be accounted for?—many an innocent saying as malice; characters are made out too readily, many natural varieties are regarded as monstrous growths, apparent inconsistencies of conduct are multiplied, and a false proportion is established between the recognized classes of emotions. How much too large a place, for instance, is allotted, in most rural parishes with which we are acquainted, to the truly important, yet, truly, not all-important, emotion of love; while in the very same place this "being in love" is understood to comprehend only a few of its least highly organized, and often most vulgar forms, popularly known as "setting her cap at him," "being soft on," and "desperately smitten," instead of including at least the three hundred and fifty-four distinct species, which the Germans have enumerated and classified. From all which facts we deduce the conclusion that valuable additions to the ele-

ments of bucolic mental science may be made by even the simple demoniac-sepaphic school of fiction—by analysts less searching and less profound than George Eliot, by observers not half so sensitive, so painstaking, or so honest as Jane Austen.

There are two different ways by which the novelist attains that truth which is necessary to render his work of value in the culture of sympathy, and the two writers just named may be taken to illustrate the difference. Not only are the ways in which truth is attained different, the truth itself, and the resulting culture, are different also. No English writers have been more earnest or successful realists in literature than Jane Austen and George Eliot. Their books (to borrow the epithet Dr. Johnson applied to Reynolds) are among the most "invulnerable" books we read. They have a sacred respect for truth, and will not be seduced from their calm self-possession to gain a dishonest effect, or make an unsound, telling point. A false touch would pain them (Jane Austen's sensibilities would suffer more, and George Eliot's conscience) though no one were to detect it but themselves. That sense of responsibility broods upon them, "which led the Greek to be as diligent in working out that part of the statue which would be hidden by the wall of the temple, as that part which would be exposed to the eye, 'because the gods would look upon them both.'" They love their work, and therefore finish the details in an untiring way. They are free from the impatience and anxiety to shine, which possess the merely clever artist. They are *great* artists, and are therefore calm, sincere, never unscrupulously brilliant. But these writers work after different methods, and the difference is one of much importance, and of wide application. Jane Austen is preëminently the novelist who attains by observation; George Eliot preëminently the novelist who attains by meditation. It must not, of course, be supposed that either possesses the one power to the exclusion of the other. Jane Austen's quick, clear, and faultless reading off of whatever she had heard and seen into its mental equivalent, was not acquired without much previous reflection; yet even here it is



noticeable the reflection was of a strictly observative kind, and not of that brooding kind which is allied to the creative imagination; it was simply internal observation. In like manner George Eliot is no mere self-analyst or self-evolver. She is an observer of wide range and exquisite delicacy, with an eye for some things Jane Austen never saw, or saw but dimly—the eddying flow of pleasant streams, the outlines and coloring of trees, the light forms and wayward caprices of clouds in spring, and many other such things; and, lastly, little children, both the angelical and the froward.\* And here it is worth noticing, by the way, the strange circumstance that a woman so amiable as Miss Austen should nowhere throughout her writings have shown a loving sympathy with children; they are rarely more than glanced at from a grown-up, comparatively uninterested

\* Is it possible that Miss Austen did see these things, and yet for some reason was silent about them? And if so, can we offer any conjecture as to what the reason may have been? In *Mansfield Park* occurs the following passage: "Their road was through a pleasant country; and Fanny, whose rides had never been extensive, was soon beyond her knowledge, and was very happy in observing all that was new, and admiring all that was pretty. . . . In observing the appearance of the country, the bearings of the roads, the difference of soil, the state of the harvest, the cottages, the cattle, the children, she found entertainment that could only have been heightened by having Edmund to speak to of what she felt. . . . Miss Crawford had none of Fanny's delicacy of tastes, of mind, of feeling; she saw nature, inanimate nature, with little observation; her attention was all for men and women; her talents for the light and lively."

Was Miss Austen's attention, then, *not* all for men and women? From her earliest, though last published work, *Northanger Abbey*, we learn how she started in literature in open antagonism to the romantic school of fiction; how her tendencies were deliberately set in opposition to that school. Is it possible that she might have said more about this "inanimate nature" if Mrs. Radcliffe had not said so much? All we can certainly affirm is, that if Miss Austen saw the external world, she saw it in the way of active observation, not in that effortless way in which the poetical spirits see, to whom the perception comes whole and unsought, and, if analyzed at all, is analyzed for the most part unconsciously, by the leadings of the sensations and sentiments which suffuse and mingle with it. She would have agreed with *Matthew* in thinking *William* somewhat of an idler, while he sat that morning, on the old gray stone, by *Esthwaite Lake*.

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point of view; they are troublesome little bodies of whom, as a general rule, the less we see the better; they are introduced in order that a gleam may be thrown upon the character of mother, or aunt, or friend, or visitor, from a new point of reflection; their own little lives are left unconsidered; there is no *Eppie*, no *Totty Poyser*, no *Maggie* or *Tom Tulliver*. The truth probably is that Miss Austen's own was a very ordinary childhood, and not one likely to attract the study of her mature mind; her powers were of a kind perhaps not usually much developed in early life; but however this may be, they were not such as would have made an interesting childhood, since the gains they brought would not have deposited themselves in the past, but be carried on to form a part of adult thought and feeling.

But, returning to the main subject, it is unquestionable that whatever points in common there are between these two great novelists, the difference is organic, and strongly marked. When Jane Austen reflects, she is moved to it upon the impulse or occasion of what she has observed. George Eliot meditates because she cannot choose but search into that wonderful nature of hers, and, searching, she finds that she contains within herself a wonderful world of men and women. Under the guidance of that inner light (with many a *prudens interrogatio* which is *dimidium scientiæ*), she looks abroad, observes, verifies all, and adds whatever sight can add to thought. In a word, Jane Austen seeks in herself the interpretation of the world. George Eliot finds in the world the interpretation and evolution of herself. Lord Macaulay has ranked Jane Austen among the writers who approach, in their presentation of character, nearest Shakespeare. And if we determine her position by the truth, sincerity, and perfection of her workmanship, this judgment is just. But her mind and manner of work were not Shakespearian. It is the great novelist of our own day who has wrought in Shakespeare's manner to the extent of a nature not universal like his, yet large and sympathetic.

And now observe the difference in the results obtained by these two modes of work. If Jane Austen's workmanship is Shakespearian, it is so in its thorough-

ness, delicacy, and perfection, not in its range and comprehensiveness. It is simply impossible that the range of an observer should be Shakespearian. Shakespeare himself did not find, and could not have found, his men and women in the narrow world of Stratford or London life. He found them in the great world of his own soul. Shakespeare did not *see* but *was* Hamlet, and Othello, Falstaff, and Jaques. Who so regal as Shakespeare's kings? Were they compounded, think you, from observations of a paltry James? The modern writer who is commonly supposed to have possessed the most of Shakespeare's spirit has fortunately made us acquainted with his method of working in an explicit declaration. "Knowledge of the world," said Goethe to Eckermann, "is inborn with the genuine poet, and he needs not much experience or varied observation to represent it. I wrote *Goetz von Berlichingen* as a young man of two and twenty, and was astonished ten years after at the truth of my delineation." But Goethe was not *subjective*? True, if you mean his writings are impersonal, but most false if you mean to imply that he was not profoundly introspective.

Not only, however, is the original store of characters at the command of the mere observer very limited, the development of these few characters is limited also. Not only would Shakespeare probably never have found an Othello in Fleet-street or Eastcheap—even had he been so fortunate, it is not likely that the Moor would appear to him otherwise than as the high-spirited, gracious gentleman he would be to strangers. But as things were, no secret of his heart or life was hidden from the poet, who followed him unseen, and was freer of every house in the wave-wed city, whether merchant's, or Moor's, or senator's, than the Duke himself or any magnifico. Far otherwise is it with the admirable authoress of *Mansfield Park* and *Emma*. First, her whole field of study lies in a single level of English society, and everything beside, in the heaven above and in the earth beneath, is viewed from that level. Humble life does not exist for her in itself, with its own joys and sorrows; it exists only in relation to the people of the Park or the Hall. She accepts as adequate the dic-

tionary's logical definition of servant: "One who serves, whether male or female—correlative of master, mistress, or employer." The same scenery appears for all the dramas, and there is little shifting of it during each piece. It is always, "Scene, a gentleman's residence in the country, or his house in Bath or London," with that memorable exception when the curtain rises to place us among the Prices of Southampton. These are exquisite pictures—not photographs, because no work of actinism and collodion is illuminated with the light of artistic consciousness which illuminates these, nor is pervaded by that subtle charm which, bringing all the soul into the face, renders one of those delicate miniatures of our beautiful mothers or grandmothers in youth, a far truer likeness than any of the grim, slaty faces which stare at one another in our modern albums. But, secondly, the development of character in Miss Austen's novels is not broad. The baronet, the officer, the lawyer, the rector, the rector's wife, and all the young ladies, get through life, as most people do, in a very quiet way, between visits, drives, dances, dinners, "explorings," private theatricals, and an occasional elopement. There is no deep passion stirred, no lofty purpose embraced, the mandate of a higher than prudential wisdom (there is no occasion for it), no moment of rapturous self-devotion, no struggle against terrible temptation, no sound of the bitter cry (which, God knows, is often simple truth), "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me." The essentially solitary emotions of the soul are left quite unexpressed. Those passages of life which are not rich in social incidents, though they may be rich in spiritual progress or decline, are not detailed. Solitude, with Miss Austen, means usually retiring from society to one's bedroom or elsewhere, and thinking about it. A strong mind, a sweet temper, and a high sense of duty may be developed without the life in solitude; but hardly a spiritual nature. And in Jane Austen's heroines we find all the former in a remarkable degree; but the latter we do not so much directly perceive, as infer from the grace and harmony of the character in its social movements, impressing us with the sense of a complete-

ness, orderliness, and even balance in the powers of the soul—the Platonic *dikaiousune*—which could not exist if any of the more important of them were absent or depressed. From *Anne Elliot* we learn much; but with all her weakness (the weakness of a nature full of unappropriated strength) we receive a more momentous spiritual impulse from *Maggie Tulliver*; not simply because the elements of her character were more massive, and of more regal power, but because we are brought immediately into contact with those elements which are especially life-giving, those which are most fully charged with the electric energy of the soul. And who will estimate lives by their apparent success or failure? *Maggie's* life was a failure, precisely because the forces in her nature were all so strong, her rich sensuousness, her profound emotions, her intense spiritual cravings. They were in conflict, not in harmony, it is true, and hence the weakness and the sorrow. But *Dorlcote Mill* and *St. Oggs* were not the best places, nor *Thomas à Kempis* and a very materialistic brother (a mere moralist) the most favorable persons for inducing the harmonious development of faculties like hers. In the writings of *Jane Austen* there is earnest and faultless realism, and the masterful quiet of conscious power; but there are in life higher realities than those she has considered, and they can be attained only by a different method.

And now let us see how these two kinds of novels afford different kinds of culture to the reader. No one, with any openness of spirit, can read *Jane Austen's* novels without insensibly receiving the power, more or less, of sympathetic interpretation in the ordinary intercourse of social life. The instruction thus afforded is as if we were taken into the very places and company represented, and saw unfolded the inner meaning of all the natural and conventional symbolism before us. We are made thoughtfuller by this and tenderer; wiser, too, for we learn much about petty vanity and petty malice. We learn to detect much latent self-flattery in the conversation of ourselves and of those around us. We come to discriminate the various social intonations (written or spoken) which, as in monosyllabic languages, determine the various significances of

sounds that have no appreciable difference to the uneducated ear. We are taught to recognize the piece of shy love, or lurking selfishness, or delicate deceit, by a single twinkle in the sunlight, before it is aware of itself and retreats; and we thus gain in power, becoming masters of the situation. And we learn also a great deal about the little daily cares and anxieties and desires of others; we learn to understand their nature, and rightly to anticipate, divine, and make allowance for them. But *George Eliot*, not neglecting this, though doing it less thoroughly, teaches us higher things with the same truth. She too makes us wiser and tenderer—wiser and tenderer by showing us the entire history of certain wonderful human souls, making them declare themselves even when they are most alone, and making us accept and understand them even when they are taken in the toils of calamity or of sin. "I sedulously disciplined my mind," wrote *Spinoza*, "neither to laugh at, nor bewail, nor detest the actions of men; but to understand them." In the same spirit has *George Eliot* thought and written. And with her, the result of understanding men, notwithstanding all their poverty of intellect, and all their feebleness of will, as it must ever be, is love. A poor, diseased, dim-eyed, miserly *Silas Marner* even has sight in his eyes and room on his breast for the golden curls of *Eppie*, and may be called father by his adopted child.

In the literature of power (to use the happy terminology of *De Quincey*), the novel ranks next after the poem. It is, in both, the high function of genius to repossess with life and force those great practical truths which from their very familiarity and universal recognition, have become inoperative in the soul.\* And here we must acknowledge a certain deficiency in the writings of *Jane Austen*. The truths she teaches are not the great elementary principles of existence; they are rather what *Bacon* would call the *axiomata media* of living wisely. As a moralist she is not profounder than *Addison*, though on the same level she makes subtler and more original discoveries. She does not enter that region where discoveries are impos-

\* Coleridge: *The Friend*, vol. I., Essay xv.

sible, because it is deep within us, and "as old as human reason," because the laws which operate there are few, well-known, and of import in every time and place. Jane Austen does not attempt to revive in us a sense of the strength that comes by self-renunciation, of the moral operancy of suffering, of the indestructible causative power existing in every deed done, of the truth of that which Coleridge has called the first axiom of human prudence—"that there is a wisdom higher than prudence itself." But perhaps these grave principles cannot be effectively or suitably taught in a work of fiction? The answer will be found in the works of that writer whom we have been comparing with Jane Austen, in which such principles as these control the movement of the narrative, and form the means of its evolution. And yet these are no novels-of-purpose, no temperance prize tales, no apologues whose moral is the blessedness of the man that feareth the rubrics, or the joy that comes upon a parish (and especially upon one young female parishioner) from the presence of an evangelical curate. We know those novels-of-purpose at a glance; we are indignant with the man who would entice us into listening to his homily under pretence of amusing us; we see the sulphur in that treacle, pah! and will none of it. We have begun to doubt the reality of those stories that wind finely up with the orthodox piece of poetical justice, and much more to doubt the soundness of their ethical tendency. We do not think such teaching very interesting or very noble. We know the end beforehand. Naughty Harry will infallibly be torn by the lion, and the amiable brother will feast on cakes and apples. The boy who eats his neighbor's fruit is predestinated to the stomach-ache, which, present or prospective in a severer or a slighter form, is a notable agent in the regeneration of the soul. We will not have lives manufactured to order. But sometimes it happens that a real life does speak audibly to some one, whispering, it may be, words of comfort and of joy, or uttering, it may be, terrible warning and denouncement; and *will* have its whole tale told; nothing suppressed because it might startle the conventions and proprieties and pruderies; will have the

entire life, the light and the dark of it painted—the weakness, the iron consequence, the bitter sorrow, and then—no more than this, no explanatory sermons, "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." Such teaching is great, and often sad, but always sound, and always has some hope in it, because it is the teaching of truth and nature, and of a world which, after all, is not the devil's, but God's.

There remains another of the more important uses of fiction to notice, with which this paper may conclude. And here Mr. Mill has spoken so wisely and yet so warmly, that we may well be silent. "The time was," (Mr. Mill wrote these words in 1838) "when it was thought that the best and most appropriate office of fictitious narrative was to awaken high aspirations, by the representation in interesting circumstances, of characters conformable indeed to human nature, but whose actions and sentiments were of a more generous and loftier cast than are ordinarily to be met with by everybody in every-day life. But nowadays nature and probability are thought to be violated if there be shown to the reader, in the personages with whom he is called upon to sympathize, characters on a larger scale than himself or than the persons he is accustomed to meet at a dinner or a quadrille party. Yet, from such representations, familiar from early youth, have not only the noblest minds in modern Europe derived much of what made them noble, but even the commoner spirits what made them understand and respond to nobleness. And *this* is education. It would be well if the more narrow-minded portion both of the religious and of the scientific education-mongers would consider whether the books which they are banishing from the hands of youth were not instruments of national education to the full as powerful as the catalogues of physical facts and theological dogmas which they have substituted — as if science and religion were to be taught not by imbuing the mind with their spirit, but by cramming the memory with summaries of their conclusions. Not what a boy or a girl can repeat by rote, but what they have learned to love and admire, is what forms their character. The chivalrous spirit has almost disappeared from books of education;



the popular novels of the day teach nothing but (what is already too soon learned from actual life) lessons of worldliness, with at most the huckstering virtues which conduce to getting on in the world; and for the first time perhaps in history, the youth of both sexes of the educated classes are universally growing up unromantic. What will come in mature age from such a youth the world has not yet had time to see. But the world may rely upon it that catechisms, whether Pinnock's or the Church of England's, will be found a poor substitute for those old romances, whether of chivalry or of fairy, which if they did not give a true picture of actual life, did not give a false one, since they did not profess to give any, but (what was much better) filled the youthful imagination with pictures of heroic men, and of what are at least as much wanted, heroic women."<sup>\*</sup>

To combine the presentation of an ideal—a true and noble ideal—with the culture of sympathy should be the aim of the writer of fiction who desires that his work should be the highest of its kind. And to do this is possible.

DECER.

Bentley's Miscellany.

#### MY SISTER BIATRICE.

THE most critical judges in female beauty would have pronounced Biatrice, my only sister, to be a lovely girl. She was rather short than tall, with a slight, graceful figure, a delicately fair complexion, soft light hair, on which was shed a golden hue to relieve it from that colorless appearance which gives often an insipid look to the countenance, while her eyes were large, blue, and liquid. I never considered myself possessed of the talent of describing ladies, so that I do not feel I have done her justice. All I can say, in addition, is, that I considered her the most beautiful creature in existence.

It must be understood that I was a boy, and that she had attained the mature age of nineteen. I have an idea that she was somewhat spoiled, slightly self-willed, and obstinate, but, as she

was always gentle and good-natured to me, I did not discover her faults. To be sure, she always made me do exactly what she wished, and I never dreamed of running restive, nor doubted that she was in the right.

We were the only children of Colonel Travers, of the East India Company's service. We were born in India, and had been sent home with our mother, who died when I was about five years old. She was very beautiful, and I believe that Biatrice was like her. I scarcely remember my father. He came to England on leave soon after our mother's death, was inconsolable at first, but, after remaining two years, went back with a young wife. After that, as far as I could judge, he troubled himself very little about me. He talked in his letters, which were few and far between, addressed to our aunt, under whose charge we were left, of sending for Biatrice, but no time was fixed, and no arrangements ever made. I suspect that the young wife was at the bottom of this. Possibly she might not have wished for a rival queen in her domestic circle. Whatever was the cause, I gained the advantage of not being separated from the only being I loved or cared for in the world except my dog Toby. I did not, I confess, love Aunt Belinda, as she desired to be designated by us, with whom we lived, nor Uncle Brimbleby, who occasionally paid us a visit. I do not know if anybody ever did love Aunt Belinda. I know that Biatrice did not. She said that she had tried very hard ever since the mistress at school had told her that she ought to do so, but that, try as much as possible, she could not yet. Aunt Belinda was our mother's half-sister. They were curiously unlike each other. Our grandfather had married twice, and our mother was the only child of his young and pretty second wife. Aunt Belinda's mother was well advanced in years before she and Uncle Brimbleby were born. I do not know if that had anything to do with making her what she was. Miss Brimbleby, as the world called her, though she wished to be called Miss Belinda Brimbleby, looked as if she never had been young. She was tall and thin, with a parchment complexion variegated with freckles;

<sup>\*</sup> *Dissertations and Discussions*, vol. i.—"A Prophecy."

her lips were thin, and her mouth so pursed up that it was a wonder she could get sufficient food into it to sustain life. I had a bladder for a football, and its mouth always put me in mind of hers. I would as soon have been kissed by one as the other. She did not often favor me—only when I went to school, and came back for the holidays. Her eyes, which were gray, and small, and lusterless, were ornamented on either side by queer crow's feet, which curled away till hid by the pale hair, which came down in broad plaits over her thin temples. And then her dress—it was a pattern of propriety and primness certainly, but, like herself, it was very unattractive. Her moral character was of the same description. I can best describe it as being the essence of primness. Her charity might have covered a multitude of sins, but in that case they must have been remarkably small ones. I shocked her very much once upon a time, when, after she had been describing her notion of heaven to me, which appeared to me to be that of a very strict, dull place, I sighed, and asked, if I was compelled to go there, she did not think I might be allowed a little imp to play with. Her only brother, our uncle, Barnaby Brimbleby, was unlike her in every respect. He was a soft, easy-going soul in person as in mind. She was thin and angular, he was fat and round, his skin well filled out, almost to bursting, but it looked too unctuous and expensible for that. He was addicted to laughing and telling stories, but they were of a somewhat dreamy, drowsy character; he puffed and sighed inordinately at times, and in hot weather his too solid flesh looked as if it would altogether melt away, and resolve itself into dew. We liked him better than we did Aunt Belinda, but we had no great respect for him or for his opinions. However, we saw much less of him than we did of our aunt, as he had a snug government office in London, and only occasionally came down into Hampshire, where Miss Brimbleby lived. Such were the two persons to whom was intrusted the bringing up of my sister and myself, and in process of time the bringing out of Biatrice. The latter important ceremony had lately been performed at a large tea-party, or, as it was called,

a *soirée* or *conversazione*, at the house of Miss Dulcina Dewlap, the bosom friend and confidante of Aunt Belinda. That is to say, if it were possible that Aunt Belinda could have such a thing as a bosom friend, Miss Dewlap was that friend. I doubted the fact. For her sweet Belinda, Miss Dewlap protested that she would do anything, and, to prove her affection, gave the tea-party in question, that, as she worded it, her dear friend might have an opportunity, under circumstances the most favorable, of presenting her charming niece to her numerous and admiring acquaintances. I had that very afternoon come home for the summer holidays, and was taken to the party. I thought the whole affair very dull and stupid. There were a great many old women in turbans or thickly-beribboned caps, and very few young ones, and some men, mostly of a very sawny description, and there was some unharmonious music, vocal and instrumental—the latter I liked best, as everybody talked—and a card-table in one corner of the room, and another in the centre covered with prints. When I had eaten as much bread and butter and cake, and drank as many cups of coffee and tea as I could persuade the green-grocer waiter to give me, I had nothing else to do, and looking over prints at the best of times is dull work, but in a hot room between nine and twelve at night it is insufferable, so I got up into an arm-chair in a corner, and, as the green tea and coffee kept me awake, I watched what was going on.

Biatrice declared that the party was very pleasant. I suppose she thought so on account of a dark, bewhiskered, mustachioed man, who certainly paid her great attention; but then she was the only pretty girl in the room, and he was the only manly-looking fellow present. I did not like his looks, though. His countenance was handsome, but his eyes were fierce, and there was a coarse, sensual expression about his mouth, which, though at the time I did not understand, made me dislike his looks. It was evident that Miss Dewlap thought a great deal of him, and believed that she was doing Biatrice a great favor in introducing him.

He at once began to talk in the most easy, familiar manner, as if he had known

her all her life, with a gaze which showed the most unbounded admiration. He addressed scarcely a word to any one else for the rest of the evening, and Biatrice showed by her looks that she was greatly pleased with him. She was thoroughly unversed in reading the human countenance. Artless and unsophisticated herself, she had no notion of the amount of deceit and treachery to be found in others. Still Biatrice had a good deal of character—she possessed courage and determination—only as yet there had been nothing to call it forth.

"Who is that handsome man?" I heard an elderly spinster near me inquire of a beturbaned stout dame.

"Oh! talking to that pretty, fair girl," answered the other. "He is a Major Gormanston, or O'Gorman, I am not sure which. Immensely rich, I am told, but somewhat of a *roué*—a regular lady-killer, it is whispered."

"That does not much matter," said the spinster, with a simper. "He'll reform, and make all the better husband. Men always do who have sown their wild oats, and of course, if he has a large fortune, he must be thinking of marrying."

"I am not quite so certain of the correctness of either of your statements, my dear," said the dame. "I have known facts which might prove the contrary. But tell me, who is that pretty girl to whom he is talking?"

"She is a Miss Travers, niece of an old Miss Brimbleby, who resides near here, and who, it is said, will leave her all her property; but she has a rich uncle who will give her far more, and besides this, she has some twenty thousand pounds of her own."

"An heiress, and young and pretty! No wonder the gallant major pays her attention," quoth the dame, in a tone which betokened incredulity as to the amount of my sister's expectations.

It was the first time that I had ever heard of her being an heiress, nor did I believe that she was so. I only knew that she dressed well, had plenty of money, and gave me as much as I wanted. I scarcely indeed at that time understood what being an heiress meant, but I concluded that it was something desirable, as it made the gallant major pay my sister attention.

A movement soon afterwards took place in the room, in consequence of two of the younger ladies being led up to the piano by a like number of the soft-looking young men; and the major seized the opportunity of leading my sister towards the corner where I was sitting, and where they would be more out of earshot of the rest of the guests, some of whom might have been listening to his remarks. That he was pushing on the attack in the style and self-confidence of an old practiced campaigner, I might soon have discovered, from what I overheard.

"For myself, I am not a marrying man," he remarked, *à propos* to something he had said before, I conclude, giving at the same time a careless twirl to his moustache. "Any woman who could attract, or I would rather say enchain me, must possess very rare qualities—beauty, talent, sense, liveliness, spirituality, independence of thought, courage; not often to be found, I grant; but for lack of them in those who have attracted me, I am still a free bachelor."

"I should think that such qualities are rarely found in a woman at all. I certainly know of no one possessing them," said my sister, looking up with a frank smile, totally unconscious of the trap laid for her.

"Perhaps you, Miss Travers, have never reflected on the qualities you yourself possess?" said the major, fixing his dark eyes on her with a basilisk glance, which made even me, as I sat up in my snug corner, shrink into myself and shudder, as a person does when it is said that his enemy is walking over his grave. I do not know exactly what effect that glance and those remarks had upon Biatrice, but she was silent for some time, and her neck was slightly bent forward. The major saw his advantage. "I cannot boast of any great talents," he continued, "but there is one I possess in a remarkable degree—that of discerning characters. You will not be surprised, therefore, when I tell you that I already know more of you than you do of yourself, and I can assure you, Miss Travers, that you do possess the very qualities I so highly value."

Again the major cast a glance, intended to express admiration, full into the eyes of poor Biatrice.

Had she known more of the world

and the wickedness that is in it, she might have turned away and endeavored to avoid the attentions of the man; but her innocence blinded her, and prevented her seeing that he was merely playing a part—expressing those sentiments which he believed would suit his purpose.

"I must be forthwith introduced to your aunt," I heard him say. "Miss Dewlap will do me that honor. I will not ask you. She may say something in my favor. You have an uncle, you told me; I should like to be introduced to him also."

Biatrice was not aware that she had mentioned her uncle, and said that he was not present—indeed, seldom visited her aunt.

I saw her eyes follow the major round the room till he had explained his wishes to Miss Dewlap. That lady then presented him in form to Aunt Belinda. Her reception of him was far from gracious; but, nothing daunted, he placed himself by her side, and commenced a fusillade of small-talk, with which he hoped, I suppose, to silence the opposition of the old maid before he opened fire with the more powerful artillery on which he relied for victory. Aunt Belinda, however, sat entrenched behind works which completely baffled his stratagem. He began by praising Biatrice, and the admirable way in which she had been brought up; but he soon found that that line of attack would produce no effect. He then boldly complimented Miss Belinda herself on her own mind and sense and beauty; but the subject of his eulogium only pursed up her mouth more tightly than before, and turned her cold gray eyes slowly round on his audacious countenance, when, after a moment's pause, her lips parted to allow the monosyllable "Sir!" to escape them, and then closed as firmly as before. Still undaunted, the major persevered till he had extorted a reluctant consent from Aunt Belinda to his proposal to call the next day with a song which he averred my sister Biatrice had set her heart on possessing, though, to the best of my belief, she had not at that time even heard its name.

A move was now made to the supper-room. He would have offered his arm to Aunt Belinda, but Miss Dewlap insisted that he should take in Miss Tra-

vers. He, I have no doubt, considered that it would have been better policy on his part to have taken in the old lady. I, of course, slipped down among the first, that I might have time to survey the good things, and select those which promised to afford most satisfaction to my palate. I decided upon eating a portion of every dish, if I could get it. I watched the major with rather a jealous eye; for after he had helped Biatrice, from the way in which he shovelled the chicken and ham and jellies and tipsy-cake under his huge mustachios, and poured the wine down his capacious throat, I feared that my share of the good things would be greatly diminished.

Before the supper-room was empty the carriages were ordered, and I had scarcely finished a second round of the table when Miss Brimbleby's carriage was announced. I found the major putting on Biatrice's cape. As he did so he whispered in her ear, but quite loud enough for others to hear, "I have your kind aunt's permission to call to-morrow with that sweet song I described to you. At what hour shall I find you at home?"

Biatrice mentioned our luncheon-hour, and from the way he ventured to press her hand he must have felt wonderful confidence in his own powers of fascination.

Miss Brimbleby, with no very tender glance, declined his services, and put on her shawl and hood herself. From the face he made behind her back, and which Biatrice did not notice, though I did, it was evident that there was no love lost between our aunt and him. As we drove home Aunt Belinda called Biatrice roundly to task for encouraging the major.

"A nasty hairy big man!" she exclaimed at length. "I wonder you could allow him to sit by you all the evening. I should have got up and run out of the room sooner. He smokes, I know, and eats like an ogre!"

Poor Biatrice could say nothing; but I do not think Aunt Belinda gained anything by abusing the major. I was certainly not well disposed towards him, but I held my tongue.

The next morning, who should walk into the breakfast-room but honest Bob Hazlewood, the son of an old friend of our mother's, and an officer in the navy.



He had broad shoulders, a fine open countenance, with blue eyes, and crisply-curling light hair with a rich auburn tinge. I describe him, because he was very unlike Major O'Gorman, and because I loved him as a brother. He was six or seven years older than Biatrice at least, and since she was a child had, I believed, always admired her, till within the last two or three years, when, during the few weeks in that time he had been on shore, he had treated her with much more formality and respect than I at least thought consistent with the regard I believed him to feel. He even addressed her as "Miss Travers," and spoke of me as "her brother Thomas." Aunt Belinda liked him better than any other being of the male species. She had known his father, and had once told Biatrice, when in a confidential mood, that she might have been, or ought to have been, or thought she might have been, Mrs. Hazlewood. He shook hands frankly all round, and, taking his seat, exclaimed: "I have come to receive your congratulations, which I am sure you will give me, Miss Brimbleby, and I hope you will, Miss Travers, and Tom—no fear of you—when I tell you that I have just received my commission as Commander, and that I may now call myself Captain Hazlewood."

"Very glad indeed to hear it, Captain Hazlewood," said Aunt Belinda, with more warmth than I thought she would exhibit.

Biatrice also said that she was glad to hear it, but with far less warmth than I should have expected. I jumped up and exclaimed:

"Then you'll take me to sea with you, won't you, Bob? Do, there's a good fellow. I know you will."

He had taught me to call him Bob when I was a little child, and I had done so ever since.

"If I do, Tom, you must not call me Bob any longer. It wouldn't do for a midshipman to call his captain Bob, eh?" and he laughed heartily at the notion.

Even Aunt Belinda's thin lips curled into a smile, though she did not consider it correct to indulge in any loud cachinnation. Biatrice condescended also to laugh, and I promised vehemently that I would never again call him Bob if he would undertake to make me a midship-

man. He at length promised to take me, provided I could obtain my uncle's consent, as soon as he could get a ship. We were altogether a very merry party, and I heartily wished, when he was going away, that he was coming back to luncheon instead of Major O'Gorman.

He promised to come and see us as often as he could while he was on shore, which I thought was very good-natured. He was going up to town in the afternoon, to attend the levee on his promotion, and as he had business besides, he would be absent for some days.

Luncheon was not over when Major O'Gorman was announced, and without being invited he walked in, following close on the heels of the servant, and took his seat at the table, as if he was an old acquaintance.

Aunt Belinda received him with a bow which would have frozen most men, and my sister blushed in a way which surprised me; but, unabashed by the cold bow, and pretending not to observe the effect his appearance had produced on the young girl, he unfolded a napkin which had been placed by mistake for Captain Hazlewood, and observed:

"You see, Miss Brimbleby, that I am a man of my word. I ought to have been a hundred miles away by this time, with the depôt of my regiment; but I would run any risk rather than not fulfil a self-imposed duty—a very delightful one, I own. I have brought the song, and the only favor I ask is to be allowed to sing it with you, Miss Travers."

Biatrice, in spite of our aunt's frowns, accepted his offer, and he then, as if unconsciously, helped himself to some pickled salmon and a glass of sherry, which he finished with astounding rapidity, and then, stretching out his arm, helped himself to some other viands, replenishing his glass till he had emptied the decanter.

Aunt Belinda gazed aghast at the man's impudence, and I thought would have fainted with astonishment. I wondered that Biatrice did not perceive his objectionable character; but the truth is, she was under a species of infatuation, which prevented her from thinking that anything he did could be wrong. On finishing the bottle, he proposed going to the drawing-room, and, undoing a roll, produced, not one, but several

songs, which he proposed that Biatrice, or that he himself should sing. He had a fine bass voice, and understood music perfectly, and as Biatrice sang very sweetly, I stayed in to listen.

He spent the greater part of the afternoon in the house, and would have forced an invitation to dinner from our aunt, had she given him the slightest opening. After this he came day after day, making himself completely at home, and having forgotten, apparently, all about his regimental duties.

Had it not been for her regard for Miss Dewlap, our aunt would not have allowed this intimacy. At length, however, after a somewhat lengthened visit to that lady, which she paid alone, on her return home she called Biatrice into the drawing-room, and screwing up her lips even more tightly than usual, carefully closed the door, and nodded to her to sit down. I had coiled myself away in an arm-chair, reading a book of sea adventure, and she did not discover me.

"Niece, I find that Major O'Gorman is a base deceiver, though I cannot say that the information surprises me," she began. "He has been making love to Miss Dewlap, and now he makes love to you."

"I can scarcely believe that Major O'Gorman would have made love to Miss Dewlap," said Biatrice, quietly.

"Why not, miss?" asked Aunt Belinda, tartly.

"Because she is an old woman, and the major tells me that he has the greatest difficulty in behaving with common politeness to old women," said Biatrice, with a touch of malice in her voice, which was very wrong.

"Does he?" shrilly screamed Aunt Belinda. "Does he dare to call Dulcinea Dewlap an old woman? Why, she is younger than I am."

"He does not know that. He called her one certainly, but he could not wish to say anything rude to you, aunt," said Biatrice, feeling that she had gone too far.

"Doesn't he?" cried our aunt, more excited than I had ever before seen her. "I'll tell you what, though, if he ever enters this house again, I'll send for Dulcinea Dewlap, and confront him with her."

"Perhaps, aunt, Miss Dewlap only

thought that the major was making love; she might easily have been mistaken," said Biatrice, in a soothing voice.

"Only thought! As if a woman doesn't know when a man is making love to her," shrilly cried our aunt. "What do you say to his taking her in his arms and kissing her? What do you call that, miss?"

Poor Biatrice blushed, for undoubtedly the major had treated her in the same manner the last time he had called, when our aunt was out of the room, and I happened to have climbed up to look in at the drawing-room window.

After this the major did not come for two or three days. Just then Uncle Brimbleby wrote word that he should be down upon us before long, and hoped to see blooming cheeks and smiling faces.

I was afraid, knowing how affairs stood with Biatrice, that she would exhibit neither one nor the other. I never had seen her so out of spirits in my life before. I suggested that a walk would do her good, and she agreed, inviting me to accompany her. We had not gone far, when the major overtook us. He seemed delighted to meet her, and was far more subdued and gentle than usual. She did not disguise her feelings. As we walked on, she told him that Uncle Brimbleby was coming down to remain a few days, and gave a very clear and full description of his character.

"Then I must make the acquaintance of the old gentleman, and win him over," exclaimed the major. "If I can but get half an hour's conversation with him, we'll checkmate the old lady."

Biatrice charged me, at the risk of her displeasure, not to let our aunt know that she had met the major. After this, she frequently went out to enjoy a little fresh air in the evening, when our aunt was enjoying her after-dinner nap, or fancied that she was in her room. I had no doubt that on those occasions she met the major, but I could not bring myself to betray her; indeed, I did not see at that time, boy as I was, that any harm could come from what she was doing.

The day after Uncle Brimbleby arrived the major called, and the footman,

supposing that he was to be admitted at once, ushered him into the study, where my uncle and I were seated, my uncle looking over papers of importance, and I filing them according to his directions. A stranger would, on seeing Uncle Brimbleby, have considered him a remarkably soft, easy-going, pliable, and credulous person, on whom any knave might impose with the most barefaced effrontery, and be certain of success. The major, who piqued himself on his knowledge of human nature and his discernment of character, took a measure, as he thought, of his man at a glance, and prepared to act accordingly. Uncle Brimbleby received him with a good-natured, cordial smile, which further deceived him.

"It affords me infinite pleasure—indeed it does—Mr. Brimbleby, to make your acquaintance at length," he began, with one of his most attractive bows. "Your kind and excellent sister, Miss Brimbleby, I have to thank for her most generous hospitality; your sweet niece I dare not trust myself to panegyricize, lest I might appear to exaggerate the sentiments she has inspired; and you, Mr. Brimbleby, will, I am sure, obtain all that respect and regard which I feel so anxious to bestow."

My uncle's cheeks had been swelling out as the major run on, till they appeared ready to burst. At length, unable to contain more wind, he let it escape, with the ejaculation, "Oh!" adding, "Go on, pray; you've said nothing about Tom there."

The major was somewhat nonplussed at this, but, regaining his presence of mind, he remarked: "A very fine little fellow! will some day make a major-general or a lord chancellor; but, as I was saying, Mr. Brimbleby, the admiration which I feel——"

"Infinitely surpasses what I feel for you, Major O'Gorman," said my uncle, interrupting him. "I have too long lived within the sound of Bow bells, not to make a pretty shrewd guess, when I see a man, what he is worth. We understand each other. Let me ask, therefore, what is your object in seeking the acquaintance of my family?"

The major cast an inquiring look at the mild, pliant, rotund countenance of my uncle. He probably thought that

it was impossible such a man could be very determined or severe. At all events, it was neck-or-nothing with him. Again he scrutinized my uncle's face: those pink cheeks—that beardless chin—their possessor could be no match for him.

"To be frank with you, Mr. Brimbleby," he exclaimed, putting his hand to his heart, "I have sought the acquaintance of your family for one sole object—that I might woo and win, and lead to the altar of Hymen, your admirable, your sweet, your adorable niece."

"Ah! I am glad that you have been thus explicit, Major O'Gorman, because I wish to be equally explicit with you," answered my uncle, looking as amiable as if he were saying something very pleasant. "I do not desire your acquaintance, nor does my sister; and, as the guardian of my niece, I am resolved not to allow her to marry one who values her fortune more than herself, and who, I consider, from his antecedents, is not calculated to prove a good husband, or to make her happy. In my sister's name, I forbid you this house, and have to assure you that we shall both be very glad to hear that you have quitted this neighborhood. Good morning, Major O'Gorman. Tom, ring the bell."

I gladly jumped up to do as I was bid, and probably showed in my countenance the satisfaction I felt.

The major seized his hat, and, twisting his mustachios, approached the door, scarcely deigning even to bow as the servant opened it, and he left the room, giving me a glance, as he did so, expressive of anything but brotherly affection. I watched him out of the house with infinite satisfaction.

The very next day Captain Hazlewood returned. I could not tell how Biatrice could have heard of the major's final dismissal from the house; but I supposed that she must have done so, judging from the very cold, repellent manner with which she received my future commander. I could not understand why she should treat him so, unless the major had abused him during his absence, which I thought possible. He looked puzzled and hurt, but laughed and joked with Uncle Brimbleby, with whom he was an especial favorite. Aunt Belinda never joked with any-

body, but an occasional slight relaxation of the puckers round her mouth indicated the nearest approach to a smile in which she ever indulged. Even Biatrice after a time thawed a little, and treated him with somewhat of her old cordiality. He observed the change, and his spirits rose even higher than before. I was very nearly certain that Captain Hazlewood was very fond of my sister, but he was not a man to tell his love, unless he believed that there was a fair possibility of its being returned. He called me aside during the morning, and, telling me that he had been promised a ship to which he expected to be appointed in a day or two, asked me if I should be ready to accompany him. What! leave books and school, and tasks and impositions, and start off to see the world in company with so kind a friend? I did not require a moment's consideration to say "Yes" with all my heart, and he promised to obtain my uncle's leave. He told me that we might possibly be absent three or four years, and this—young as I was—made me think a good deal what would become of Beatrice in the mean time. I watched her narrowly, and observed that she became more and more unlike herself every day. Her evening walks were renewed, and, as she did not invite me to accompany her, I resolved to follow, that in case she might get into any danger, I might be at hand to assist her. I had an undefined notion that she was running some risk by going out by herself, without the knowledge of our uncle and aunt. When she went out I slipped after her. She did not go beyond the garden, and I soon discovered the reason why she went there, by seeing the major climb over the wall and join her. I could not get near enough to hear what he said, without the risk of being discovered; but I longed to do so, though perfectly aware that eavesdropping was not a creditable proceeding, yet, under the circumstances, I considered that I was justified in practicing it if I could.

I determined the next evening to hide myself away nearer the spot before she went out. The major soon disappeared over the wall, and she returned to the house. The next evening everything favored me. Our uncle had to go out

to some public meeting, and our aunt, who had had a headache all day, fell asleep after tea. On seeing this, I hurried out into the garden, and, taking a circuitous route, reached the spot I had selected for an ambuscade. I waited and waited till I began to fear that the lovers had appointed a different place for their meeting. I was greatly relieved when I heard Biatrice's light step on the path, and saw the major's hirsute countenance as it rose above the wall. I am not going to repeat all I heard. I am only surprised that a girl possessed of my dear sister's general good sense could have listened patiently to the nonsense the fellow talked, and believed his assertions. I may, however, say thus much, I heard him entreat her to fly with him the next night, that he might become her devoted, loving, faithful husband. She hesitated—she pleaded for more time for consideration—her uncle would certainly relent when he knew more of the major, and so might her aunt—she pleaded that our father would very soon be returning from India, and that he would not refuse the first request his only daughter had to make him. These, and similar arguments, instead of convincing the major, only made him press his suit more ardently, and at length he declared that Biatrice could not love him, and that if she would not consent, he must, for his own peace of mind, fly her presence for ever, and try to forget her in the excitement of battle, till some kind shot should terminate his miserable existence. I earnestly wished that she would take him at his word, but, to my sorrow, she consented; and as the major, very confident of his game, had already made all arrangements, he speedily explained them to her, and little more remained to be settled.

I followed Biatrice into the house. What was I to do, with the possession of this important secret? Should I go to Biatrice, and ask her not to run away with the major? She had so much influence over me that I thought she would very likely win me over to help her. It seemed an act of black treachery to her to tell our uncle and aunt without warning her, which I could not bring myself to commit. To ask the assistance of Captain Hazlewood would



be worse. He might shoot the major, to be sure, off hand, but that would not, I had an idea, gain him the affection of Biatrice. Was not I, however, about to become a naval officer—not a very big one, I had to confess—but still big enough to defend my own sister? Perhaps I would insist on accompanying her; at all events, I would watch, and act according to circumstances. I felt almost as nervous and anxious as poor Biatrice must have done as the night drew on. I went up to bed at the usual hour. As I passed my sister's room, the door of which the maid had left slightly ajar, I looked in, and saw her on her knees at her bedside. I remember that very distinctly. I thought I would go in and kiss her, and say, "Pray on, dear sister, and then perhaps you won't run off with that man." But I did not. She afterwards came to my room and kissed me, little guessing what I knew. Again I missed the opportunity of speaking, and I could have cried my eyes out at my want of courage.

As soon as the household had retired to rest I crept out of my room, and letting myself down by a window which opened easily, took my selected post. I had not long to wait, when I heard the wheels of a carriage, and soon after the major appeared, with a cloak and hat on his arm. The moment of action had arrived. What should I do? He walked up and down impatiently, and an expression of vexation escaped his lips at my sister's non-appearance. Biatrice at length came. She had let herself out by a garden door, and come round to the front of the house, overlooked chiefly by the windows of the sitting-rooms. The major was about to put his arm round her waist, but she drew back.

"I have come, Major O'Gorman, because I have promised to fly with you," I heard her say; "but I feel that I am doing wrong. I have been deceiving my kind uncle, who, with all his peculiarities of manner and appearance, is good and generous. I shall cause bitter annoyance to my father when he arrives from India, and finds that I have married without the consent of my guardians, and I doubt if even you will continue to respect me if I run off with

you. I entreat you, therefore, to release me from my promise. Let me acknowledge that I am engaged to you, but let us wait for my father's arrival."

The major spoke low for some minutes. He was expostulating with her on her change of sentiment—as he called it. At length he seemed to lose temper, his voice grew louder, a round, fierce oath escaped him.

"You are in my power, young lady," I heard him exclaim; "I am not thus to be trifled with. You shall go on with this affair and marry me, or by—"

She broke from him as he uttered those fearful words, crying, "Am I in your power?" and darted towards the front door, on the steps of which she stood with her hand on the bell-handle, when she turned and said, slowly:

"Thank Heaven that I am not in your power. You have unmasked yourself in time, Major O'Gorman, and no power on earth shall force me to marry you. You may thus understand that my resolution is taken."

And before the major could advance a step she rang the bell violently. Believing that she would faint, I started up to run to her assistance, and the major, supposing that he was betrayed, and that I had some constables at my heels, took to his, and ran down the road as hard as he could pelt. Our uncle and aunt and the servants, believing that the house was on fire, were very much relieved, though greatly astonished, when they found Biatrice in a cloak and bonnet, and me without my cap or shoes, at the front door. I begged that no questions might be asked, and the next morning she confessed her delinquencies to our uncle, and I reported how she had behaved when the real trial came. The tears came into Uncle Brimbleby's eyes as he listened, and then seizing her in his arms, he exclaimed:

"Thank Heaven! thank Heaven! dear girl. You've had a narrow escape. He's a great scoundrel!"

Before I went to sea, Biatrice had somewhat recovered her spirits. I was absent for upwards of three years, during which time my captain did some very gallant things, in which I had the satisfaction of helping him. Biatrice heard my account of them with unfeigned interest, and when he found his

way to our house, he had little difficulty in persuading her to become Mrs. Hazlewood.

Translated from the Arabic for THE ECCLESIC.

# THE VILEST OF GOD'S CREATURES!

BY C. V. A. VANDYCK, M.D.

THERE lived in former days, in a certain city, a tradesman of moderate means, who derived his support from the daily profits of his shop, so that he was neither rich nor poor, but just comfortable. Now it fell out that this man took ill, and his illness became severe, and no remedies had any effect upon it. In this state he vowed that, if God would restore him to health, he would distribute a thousand dirhems among the poor. Still his malady went on increasing, notwithstanding his vow, until, one day, being tempted by the spirit of infidelity, he withdrew his first vow and made a second, namely: that, if God would restore him to health, he would give a thousand dirhems to the vilest of God's creatures.

Having made this vow, it came to pass, according to the inscrutable decree of Him who "directeth aright whom he pleaseth, and causeth to err whom he pleaseth," "but he causeth to err only the transgressors,"\* that the man began to recover. When he found himself well enough to resume his business, the first thing he did was to set about fulfilling his vow: so he inquired of this one and that one as to who might be considered the vilest of God's creatures, and all with one consent represented that the robbers, who lie in wait to rob and murder the wayfaring man and the traveller, are the vilest of God's creatures, inasmuch as they not only transgress human laws, which are necessary to the peace of mankind, but also act in direct opposition to the Divine command, which requires special kindness to be shown to the traveller and stranger.† So he inquired of travellers as to where he would be likely to meet with some of these hated of God and

man, and they told him of a wild place not far off which was infested with them; whereupon he put a thousand dirhems into a bag and went to the place of which he had been told. Scarcely had he got near, when the robbers fell upon him, and ordered him to strip off his clothes and give up his money. "Hold!" said he; "you are just the ones I have come to find, and I have come to pay a debt I owe you."

"And what debt dost thou or any one else owe to us? We are outcasts and outlaws, and live by robbing such as thou art."

"Nay," said he, "but I owe you a debt. I was ill, and in my illness I vowed to give a thousand dirhems to the vilest of God's creatures, and none are considered viler than you; so here are the thousand dirhems which I have vowed to give you."

"Stop!" said the robbers, "we cannot receive the money on this ground; we are *not* the vilest of God's creatures: there are viler than we."

"How!" said the other, "how can that be? Who can be viler than those that stop the highway, and, instead of giving water to the weary traveller, according to the laws of hospitality and the command of God, waylay and rob, and perhaps kill him?"

"We," replied the robber, "do this for our living, and every man's living is apportioned out by the decree of God; and if we rob a man, it is decreed that he should be robbed; and thus we get the portion decreed to us, according to the common saying that every man's living is portioned out to him by God's decree."\*

"And who, then," inquired he, "is the vilest of God's creatures, if *you* are not?"

"The vilest of God's creatures," replied one of them, "is he who is under the curse of his parents. Go, look for one whom his parents have cursed, and pay the vow to him."

So they sent him away, and he returned home and inquired of his friends and acquaintances peradventure any one of them might know some one who had

\* Koran, ch. 16, v. 95, and ch. 85, v. 9, and ch. 2, v. 24, *et alteria*.

† See Koran, ch. 2, v. 172 and 211, and ch. 4, v. 40, *et alteria*.

\* This saying is embodied in an Arabic sentence of two words *الرزق مقدر* and is often quoted.

been cursed by his parents, and after some search he found a fellow who had transgressed his parents' wishes and had never been reconciled to them, and he was cursed of them.\* Whereupon the man who had been ill went to this vile fellow, and told him that he had heard how that he, being cursed of his parents, was the vilest of God's creatures, and that he wished to fulfil his vow by giving him the thousand dirhems.

"Nay," said the other, "it is true that I am under the curse of my parents, but it does not therefore follow of necessity that I am under the curse of God; at any rate I certainly am not the vilest of God's creatures. There are those who are viler than I."

"Tell me," replied the man who had made the vow, "who *can* be viler than thou, whom even thy parents that begot thee have been moved to curse for thy wickedness?"

"Viler than I," said he, "is the usurer, who lends his money on usury contrary to the express command of God, and who oppresses the poor to increase his gains by his wicked usury.†

\* The good will and blessing of parents are considered by Mohammedans as essential to success in life. Misfortune and ill success are often ascribed to having failed to secure their good will. There is a tradition which ascribes to the Prophet this saying, *خذوا رضاكم وإن كانوا من الكافرين*, "secure their (the parents) good will, even though they be unbelievers." Kindness to parents is frequently enjoined in the Koran. See ch. 2, v. 77; ch. 4, v. 40, *et alteris*.

† Usury is strictly prohibited by the Koran: See ch. 2, v. 276, 277, 278, and ch. 3, v. 125, and ch. 4, v. 169. Nevertheless Mohammedan capitalists manage to evade the law, and secure large interest. "God has made selling lawful and usury unlawful"—Koran ch. 2, v. 276. So if a man wishes to borrow money of a capitalist, he gives his bond for the amount, and receives not money but goods, at a rate which gives the lender a large interest as well as profit, which goods the borrower sells as he best can to "raise the wind." Thus the lender has not *lent* on usury, which would be unlawful, but has sold at a profit, which is lawful. This reminds one of the Talmudic story of a man who, when ill, vowed that if God would restore him to health, he would consecrate to him the price of a valuable ox in his possession. He got well; and to fulfil his vow he took the ox and a cock, and went down to the market to sell them, crying as he went, "this ox for a pound; this cock for a hundred pounds." Presently a purchaser said: "Give me the ox and take the pound." The

Upon this the vower of the vow sought out one who would "sell God's signs for a vile price," and "purchase error at the price of true direction"—one who lends money upon large usury, and whose dirhem returned to him two dirhems; and having found him he took to him the thousand dirhems, saying: "Oh, thou; I have vowed to give a thousand dirhems to the vilest of God's creatures, and thou art doubtless he, for I hear that thou never lendest a dirhem unless thou art sure that it will come back to thee two dirhems; now, therefore, take the thousand dirhems and release me from my vow."

To which the usurer replied: "I cannot take the thousand dirhems on this ground, for I am not the vilest of God's creatures."

"I have long tried," said the other, "to find the vilest of God's creatures, but no one will own himself to be such. The robber says I am not such, and the accursed of his parents says I am not such; and now the usurer, who violates God's commands and oppresses the poor for mere love of gain, says I am not such; who, then, *is* the vilest of God's creatures?"

"I can tell you *who* he is, and *where* he is," said the usurer.

"Pray do," replied the vower; "for I am not only anxious to discharge my vow, but also to know who can be viler than those I have sought out, none of whom will allow himself to be what the other says he is."

The usurer then put his mouth to the ear of the other and whispered, "Go to the Mahkemeh (Kadi's court), and there you will find the Kadi; and the Kadis are the vilest of God's creatures.†

vender replied: "You cannot have the ox for a pound unless you take the cock for the one hundred pounds." The sale was concluded, and the vender put the hundred pounds, the price of the cock, into his pocket, and laid the pound, the price of the ox, upon the Lord's altar. So a Mohammedan capitalist will sell a load of soap to a borrower of money, but the load consists of two cakes of soap slung over the back of a cat: he discounts a sum in cash at a large interest, and receives the borrower's bond not for money lent, but for the load of soap.

\* See Koran ch. 2, v. 15 and v. 38, *et alteris*.

† The corruption of Mohammedan Kadis (judges) is proverbial in the East, and there are many anecdotes illustrative thereof.

"What do you say!" exclaimed the other, in great surprise.

"The Kadi," repeated he, in a whisper.

"Surely it cannot be," rejoined the vower. "Is not the Kadi the dispenser of justice and the protector of the poor against the rich, and the defender of the oppressed against the oppressor?"

"Believe me," said the usurer, "it is as I tell you. The Kadis are the vilest of God's creatures. Try it, and you'll see."

So the man that had vowed departed, half believing, half disbelieving, and in doubt what was best to do, yet feeling anxious to follow out what he had begun, in order to see where it would end. He therefore went towards the Mahkemeh, half afraid, and half envious; and as he went, one foot would go backward and one foot would go forward, for he felt a little afraid. But it was according to the decree of God that the man should go on; so he came to the Mahkemeh and went in, and found the Kadi alone. And when he had entered he made his salutation, and the Kadi asked him what his case might be.

"Know, O my lord the Kadi," said he, "that I was ill, and I vowed a thousand dirhems to the vilest of God's creatures; and I have been told the Kadis are the vilest of all the creatures God has made, and so I have brought you the thousand dirhems; I pray you take them from my hand and release me from my vow."

"My son," said the Kadi, "I cannot receive the money without giving some equivalent for it. But do you see that heap of rubbish under this window?"

"Yes; and a large vile heap it is."

"Now," continued the Kadi, "if you will buy that heap of rubbish from me for a thousand dirhems, I will take the money, and you will thereby be released from your vow."

"Agreed," said the man.

So the Kadi called in two witnesses, and they witnessed that so and so had bought from the Kadi such a heap of rubbish for a thousand dirhems, and had paid the full price, and so the sale became legal, and the Kadi put the money into his chest; and the vower went away doubting whether it were really true, after all, that the Kadi was the vilest of God's creatures, inasmuch as he

would not receive what was equivalent to a present without making it a legal transaction by sale and purchase before witnesses according to law. But when he reached his house he found there two constables from the governor of the city requiring his immediate presence; so he went with them, wondering within himself what could be the matter, and why the governor should send two constables after him, as he owed no man anything, nor had he a quarrel with any. When he arrived at the governor's court, he was informed that the Kadi had lodged a complaint against him, namely: that he had purchased a heap of rubbish and had not removed it; and the governor ordered him to hire men and animals and remove it at once, upon pain of fine and imprisonment. So the poor man, in addition to all his trouble and the thousand dirhems, was at much expense in removing that heap of rubbish out of the city. But he comforted himself by saying: "I have fulfilled my vow; I have given a thousand dirhems to one who is, without doubt, the vilest of God's creatures; and there is no strength nor power but in God the Most High, the Omniscient."

The Art Journal.

#### MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

BY S. C. HALL, F.R.S., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

GEORGE CRABBE AND WILLIAM LISTE BOWLES.

CRABBE was born at Aldborough, in Suffolk, in a small and rude cottage, now removed; the "portraiture" of which has been preserved by the painter Stanfield. His father was a man of humble means and position. He gave however, to his eldest son the best teaching he could; but George was "in a great measure self-educated;" yet the ground must have been well laid, for in later days he was no mean scholar. He was born on the Christmas Eve of the year 1754; and when little more than a child had made essays in verse. He was apprenticed to a village surgeon; but learned little and knew little. When "out of his time," he "set up for himself" at Aldborough. Of this un-



congenial and ill-rewarded employment he soon wearied; and in 1780—"with the best verses he could write," and a borrowed three pounds in money—he set forth to seek his fortune in London.

Thus writes the Laureate Southey, in reference to a case somewhat analogous:

"Woe be to the youthful poet who sets out upon his pilgrimage to the Temple of Fame with nothing but Hope for his viaticum! There is the Slough of Despond, and the Hill of Difficulty, and the Valley of the Shadow of Death upon the way!"

Partly from the statements of his son, and partly from a journal kept by himself, we learn much of the terrible struggle that followed the advent of Crabbe in the metropolis. His "wealth" gradually diminished; went down to shillings and then to pence: nay, once, on taking stock, he found "sixpence farthing" in his purse, and reduced it to fourpence halfpenny, by expending seven farthings in the purchase of a pint of porter. The pawnbroker gave temporary relief. At length he had accumulated a debt of seven pounds; and the gates of a jail were about to open to the heir of Farnassus. Here, there, and everywhere, he had sought a publisher in vain: as futile were his efforts to find a patron! Lord North was deaf; Lord Shelburne silent; Lord Chancellor Thurlow had "no leisure to read verses;" a poetical appeal to Prince William Henry—then a young sailor, afterwards King William IV.—produced no response.

Here he was, in the "peopled solitude," without a friend, without a shilling, without a hope—nay, not so, for trust in God never left him! And there was a dearly-loved girl (afterwards his loving and devoted wife) praying for him in the humble home he had left. But his sufferings of mind and body were intense: once when he had wandered away to Hornsey Wood (the locality he most frequented), and found it too late to return to his lodging, he passed the night under a hayrick—having no money to pay for a casual bed. What was he to do? The natural holiness of his nature kept him from following the example of that "marvellous boy," who, but a few months gone, had "perished in his pride," in the wretched

attic of Shoe Lane. What was he to do as he wandered about, hungry and hopeless, with high aspirations and much self-dependence—a full consciousness of the fount within, that was striving to send its streams of living water to mankind—yet without a hand to beckon him across the slough of despond, or a glimpse of light to guide him through the valley of the shadow of death?

His lot has been the lot of many to whom "letters" is a sole "profession;" but of few may the story be told so succinctly and emphatically as of Crabbe; for but few so thoroughly or so suddenly triumphed over the enemy, or could look back without a blush upon the progress of the fight when its end had been Victory.

Who will say that his prayers, and those of his "Sarah," were not heard and answered, when an inspired thought suggested an application to Edmund Burke? I copy a touching passage from the *Life of the Rev. George Crabbe*, by his son—a volume of rare interest, that renders full justice to an illustrious memory, but claims for it nothing that the present and the future will not readily give:

"He went into Mr. Burke's room a poor young adventurer spurned by the opulent and rejected by the publishers, his last shilling gone, and all but his last hope with it; he came out, virtually secure of almost all the good fortune that by successive steps afterwards fell to his lot; his genius acknowledged by one whose verdict could not be questioned; his character and manners appreciated and approved by a noble and capacious heart, whose benevolence knew no limits but its power."

Aye, the dark and turbulent river was crossed; and the celestial city was in sight. The sad and solitary wanderer no longer walked London streets in hopeless misery; no more was the spirit to be subdued by the sickness of hope deferred; and who will grudge him the natural triumph with which he once again entered his native town—his genius acknowledged; his position secured; his lofty imaginings converted into palpable realities; the companion and the friend of many great men, whose renown had reached even the poor village of Aldborough?

It was by the advice of Burke, re-

sponding to his own thought, that he became a clergyman; and by that good man's influence he was ordained on the 21st December, 1781: his first curacy being in his native village; and, no doubt, among those who heard his first sermon was the "Sarah" who had believed in him when neighbors considered him a "lubber" and a "fool," or, at best, a hair-brained youth, who "would never come to good." In 1783 they were married, and went to reside at Belvoir Castle, the Duke of Rutland having made Crabbe his domestic chaplain.

He who had borne poverty with heroism was able to bear "straitened circumstances," which he had to endure for several after years. There was a sweet seraph ever by his side; and "trust in God" had been strengthened by imparting "trust" to others.

In 1815 he was inducted into the living at Trowbridge; and on the 5th of June, he preached his first sermon there. Here he lived and worked till he died—discharging his duty until within a week of his removal: having been so richly gifted with health and strength that he had not omitted the duty on a Sabbath once for forty years—

"The children's favorite and the grandsire's friend,  
Tried, trusted, and beloved!"

In the autumn of 1830, the world was closing over him. "Age had sadly bent his once tall stature, and his hand trembled;" and on February 3d, 1832, he "died;" almost his last words to his children being, "God bless you! Be good, and come to me!"

Crabbe seldom visited London during the later years of his long life, and I saw him only in a crowd, where, of a surety, he was not "at home." He was then aged over threescore and ten; it was impossible, however, not to be impressed by the exterior of the poet whom a high contemporary authority characterized as "Nature's sternest painter, yet her best."

Half a century had passed between the period when the raw country youth sought and obtained the friendship of Edmund Burke and the time when I saw him, the "observed of all observers," receiving the homage of intellectual listeners.

My visit was paid to him at Hampstead, where he was the guest of his friends, "the Hoares." It was in the year 1825 or 1826—I do not recollect which. There were many persons present; of the party I can recall but one; that one, however, is a memory—Joanna Baillie. I remember her as singularly impressive in look and manner, with the "queenly" air we associate with ideas of high birth and lofty rank. Her face was long, narrow, dark and solemn, and her speech deliberate and considerate, the very antipodes of "chatter." Tall in person, and habited according to the "mode" of an olden time, her picture, as it is now present to me, is that of a very venerable dame, dressed in coif and kirtle, stepping out, as it were, from a frame in which she had been placed by the painter Vandyke. Her popularity is derived from her *Plays of the Passions*, only one of which was ever acted—"De Montford"—in which John Kemble, and afterwards Edmund Kean, performed the leading part. Her father, Dr. Baillie, must have been a stern, ungenial man, for it is said by Lucy Aikin (on the authority of her sister) that he had never given his daughter a kiss, and Joanna herself had spoken of her "yearning to be caressed when a child." We have but little to sustain—yet nothing to ignore—the portrait Miss Aikin draws of the author of *Plays of the Passions*:—"If there ever were a human creature 'pure in the last recesses of the soul,' it was surely this meek, this pious, this noble-minded, and nobly-gifted woman, who, after attaining her ninetieth year, carried with her to the grave the love, the reverence, the regrets of all who had ever enjoyed the privilege of her society."

In the appearance of Crabbe there was little of the poet, but even less of the stern critic of mankind, who looked at nature askance, and ever contemplated beauty, animate or inanimate,

"The simple loves and simple joys,"

"through a glass darkly." On the contrary, he seemed to my eyes the representative of the class of rarely-troubled, and seldom-thinking English farmers. A clear, gray eye, a ruddy complexion, as if he loved exercise and wooed mountain breezes, were the leading characteristics

of his countenance. It is a picture of age, "frosty but kindly"—that of a tall and stalwart man gradually grown old, to whom age was rather an ornament than a blemish. He was one of those instances of men plain, perhaps, in youth, and homely of countenance in manhood, who become absolutely handsome when white hairs have become a crown of glory, and indulgence in excesses or perilous passions have left no lines that speak of remorse, or even of errors unatoned.

This is the portrait that Lockhart draws of Crabbe: "His noble forehead, his bright beaming eye, without anything of old age about it—though he was then above seventy—his sweet and, I would say, innocent smile, and the calm, mellow tones of his voice, all are reproduced the moment I open any page of his poetry."

Certain it is that the Crabbe who wrote *The Village*, and *Tales of the Hall*, who seemed to have neither eye nor ear for the pure and graceful, whose spring wore the garb of autumn, to whom even the breeze was unmusical, and the zephyr harsh, whose hill, and stream, and valley, were barren, muddy, and unprofitable, was only misanthropic in verse.\* In his life and practice he was amiable, benevolent, and conciliatory. We have other authorities besides that of his son and biographer for believing that "to him it was recommendation enough to be poor and miserable;" that, as a country clergyman,

"To relieve the wretched was his care!"

This is a tribute to his memory from his friend, the poet Moore: "The *musa severior* which he worships has had no influence whatever on the kindly disposition of his heart; but while with the eye of a sage and a poet he looks into the darker region of human nature, he stands in the most genial sunshine himself."

This is the inscription on the monument to his memory in the church at

\* "His poems have a gloom which is not in nature; not the shade of a heavy day, of mist, or of clouds, but the dark and overcharged shadows of one who paints by lamp-light, whose very lights have a gloominess."—SOUTHEY. Some one has written that "Crabbe was Pope in worsted stockings."

Trowbridge, of which he was so long the rector:

SACRED  
TO THE MEMORY OF  
THE REV. G. CRABBE, LL.B.  
Who died on the 3d of February, 1832, in the 78th year of his Age, and the 18th of his services as Rector of this Parish.  
Born in humble life he made himself what he was;  
Breaking through the obscurity of his birth by the force of his genius,  
Yet he never ceased to feel for the less fortunate;  
Entering, as his works can testify, into the sorrows and wants of the poorest of his parishioners,  
And so discharging the duties of a pastor and a magistrate as to endear himself to all around him.  
As a writer he cannot be better described than in the words of a great poet, his contemporary,  
"Tho' Nature's sternest painter, yet her best."

This monument was erected by some of his affectionate friends and parishioners.

#### WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

BOWLES, "of an ancient family in the county of Wilts," was born in the village of King's Sutton, in Northamptonshire, of which his father, William Thomas Bowles, was vicar. The day of his birth was the 24th of September, 1762. At least, I presume it to be so, for it is so given in a letter I received from him, though he had struck his pen through the date after it was written. "His father," he continues, "was the only son of the Rev. Dr. Bowles, of Brackley, who married Elizabeth Lisle, a descendant of the ancient family of the Lisles of Northumberland; the son (William Thomas) marrying, 1760, Bridget, eldest daughter of the well-known Dr. Richard Grey. The Rev. William Lisle Bowles was the eldest son of that marriage. He was educated at Winchester, and removed to Oxford, where he gained a prize for Latin verse, having been entered a scholar of Trinity. He took his degree in 1792, entered into holy orders, became a curate in Wiltshire, and obtained, in 1804, a prebend's stall, and, in 1805, the living of Bremhill, Wiltshire," where he resided until he resigned it in 1845, after forty years' faithful service, during which long period he had watched zealously over the spiritual and worldly interests of his flock. His memory is venerated there to this day. He retired from Bremhill to Salisbury, and died there on the 6th of April, 1850, being a Canon Residentiary of that Cathedral. He had then reached the patriarchal age of fourscore and eight years—a good man, and a good clergyman!

In a note to one of his poems, he acknowledges his debt to the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury, for "preferment in a cathedral, where I might close my days to what I, through life, most loved, cathedral harmony."

In early youth, he was innocent enough to apply to a printer at Bath, to know if "he would give anything for fourteen sonnets," to be published "with or without a name." The purchase was declined; so the simple man, who fancied he might thus pay the largest debt he ever owed, seventy pounds, "thought no more of getting rich by poetry." Yet they were afterwards published (in 1793), and sold well—first an edition of one hundred copies, then another of five hundred copies, and then another of seven hundred and fifty copies.

There came a young man into the printer's shop who "spoke in high commendation" of that volume. Forty years afterwards, Bowles discovered that the young man was Robert Southey; and therefore, in 1837, another edition of the sonnets was dedicated to Robert Southey, "who has exhibited in his prose works, as in his life, the purity and virtues of Addison and Locke, and in his poetry the imagination and soul of Spenser." For more than sixty years he was continually writing, and has left poems which, if they do not place him among the highest of the poets, give to him rank more than respectable.

At the outset of life's journey he was cheered by the voice of a generous and sympathizing "brother." Coleridge speaks of himself as having been withdrawn from several perilous errors "by the genial influence of a style of poetry so tender and yet so manly, so natural and real, and yet so dignified and harmonious," as the sonnets of Bowles, and thus tenders his thanks:

"My heart has thanked thee, Bowles, for  
these soft strains,  
Whose sadness soothes me, like the murmuring  
Of wild bees in the sunny showers of spring."

De Quincey states that so powerfully did the sonnets of Bowles impress the poetic sensibility of Coleridge, that he made forty transcripts of them with his own pen by way of presents to youthful friends. Coleridge considered Bowles

as one of the first of our English poets "who combined natural thoughts with natural diction—the first who reconciled the heart with the head."

In one of Lamb's letters to Coleridge, he thus expresses himself:

"Coleridge, I love you for dedicating your poetry to Bowles, genius of the sacred fountain of tears. It was he who led you gently by the hand through all this valley of weeping, showed you the dark-green yew trees and the mellow shades, where, by the fall of waters, you might indulge an uncomplaining melancholy, a delicious regret for the past, or weave fine visions of that awful future,

"When all the vanities of life's brief day  
Oblivion's hurrying hand hath swept away;  
And all its sorrows, at the awful blast  
Of the archangel's trump, are but as shadows  
past."

This is no slight praise from two such men. We may add to it that of Southey, who says in reference to one of the poems of Bowles—*St. John in Patmos*—"I should have known it to have been yours by the sweet and unsophisticated style, upon which I endeavored, now almost forty years ago, to form my own."

Bowles never sought rude popularity—satisfied with inculcating lessons of sound morality in "dignified and harmonious verse," and to lead the heart to virtue, as the chiefest duty of the muse.

His poetical works are many, but he did not despise prose. His *Life of Ken* ranks high; but he is in this way chiefly remembered by his contest with Byron, Campbell, and others, relative to the claims of Pope to be considered a poet of the first order. Byron's line is familiar to all:

"And Pope, whom Bowles says is no poet."

He thus refers to this subject in one of his letters to me, dated Oct. 28th, 1837: "I never said 'Pope was no poet.' I never thought so. I put the epistle to *Abelard* before all poems of the kind, ancient or modern. *The Rape of the Lock*, the most ingenious and imaginative, and exquisite; but the *Ariel* is inferior—how inferior!—to Shakespeare, because the subject would not admit a being employed 'in adding furbelows' to a lady's mantle to be as poetical as an aerial being singing

Where the bee sucks,  
and raising the storm. The question



was wilfully bothered by blockheads, and no otherwise was the question evaded. But the principles are eternal."

When I personally knew Bowles, in London, in 1835, he was a hale, hearty old man. He seemed to me a happy blending of the country farmer with the country clergyman of old times, and recalled the portraiture of "parsons" of the days of Fielding and Smollett. He rarely quitted Bremhill. Now and then he visited the metropolis, where he seemed as much out of place as a "daisy in a conservatory"—that was his own simile during one of my conversations with this eccentric but benevolent clergyman. Some idea may be formed of his loneliness amid the peopled solitude of London, by an anecdote related to me by the wife of the poet Moore. Bowles was in the habit of daily riding through a country turnpike gate, and one day he presented as usual his twopence to the gate-keeper. "What is that for, sir?" he asked. "For my horse, of course." "But, sir, you have no horse." "Dear me!" exclaimed the astonished poet, "am I walking?" Mrs. Moore also told me that Bowles gave her a Bible as a birthday present. She asked him to write her name in it; he did so, inscribing it to her as a gift—from the Author.

"I never," he said, "had but one watch, and I lost it the very first day I wore it." Mrs. Bowles whispered to me: "And if he got another to-day he would lose it as quickly."

This constitutional peculiarity must have been natural to him, for when a very child—just seven years old—"the child is father to the man") while accompanying his parents through Bristol, he was "lost." He had strayed away. There was a hunt for him in all directions, with the eager questioning of his frightened mother: "Have you seen a little boy in blue jacket and boots?" He had been attracted by the sound of the bells of Redcliff church, and was found tranquilly seated on the ancient steps of the churchyard, careless of the crowd around, listening in delight and wonder to the peal from the old tower. To this event he alludes in one of his after poems, when

"The mournful magic of their mingled chime,  
First woke my wondering childhood into  
tears."

Another peculiarity of his was an inveterate tendency to give away his chattels to those who happened casually to admire them. Mrs. Bowles was compelled, in consequence, to keep a watchful eye at all times upon his proceedings in that way, and is said to have controlled his simple-minded irregularities as well as his indiscriminate liberality.

Of his eccentricities many anecdotes are told in the neighborhood where he resided for nearly half a century. All of them, however, are simple, harmless, and exhibit generous sympathy. He was loved by the poor, and by many friends. One of the most acceptable guests at Sloperton was the poet Bowles; and Moore says of him: "What with his genius, his blunders, his absences, he is the most delightful of all existing persons or poets." And again: "What an odd fellow it is, and how marvellously, by being a genius, he has escaped being a fool!" And thus Southey writes of him: "His oddity, his untidiness, his simplicity, his benevolence, his fears, and his good nature, make him one of the most entertaining and extraordinary characters I ever met with."

I copy this extract from the registry in Bremhill church:

"The Rev. W. L. Bowles, Canon of Salisbury Cathedral, died April 6th, 1850, and was buried in the Cathedral of Salisbury, April 13th, 1850. He was instituted to the living of Bremhill in the year of grace 1805, and resigned it when unable any longer to fulfil the duties thereof, in January, 1845, having held it forty years. He was a man of no ordinary mind, and has bequeathed a memorial of himself to posterity in various printed sermons, as well as in his volumes of poems and local histories (whereof the best is his *History of Bremhill*), and casually in his *Life of Bishop Ken*. I imagine that his prose will survive his verses; but many greatly admired his sonnets.

"His controversy with Lord Byron on the merits of Pope, which once drew great attention, is already almost forgotten. The churchyard of the parish abounds with epitaphs which he wrote and set up for many of his poor parishioners. The fragrance of his name is still pleasant and grateful to the people here; they loved him for his Christian simplicity, kindness and truthfulness. I preached a funeral sermon, on the day after his burial, as the last tribute that could be paid him in his own parish.

"APRIL, 1850.

HENRY DRURY."

A true lover of nature, he took the greatest delight in ornamenting the beautifully situated vicarage gardens. And a very pleasing taste it was, altogether picturesque, replete with quaint surprises and fancies, and yet entirely devoid of old-fashioned formality. It afforded him high gratification to entertain his friends in these grounds, and lead them along its labyrinthine paths—here to a sylvan altar dedicated to friendship, there to some temple, grotto, or sun-dial. Thus he speaks of one of these garden treasuries in the *Little Villager's Verse Book*—a small volume of very sweet hymns, which are, I believe, well known in many village school-rooms, and cannot be too well known: "A root-house fronts us, with dark boughs branching over it. Sit down in that old carved chair: if I cannot welcome illustrious visitors in such consummate verse as Pope, I may, I hope, not without blameless pride, tell you, reader, that in this chair have sate, among other visitors, Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir George Beaumont, Sir Humphrey Davy—poets as well as philosophers—Madame de Staël, Rogers, Moore, Crabbe, Southey, etc."

Having discovered a huge ancient stone cross lying neglected half-buried in the churchyard, he had it placed there, so as to be visible from the vicinage of the root-house, the moral of which he indicated by inscribing on the latter this couplet:

"Dost thou lament the dead and mourn the  
loss  
Of many friends? Oh! think upon the  
cross!"

The steps leading to this root-house, and the entrance to where it stood, are depicted in an illustration; but, unfortunately, neither root-house nor chair remain to give point to deeply interesting memories connected with the spot.\*

From some lines that—according to the work I have quoted—were inscribed in another part of the very charming grounds of the vicarage, it would appear as though Mr. Bowles had once intended

to be buried at Bremhill, instead of Salisbury Cathedral:

"There rest the village dead, and there, too, I  
(When yonder dial points the hour) must  
lie;  
Look round, the distant prospect is displayed  
Like life's fair landscape, marked with  
light and shade;  
Stranger, in peace pursue thine onward  
road,  
And ne'er forget thy long and last abode,  
Yet keep the Christian's hope before thine  
eye,  
And seek the bright reversion of the sky."

Also, bearing on the same point, in a sermon entitled "The English Village Church," preached by him at Bremhill, April 20th, 1834, are to be found these words: "In the course of nature, it will not be long before my gray hairs, who have lived among you for so many years, will be brought down, I hope and pray, in peace. My last abode will be in this chancel, where all the young are now assembled, and who will remember me. I would not wish a better epitaph than the expression of a poor child, on the departure of a man of genius, a conscientious clergyman, and a friend."

In a note, Crabbe is mentioned as the friend, and the words of the child were: "He with the white head will go up in pulpit no more!"

Bowles appears to have loved Bremhill and its neighborhood heartily; he wrote about it genially, and did his best to render the village attractive by commemorating its antiquities and associations.

London Quarterly Review.

#### THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND.\*

NEARLY forty years have passed since Britton's *Cathedral Antiquities* was reviewed in this Journal, by Southey.†

\* *Handbook to the Cathedrals of England*. Southern Division, 2 Parts; London, 1861. Eastern Division; London, 1862. Western Division; London, 1864.

*Gleanings from Westminster Abbey*. By GEORGE GILBERT SCOTT, R.A., F.S.A. Oxford and London. Second Edition, 1863.

*The English Cathedral of the Nineteenth Century*. By A. J. B. BERESFORD HOPE, M.A., D.C.L. London, 1861.

† 'Quarterly Review,' vol. xxxv. (1826.)

\* "The garden is ornamented with a jet fountain, something like a hermitage, an obelisk, a cross, and some inscriptions. Two swans, who answer to the names of Snowdrop and Lely, have a pond to themselves."—*Southey Visiting Bowles in November, 1836*.

The article, which is very characteristic of the writer, is, as usual, rich in various extracts and in historical illustration. We are told that, when the *Délices de la Grande Bretagne* were published at the beginning of the last century, York and Canterbury were the only Cathedrals which appeared among the engravings, although bird's-eye views of "maisons de campagne" were plentiful; "but the taste of the age is curiously exemplified when such edifices as Lincoln, and Wells, and Lichfield are overlooked, and a plan given of Marshal Tallard's garden at Nottingham, with its parterres of turf cut into squares, circles, semicircles, and ovals, "et ce qui fait dans son tout ce qu'on appelle gazon-coupé;" and variegated by divisions of red sand, yellow sand, pulverized shells, pulverized coal, dust from the lead mines, and gravel walks of every procurable variety of color."

In truth, Britton was the first to describe, and to design with anything like accuracy, the architectural glories of our English Cathedrals. His designs still rank among the best we possess; and whatever contributions have since been made to a fuller understanding of their history and construction, Britton is at least entitled to the distinction of having led the way toward a thorough study of these great churches. How much has been done in this direction within the last forty years we need hardly say. A comparison of Britton's text—which, it must be remembered, displays a knowledge of Gothic architecture far in advance of his time—with Professor Willis's monographs, or with the Handbooks which we have placed at the head of this article, will show at once how wide a gap remained to be filled, and with how far more accurate and more extended knowledge we may now walk through our Cathedral aisles and cloisters. If a new series of the *Délices* were to appear at present, although space might possibly be found for a "prospect" of another garden, in which divisions of red sand, yellow sand, and pulverized coal are not altogether unknown, Lincoln, Wells, and Lichfield would assuredly not be omitted. With the knowledge which we have gained about them has come an increased pride in these noble structures, and such

a reverential care of them as has scarcely been known since the Reformation, and as we very much doubt to have been paralleled before it. The stir of repair, and of restoration has been and is so great (and on the whole, whatever occasional errors may have been committed in the latter process, it has been so judiciously conducted) that, of late years, the scene in and about many an English minster has strongly recalled its earlier days, when its walls, now gray with age, were first rising in the midst of a hive of workmen. "Ministri fervent in operibus suis; lapides coligunt, collectos afferunt, campos et plateas, domos et curias implent."\*

It is curious that twenty-four, the existing number of English sees—a number which has only been completed since the formation of the dioceses of Ripon and Manchester—should be precisely that fixed by Gregory the Great, in his instructions to Augustine. Britain was almost an unknown island to Gregory. "Probably," as Dean Stanley suggests, "he thought it might be about the size of Sicily or Sardinia, the only large islands he had ever seen, and that twenty-four bishoprics would be sufficient."† Gregory's instructions, however, issued while the island was still pagan, were followed but imperfectly. The formation of English sees has been very gradual, and has been influenced by causes which could hardly have been foreseen by either Gregory or Augustine. As each Saxon kingdom was converted, a bishopric was formed coextensive with the kingdom; and the Christian bishop, the chief pastor of the tribe, "succeeded in all probability to the post which the chaplain or high priest of the King had held in the days of Paganism."‡ As the tribe increased, and as various territorial changes took place, the primitive dio-

\* Herbert Losinga (circ. 1096) to the overseers of the cathedral he was then building at Norwich.

† *Historical Memorials of Canterbury; the Landing of Augustine*. The great size of the English dioceses, in which respect they differ so remarkably from those of Continental Europe—where there is a bishop's see in almost every large town—may have been partly a result of Gregory's ignorance; but the main cause was the fact that the Saxon dioceses were at first conterminous with the several kingdoms.

‡ Stanley's *Landing of Augustine*.

ceses were subdivided—Canterbury and York, which had been the two best-known cities of Britain at the time of Augustine's arrival, and which represented the kingdoms of Kent and of Northumbria, always retaining their metropolitical supremacy. The dioceses of Ely and Carlisle were not formed until after the Conquest; and it was not until after the dissolution of the monasteries that the five sees of Oxford, Peterborough, Gloucester, Bristol, and Chester, were erected by Henry VIII.—the scanty realization of a scheme that had once been far wider. The same causes which influenced the formation of dioceses affected the positions of Cathedrals. In some cases—as at Canterbury, York, and Winchester—the place of the see was the chief town of the Saxon kingdom. But the palaces of Saxon kings were by no means confined to walled cities; and the earlier bishops, like the king, to whose household they were attached, “adopted for the most part the old Teutonic habit of wandering from vill to vill, from manor to manor.”\* Hence the Cathedral church was as often as not erected on the best and most convenient manor which the bishop had received from the king for his support and maintenance; and hence the position of the earlier sees at such places as Crediton, Sherborne, or Dorchester in Oxfordshire. But the insecurity, and probably the inconvenience, of such situations had become felt long before the Conquest. The see of Crediton, as is expressly recorded in the Charter of the Confessor, was removed to Exeter on account of the devastations and plunder of the Northmen in the open country.† Other sees had suffered quite as severely; and in 1075 a synod held in London, under Archbishop Lanfranc, decreed the removal of certain sees “in villulis”—small and unwall'd towns, which had

grown up round the Cathedral—to the security of walled cities. Sherborne was then removed to Old Sarum, and Selsea to Chichester. Somewhat later Dorchester was removed to Lincoln. Later still (A.D. 1109), Ely, strongly fortified by nature, and possessing one of the wealthiest Benedictine houses in England, was erected into a bishopric having assigned to it a portion of the vast diocese of Lincoln; and Carlisle, representing the Roman *Logubalia*, did not receive her first bishop until 1133. The position of the sees erected by Henry VIII. was determined in every case by that of the suppressed monastery, the church of which became the Cathedral of the new diocese.

With this glance at the causes which led to the fixing of English sees at the places where we now find them, we pass to the Cathedrals themselves, taking for our text-book the series of *Handbooks to the Cathedrals of England*, which we have placed at the head of this article. We shall use their text freely; but it may be as well to mention here that they are illustrated by some hundred engravings on wood, of the highest beauty and interest; many, indeed most of them, representing subjects or points of view which do not occur in Britton. To say that these engravings are executed for the most part by Mr. Orlando Jewett is to warrant their accuracy of detail and extreme delicacy of finish. Such specimens of xylography as the “Bay of Ely Choir” (Ely Cathedral, plate iv.) or as the exquisite *rededos* in the same Cathedral (plate v.) have scarcely been exceeded by any modern artist.\* With the *Handbooks* we join Mr. Gilbert Scott's *Gleanings from Westminster Abbey*, the one great English church, which, like *Nôtre Dame* at Antwerp, or

\* Kemble, *Saxons in England*, i. 300.

† The see of Cornwall was at this time (1050) united with that of Exeter. “Una sit sedes episcopalis, unumque pontificium, et una ecclesiastica regula, propter paucitatem atque devastationem bonorum et populorum, quoniam pyratelici Cornubiensem ac Cryditonensem ecclesias devastare poterant; ac per hoc in civitate Exoniæ tutiorem munitionem adversus hostes habere visum est; et ideo ibi sedem esse volo.” Charter of King Edward; Kemble's “Cod. Diploma,” No. 791.

\* Each cathedral has been described by the compiler of the *Handbooks* after careful personal examination, and with the assistance of the most recent labors of other inquirers. Professor Willis's admirable monographs have been largely drawn upon. No one has done so much toward setting forth the true history of English Cathedrals. His papers, however (to be found for the most part in the volumes of the *Archæological Institute*), are addressed mainly to architectural or archæological students. The *Hand-books* take a wider range, and describe the monuments and other remains in each cathedral, as well as the church itself.



St. Gudule at Brussels, takes the position of a Cathedral without being the actual place of an episcopal see, although it had a bishop for a short time in the sixteenth century.

An English Cathedral is the most perfect "sermon in stones" that anywhere remains to us. Other monuments, the mysterious cromlechs and circles of the primeval period, or the castles of later centuries, are not, of course, without tongues of their own; but the language of the first has become too strange and antique to be readily interpreted; and the castles, for the most part shattered and imperfect, tell their story at best but obscurely. It is only a great Cathedral, which the Church has watched and cared for ever since its foundations were laid, that resembles in its clearness and completeness some stately discourse by Jeremy Taylor, with all its elaborate divisions and its illustrations of the highest poetry. And each Cathedral is in itself a microcosm; leading its students through the long series of ages that have built up this present England, and bringing them, by the aid of its architecture and of the monuments which it protects, into as close a contact as is now possible with the great men of the past. To stand by the tomb of a great man, it has been said, is the next thing to seeing him. There is no English Cathedral that will not afford in this way such a series of historical lessons as we should seek for elsewhere in vain; and not one a careful study of which would not give a far clearer insight into the various changes and events of our history than is to be obtained from books alone. Instead, however, of examining each Cathedral singly and throughout, we propose at present to take the entire series, and, regarding them in chronological order, to see how admirably they exhibit and illustrate the history of architecture in England. The smallest parish church may, of course, contribute its share to this history; but as a whole, it is best read in the Cathedrals, including, as they now do, some of the greater and more important monastic churches. It is a fact, also, as we shall by and by see, that at least two of the changes of style—the so-called Early English and the Perpendicular—seem to have begun in churches which belong to our series:

the first at Lincoln; the second at Gloucester, afterwards one of Henry VIII.'s Cathedrals.

Of the period before the Conquest, there are few actual remains. In many instances, of course, the site of the existing cathedral is the same that was occupied by the Saxon structure; and it is possible that some fragments of walls or of piers, though we suspect not many, may date from the early part of the eleventh century. The most important relics exist in the North. For although Canterbury impresses the imagination strongly, as the first great resting-place of the faith in England—embracing within her walls the actual ground covered by the lowly church first given by Ethelbert to Augustine—she can point to no such tangible witness of antiquity as the rude wall in the crypt of York Minster, which, if it is not, as it very well may be, a portion of the church erected by Edwin of Northumbria at the place of his baptism by Paulinus (A.D. 627), is at least not later than the time of Archbishop Albert, who came to the see in the year 767, and who is recorded by Aleuin as the builder of a "most magnificent basilica" in his metropolitan city. On this relic, therefore, we gaze with veneration; but if we desire to be fairly carried back to those remote centuries, we must pass from York to the sister cathedral of Ripon, erected, not on the site of the famous monastery built by St. Wilfrid, but on that of a second church which there can be no doubt was also founded by him. Under the central tower of Ripon Minster, the construction of which it must have greatly influenced, is the remarkable crypt known as "St. Wilfrid's Needle," a small subterranean chamber, the strong Roman character of which at once impresses the antiquary. It is, in truth, a surviving example (and not a solitary one, since there is another crypt closely resembling this below the church of St. Andrew, at Hexham, also a recorded foundation of Wilfrid's) of that mode of building which Wilfrid is expressly stated to have brought from Rome; and as we pass through the dark, narrow passages that lead to it, and find ourselves at last within its rude walls, pierced by small niches, bearing the marks of more than a thousand years, we feel—so complete-

ly are we removed from all modern associations—almost brought face to face with that most memorable and energetic “apostle” of the English Church, by whose care the crypt was constructed in the latter half of the seventh century. Its original purpose seems little understood; but more than any of the later and lighter crypts, it recalls the martyr’s “confessio,” the type of which is to be sought in the Roman catacombs. It may have been used as a place of prayer and of penance; as the sepulchre, from which the host, the “risen Lord,” was brought up to the choir on Easter Day; or it may have served for the occasional exhibition of relics. But, in truth, it belongs to a period so remote, and suggests a condition so different from that even of the later middle age, that we can do little more than guess at its uses and meaning.\*

The change which advancing years brought with them is at once evident in passing from this mysterious chamber to the crypt below the ancient choir of Worcester Cathedral, a work begun after the Conquest, in 1084, and completed in ten years, but which is associated with an earlier period, as having been constructed by Bishop Wulfstan, one of the few prelates of English race who retained their sees to any effectual purpose, after the “alien King” had fairly grasped his new dominion. St. Wulfstan pulled down the Saxon Cathedral, and began to rebuild it on a much larger scale; but to whatever extent the building may have advanced at his death, in 1095, the only portion of it which now exists is the crypt, in which a synod, gathering all the “wisest men” of the diocese, was held in 1092. Unlike the dark chamber of St. Wilfrid, Wulfstan’s crypt, which is apsidal, occupying originally the whole space under the ancient choir, is in effect a subterranean church—a “complex and beautiful temple,” the aisles of which are marked off by rows of slender pillars, carrying semicircular arches. The intricacy and variety produced by these numerous pillars, with their plain, cushioned capitals, and by

the interesting arches, have reminded more than one visitor of the great Moorish mosque at Cordova—a comparison which (although the mosque is now the cathedral) would, we suspect, have been little to the taste of good Bishop Wulfstan, or of the “wise” abbots and priests who once assembled here in solemn synod.

Such a crypt as this at Worcester is characteristic of the increased stateliness of architecture which had passed across the channel before the Conquest, and had been patronized by the Confessor for his new church at Westminster. Besides Worcester, Norman crypts exist at Canterbury, Winchester, Gloucester, and Rochester; all, as Professor Willis has pointed out, founded before 1085, although in their present state they show marks of later work and additions. After the Norman period they were discontinued, the solitary exception being at Hereford Cathedral, where there is an Early English crypt under the beautiful Lady Chapel of the same date. The crypts had their separate chapels and altars like the churches above them; and in that of Canterbury was the famous shrine of “Our Lady Undercroft,” described by Erasmus as so laden with treasure that it was “a sight more than regal.” In the crypts also were places of concealment, where the great treasures of the church might be hidden in troubled times. Few large churches were without such hiding-places; often necessary when the building stood near the shore, within sight and reach of pirates, or in such of the Northern counties as were exposed to a foray of Scottish Borderers.

The troubles before and after the Conquest—ravages of Northmen, civil strife, and the plunder and havoc of the Conqueror’s troops wherever they penetrated the country—laid more or less in ruin, not only the smaller churches on the manors of “thegn” and “eorl,” but the cathedral churches themselves, which, as being the richest, were the most exposed to plunder. When Lanfranc came to his cathedral in the year 1070, he found it a desolate ruin. It had been completely burnt three years before; and the bulls and privileges of many a king and pope had perished with it. York Minster, with the great library collected by the

\* Two papers on this remarkable crypt by Mr. J. R. Walbran, of Ripon, who was the first to point out its certain date, will be found in the *Journal of the Archaeological Institute*.

incessant labor of Aleuin and Egbert, was destroyed by fire in 1069, during the attack on the city by the sons of Sweyn; and scarcely one of the English cathedrals was more fortunate. Although some years passed after the Conquest before the country was sufficiently settled to allow of much building, the first great work undertaken by the newly-appointed Norman prelates was the reconstruction, in most instances the entire rebuilding, of their cathedrals. Some of these, as we have before mentioned, were removed to entirely new sites, in obedience to a decree of the synod of London, in 1075. Others were rebuilt either on the old site, or on ground closely adjoining. Lanfranc had set the example; and the love of building, which was one of the marked characteristics of the Normans, together with a certain religious zeal which is hardly less conspicuous, led the new lords of England not only to follow in his lead in so far as the rebuilding of the cathedrals was concerned, but to cover the land with small churches. Many of these, rich with elaborate ornamentation, still remain; while of others the former existence is only indicated by a front or a fragment of carving; the building of them, however, in spite of trouble and turmoil, must have gone on almost uninterruptedly at least until the middle of the twelfth century. We can but guess at the Norman "overlord" who raised the walls of such churches as Barfreston or Iffley. Of the rebuilders of our cathedrals, we can speak with more certainty; and in them we find ourselves confronted by some of the most able and powerful men of that stormy age, many of whom were as skilled in the use of sword and lance as in that of the mass-book.

Lanfranc's choir at Canterbury seems to have been intended as a temporary work, and was perhaps hastily completed. At any rate it was entirely pulled down by his successor, Anselm, who, with the aid of his prior, Ernulph, reconstructed it with far greater magnificence. Ernulph was a great builder and a most skilful architect; and on his elevation to the see of Rochester, in 1115, he continued the rebuilding of that cathedral, which had been commenced by the more celebrated Gundulph. All whom we have so far named—Lanfranc,

Anselm, Ernulph, and Gundulph—had been monks of Bec in Normandy, then not only one of the most remarkable seats of learning in Europe, but as it would seem, an excellent school of architecture. Before he became Bishop of Rochester, Ernulph had been Abbot of "Peterborough the Proud," as the great monastery was called, the church of which is the existing cathedral; and there, as elsewhere, he set himself to "build up the waste places." Peterborough, and its neighbor Ely, the stronghold of the fens, had suffered greatly after the Norman Conquest. Both monasteries had favored Hereward, the half-mythical English hero, and both had felt the vengeance of the Conqueror when he at last (1071) scattered the company of dispossessed and broken Englishmen, who for many years had held their own at Ely, under the protection of the marshes. At Peterborough, Ernulph's work was followed up by the abbots, John of Seez, who began the choir of the existing church after a fire in 1116; Martin, again a monk of Bec; William, and Benedict, the last of whom was Cœur de Lion's Keeper of the Great Seal. It is their work on which we still look as we pass up the nave, and into the choir of the Peterborough Cathedral. At Ely, the resting place of St. Etheldreda, the first Norman abbot who succeeded to the real wealth of the Saxon convent was Simeon, a near relative of the Conqueror, who was eighty-eight at the time of his appointment, but who retained enough energy to set at once about the rebuilding of his monastic church on a different but not far distant site. How far the work was advanced at his death, in 1093, at the age of a hundred, we are not told. It was continued by his successor, Abbot Richard, a son of the powerful Earl of Clare; and the great nave, which we still admire, was not probably finished until at least the middle of the twelfth century. Long before that time (in 1109) the church had become the cathedral of a new diocese, taken from that of Lincoln.

Simeon, founder of the existing church of Ely, was the brother of Walkelin, Bishop of Winchester (1070-1097), who, during his episcopate, rebuilt his cathedral from the foundations. Of the man-

ner in which he procured timber for his church the following story is told: The Conqueror had granted him as much wood from the forest of Hanepinges (Hempage Wood on the old Alresford road) as his carpenters could take in four days and nights. "But the Bishop," says the old annalist, "collected an innumerable troop of carpenters, and within the assigned time cut down the whole wood, and carried it off to Winchester. Presently after, the king, passing by Hanepinges, was struck with amazement, and cried out, 'Am I bewitched, or have I taken leave of my senses? Had I not once a most delectable wood in this spot?' But when he understood the truth, he was violently enraged. Then the bishop put on a shabby vestment, and made his way to the king's feet, humbly begging to resign the episcopate, and merely requested that he might retain his royal friendship and chaplaincy. And the king was appeased, only observing, 'I was as much too liberal in my grant, as you were too greedy in availing yourself of it.'"<sup>\*</sup> The transept roofs of Winchester show to this day what Bishop Walkelin did with Hempage Wood. The transepts themselves and the crypt are of his time, and there are some points of resemblance between the work of Walkelin here, and of Simeon at Ely, to which we shall by and by recur.

The Norman cathedral of Old Sarum was the work of Bishops Herman and Osmund; the latter, who died in 1099, having been a powerful secular noble, created Earl of Dorset by the Conqueror, before he took on him the orders of the Church, and arranged that famous "Use of Sarum" which prevailed throughout the south and west of England until the middle of the sixteenth century, and which is in effect the foundation of our Book of Common Prayer. Of Osmund's cathedral, only the foundations can be traced, after a long drought. The rebuilding of Exeter was not commenced until the twelfth century was somewhat advanced. Bishop Warlewast (1107-1136) began it; and it was not completed until the end of the century. The transept towers are the sole relics of this building. Wells was repaired and

partly rebuilt by Bishop Roberts (1135-1166), who had been a monk in the Cluniac Priory of Lewes; but it is very doubtful whether any part of the existing church is of his time. The great church of the Benedictines at Gloucester, now the cathedral, was rebuilt by Abbot Serlo between the years 1088 and 1100. It afterwards suffered much from fire at four distinct periods: but the mass of the existing building is Norman. Hereford was found in ruins by its first Norman Bishop, Robert de Losinga (1079-1096), who began to rebuild it, taking for his model the church of Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle), the work of Charlemagne, with which he had become acquainted, during his studies in Lorraine, the ecclesiastical schools of which were then very famous, and had contributed many bishops to English sees. The church was dedicated in 1110; and much of the existing building is the work of the Lotharingian student—a learned astrologer who no doubt laid his foundations under the most favorable planetary aspects. At Lichfield, a Norman church was duly raised as elsewhere; but its builder has not been recorded, and no fragment (at least above ground) remains.

The East Anglian see, the position of which had been more than once changed before the Conquest, was removed from Thetford to Norwich by Bishop Herbert Losinga in 1094. Two years afterwards he laid the first stone of the existing cathedral, the building of which seems to have gone on simultaneously with that of the strong castle raised by Rufus on the highest ground of the ancient "Venta." Herbert's successor, Everard—*vir crudelissimus*, according to Henry of Huntingdon—who had probably been concerned in the wars of Stephen, completed the nave about 1135. Much of the work of both bishops remains, and is among the most interesting and important of this period in England. In obedience to the decree of 1072, Remigius, then bishop of Dorchester in Oxfordshire, removed the place of his see to Lincoln. From the Conquest to the middle of the sixteenth century this diocese was by far the most extensive in England, stretching from the Thames to the Humber. Remigius, "*statura parvus, sed corde magnus*," began his new church about 1074, "on a spot pre-sig-

<sup>\*</sup> *Annales Eccles. Winton.* Ap. Wharton, *Anglia Sacra*, tom. 1.



nified by certain visions," and completed it "after the manner of the church of Rouen." He had been a Benedictine of Fécamp, and had led to Hastings the contingent sent by the Abbot of that great monastery. The house of Tennyson Deincourt claims Bishop Remigius, as one of its offshoots, and he was therefore nearly related to the Conqueror. Of his cathedral at Lincoln only a portion of the west front remains.

Thomas of Bayeux, the first Norman Archbishop of York (1070-1100), rebuilt from the ground his cathedral, which had been destroyed by fire in 1069. Not a fragment of his work is now in existence. The Norman rebuilders of Durham have fared better. Of the magnificent church raised by Bishop William "de Sancto Carilefo"—of "St. Calais," in Normandy (1081-1096), after a plan he brought from Normandy, and his successor Ralf Flambard (1099-1128), the very able and very unscrupulous minister of the Red King, the greater part remains, and still excites the wonder and reverence of the pilgrim to the "holy land of St. Cuthbert,"

"Where his cathedral huge and vast  
Looks down upon the Wear."

Carlisle was not erected into a see until 1133, when Archbishop Thurstan of York procured the appointment of its first bishop. The existing cathedral had been the church of a College of Canons, founded not long before by a certain Walter, who had been left by William Rufus in command of his new town and castle. The transept and the remaining fragment of nave are Walter's work; the rest of the nave, which was of the same character, was destroyed by the Scots under Lesley in 1645. The Cathedral of Chester—one of the new sees of 1537—was the church of St. Werburgh's Abbey, founded in 1093—by Hugh Lupus, the great Earl of Chester, for Benedictine monks. The north transept is here the most important piece of early Norman work.

The Norman churches, of which we have been tracing the builders, were thus in all cases the foundation of our existing cathedrals. Much of them, as we shall see, remains for our instruction and admiration; and wherever we find the more graceful work of later centuries

—the decorated choir of the perpendicular nave—we may be sure that it replaces the massive construction of Norman builders. This is, in effect, the history of nearly every cathedral. First, the Norman choir proved too small or too dark, and was removed to make way for one which should be more convenient and should better represent the architectural skill of the age. Then—sometimes not for centuries afterwards—the nave and transepts followed until, little by little, a new and far more stately minster was built up, on the ground which had been first occupied by the Norman architect. It is not easy to picture a time when the pointed arch was altogether unknown, and when the land was covered with churches, the architecture of which offered no very startling contrast to that of imperial Rome, from which it had been directly developed. But of the remains which best enable us to return to that distant age, by far the most important are the Norman portions of our cathedrals.

The two cathedrals which most completely retain the ground-plan of their Norman builders are Norwich and Peterborough. Both have received alterations and additions, but the great mass of both is still Norman. Both have long and stately naves, and choirs with apsidal terminations toward the east. The work of Norwich, however (1096-1135), is considerably earlier than that of Peterborough (1118-1190), and is of proportionately higher interest. Alone among English cathedrals Norwich can still show its primitive basilican arrangement—the stone seat or throne of the Norman Bishop remaining (although concealed by modern work in front) in the centre of the eastern apse, at the back of the position formerly occupied by the high altar, which stood at the chord of the semicircle. In the very interesting volume which we have placed at the head of this article, Mr. Beresford Hope has pointed out that this disposition—where the Bishop occupied the central seat behind the altar, with his presbyters ranged on either side of him, and of which a most striking example still remains at Torcello, in the Lagunes of Venice—was general throughout Christendom until the Benedictines (as he inclines to

think), finding a different arrangement more convenient, introduced that which is now universal. Here and there, however, the older plan was still retained. It was so (somewhat remarkably, recollecting it was the church of a great Benedictine monastery) in Lanfranc's cathedral at Canterbury, where (and probably long after Lanfranc's and Anselm's work had been destroyed) the patriarchal chair in which the Archbishops are still enthroned was placed at the back of the high altar—a position to which it might be restored with great propriety. It was, perhaps, Canterbury that Bishop Herbert imitated at Norwich; for although most great Norman churches terminated eastward in an apse, no trace of a similar episcopal throne has, so far as we know, been elsewhere discovered; so that the plan does not seem to have been general.

Passing into the great Norman naves of Norwich or Peterborough—or, we may add, of Ely—for although the work there (1081–1170) is of later date, the general character is the same—we are at once impressed with their stern and solemn dignity—a “weight of awe” very different from that which falls upon us in the later naves of York, Winchester, or Canterbury. Theirs are in truth “antique pillars massy proof,” filling the mind with the strongest sense of power and duration:

“They dreamt not of a perishable home  
Who thus could build . . . . .”

The triple division of these naves—pier-arches, triforium, and clerestory—is generally of equal height in each of its members. The triforium is scarcely so prominent a feature at any later period. Its massive arches are singularly grand and impressive; and the darkened gallery at their back adds something of mystery to the effect of the antique architecture. This triforial gallery, extending back over the nave aisles, to which in effect it forms a second story, is almost peculiar to Norman work, and to that of the succeeding period. Later it became more and more of a wall passage, until, in Perpendicular times, it is almost entirely merged in the clerestory, as is well seen at York in both nave and choir. In the nave of Norwich the great triforium arches are undivided by

any central pier, and are scarcely less in size than those of the main arcade below them. At Ely and Peterborough the great arch is subdivided by a central shaft. The Norwich arrangement is by far the more peculiar, and bears the mark of its earlier date; but the general design of the others is on the whole more effective, and was that followed throughout all the later changes of style. The use of these triforia is very uncertain. That of Norwich (and perhaps all the Norman ones) contained many altars, as did the remarkable triforium of Gloucester, which opens into apsidal chapels corresponding to those in the transepts and choir below.

If Norwich can point to her venerable episcopal throne, Peterborough can show a Norman relie of at least equal interest—the painted wooden roof which spans her nave. Norman builders (at least Norman builders in England) were either afraid or were unable to throw a vault over so wide a space as the nave or choir of a great church, and accordingly, in almost every case, they appear to have ceiled them with a flat wooden covering, which was always, no doubt, richly painted. A small ceiling of this kind, remains at St. Albans; but the grandest example is the nave ceiling of Peterborough. Its original position has been slightly altered; since, when the tower arches were changed from round to pointed, the ceiling was raised from a flat form to its present shape, which is half octagonal; but we may still regard it as displaying not only the work, but also the colored designs of its constructors in the twelfth century. It is painted in lozenge-shaped divisions, some of which contain figures of royal and ecclesiastical personages; others, very curious grotesques. The effect of such a ceiling as this, although far from equalling the “high embowed roof” of later construction, is nevertheless well in harmony with the massive Norman work which it surmounts, and is undoubtedly more “cathedral-like” than any more open roof of timber. It was with a strong sense of its fitness that the ceiling of the Norman nave at Ely, which had been left a rude and bare mass of timber apparently from the time of the construction of the lantern, was (after 1845) coated with boards and pre-

pared to receive the long and elaborate series of paintings commenced by the late Mr. le Strange, and just completed by Mr. Gambier Parry.

That the Normans were no very skillful builders, and that they endeavored to compensate for want of science by vast and unnecessary expenditure of material is evident, if from no other portions of their work, from the history of their central towers, hardly one of which survives. Where the piers do exist they are in almost all cases bent and crippled, or are cased with later masonry. But the tower has almost always fallen. Abbot Simeon's, at Ely, fell in 1321 "with such a shock and with so great tumult that it was thought an earthquake had taken place." The brethren, who were returning to their dormitory after matins, fortunately escaped unhurt; and the shrines of the sainted abbesses stood uninjured, says the chronicler, in the midst of the ruin. To this fall we are indebted for one of the most admirable conceptions of mediæval architecture, the famous octagon of Ely. The central tower of Bishop Walkelin's Cathedral at Winchester (he was, it should be remembered, the brother of Abbot Simeon, and the same architect and workmen may have been employed on both) fell in 1107. Seven years before, the body of the Red King, brought from the New Forest in the charcoal-burner's cart, had been buried beneath it; and many thought, according to the chroniclers, "that the fall of the tower was a judgment for his sins, since it was a grievous wrong to bury in that sacred place one who all his life had been profane and sensual, and who died without the Christian viaticum." Malmesbury, however, suggests that "imperfect construction" may have had something to do with the fall of the tower, which was soon rebuilt, the unwieldy piers which narrow the transept arches showing how great had been the panic.

The transepts of Winchester still display the work of Walkelin (1079-1093.) Earlier than Norwich, they exhibit all the characteristics of the first Norman period—wide joints between the ashlar-ing, plain square-edged arches, and shafts with simply-cushioned capitals. All is rude, plain, and massive, carrying

us back at once to the days of the Conqueror and of William the Red. At the end of each transept is a kind of gallery or terminal aisle, which finds a counterpart, though on a much smaller scale, in the transepts of Ely, the work of Walkelin's brother. There is indeed a strong general resemblance throughout the Norman work of the South and East of England. Passing northward, we find William of St. Carileph's great church at Durham (designed in Normandy) displaying the same general character, but marked by more of that "barbaric splendor" (the expression is Mr. Parker's) which became the most distinguishing feature of later Norman. A more decidedly foreign influence, from whatever source it may have originated, is evident in the Norman work of Gloucester and Hereford. The circular piers of Hereford have their capitals enriched with very elaborate knot-work and foliage, of somewhat the same character (though not so far developed) as that in the neighboring church of Shobdon, which the founder, Oliver de Merlimond, is thought to have copied from St. Victor's Abbey at Paris. On entering the nave of Gloucester Cathedral (1088-1100) we are at once struck by the great height of the piers. They measure thirty feet to the top of their capitals, while those of Norwich only reach fifteen—a difference which hardly seems compatible with the same style. Of course at Gloucester the main arches are so far raised as to be entirely altered in character, while triforium and clerestory are deprived of all dignity and importance. It may well be doubted whether the unquestionably fine effect of the lofty piers is not dearly purchased by the loss of the equal divisions of Norwich and Peterborough, and especially of the grave and massive triforium, which at Gloucester is only ten feet high, at Norwich twenty-four. Similar piers occur at Pershore, at Tewkesbury, and at Malvern—all probably designed by the same architect. So far as we know, they are found in no other part of England.

The transition from the round to the pointed arch—from Norman to Early English—was no doubt very gradual, and the complete change was preceded by many lesser alterations. Among

English cathedrals, Canterbury not only affords us the best example of this transitional period, but one which is of especial value from the certainty we possess as to its date. The "glorious choir of Conral," in which Becket's body was watched by the monks throughout the night which followed his murder, was four years later (1174) destroyed by fire. The rebuilding was intrusted to William of Sens, who continued the work until 1178, when, says Gervase, "through the vengeance of God or spite of the devil," he fell from the clerestory and was so much injured that he was compelled to return to France. His successor was a certain "English William," who completed the choir and the eastern buildings beyond it in 1184. The monks, it is said, were greatly astonished and delighted at the many novelties introduced by the two Williams. The mixture of round and pointed arches; the richly-foliated and varied capitals of the pillars—evident imitations of Corinthian, but showing in their leafage the more than beginning of that ribbed form which characterizes developed Early English; the great vault, with its ribs of stone; and especially the slender shafts of Purbeck gracing the triforia, were among the greatest changes. The whole work remains for our study and instruction—not only grand and striking in itself, but supplying one of the most important chapters in the history of English architecture.

We have said that the new style was slowly developed; but we can, we believe, point to the first great example of it in England in its completed form. This was Lincoln Cathedral, unrivalled among English cathedrals (we can hardly except Durham, spite of its romantic cliff) in grandeur of situation, rising as it does on its "sovereign hill"

"Above the smoke and stir of this dull earth,"

and scarcely less entitled to a foremost place from the beauty and interest of its architecture. If the vast space and dignity of York aptly proclaim the church of St. Peter, the church of St. Mary is not less fitly indicated by the delicacy and graceful proportion of Lincoln.

The Norman Church of Remigius was shattered by an earthquake in 1185. In

the following year one of the most remarkable men then living in Europe—Hugh of Burgundy, better known afterwards as St. Hugh of Lincoln—was consecrated to the see. He had been a monk in the Great Chartreuse, near Grenoble, then very famous for its austere rule, and for the piety of its members. There his reputation was considerable; and it was not without much difficulty that Henry II. succeeded in bringing him to England as the head of a Carthusian house at Witham, in Somersetshire, the first of the order in this country. After spending about ten years as Prior of Witham, he was made Bishop of Lincoln in 1186. The character of St. Hugh—his incessant labor throughout his vast diocese, his "cool judgment and exquisite tact," thanks to which he obtained and exercised an extraordinary influence over the fierce Plantagenet kings—are duly set forth in a very interesting metrical Life, as well as in a larger prose biography, both of which have been admirably edited by Mr. Dimock.\* Here we have only to do with his work at Lincoln. The rebuilding of his cathedral was at once commenced; and St. Hugh (like King Richard at Ascalon†) labored at the walls with his own hands:

"Non solum concecit opes, operamque suorum,  
Sed proprii sudoris opem; lapidesque frequenter  
Excisos fert in calathio, calcemque tenacem."‡

St. Hugh, however, was not his own architect. The metrical Life tells us that the plans were prepared by a certain Geoffrey de Noiers, concerning whose native country there has been much discussion. But the name was hereditary in England at that time; and it would certainly be pleasant to believe that the architect of Lincoln was a born and thoroughbred Englishman.

\* The *Metrical History* was published by Messrs. Brooke of Lincoln in 1860. The prose Life (*Magna Vita S. Hugonis*) forms one of the "Master of the Rolls" series. Mr. Dimock's introductions to both are of the highest value and interest.

† "Rex ibidem operando etiam insignis enituit . . . ipse manibus edificando, ipse sermone persuadendo . . . efficacius proficiebat." *Itinerarium Regis Ricardi*, L. V. cap. 6. This rebuilding of the walls of Ascalon took place in 1192. St. Hugh's work at Lincoln was going on at the same time.

‡ *Metrical Life*, p. 32.



St. Hugh died in the year 1200; and the Kings of England and Scotland—John and William the Lion—were present at his funeral, and assisted in carrying his bier into his unfinished cathedral. We do not know how far the building had advanced at the time of his death; but the original plans were probably carried out (with some slight variation, it may be, in detail) during the long episcopate of Hugh of Wells (1209–1235). In the existing choir, with its aisles and eastern transept, however, we have, there can be little doubt, the work of St. Hugh himself. It is entirely Early English (pointed) in design and detail; and nothing suggests the earlier style unless it be a certain antique stiffness in leafage and ornamentation. But there are some remarkable peculiarities—a double (and very graceful) arcade in the aisles and transepts, and some piers with detached shafts, from which project crocket-like tiers of leafage—which have more than once led to the suggestion that the whole design is of foreign origin, and that St. Hugh's architect must have brought his plans from Burgundy or Northern France. M. Viollet-le-Duc, however, whose authority on such a matter is conclusive, declares that, after the most careful examination, he cannot find here the slightest trace of the French school of the twelfth century. We are therefore fairly entitled to claim Lincoln as the first great example of Early English, which, it may well be, was first fully developed here by Geoffroy of Noiers. The pointed style had been adopted some years earlier in France; but England borrowed little from her neighbors. How widely different were "Early French" and "Early English" is at once evident in comparing Chartres or Auxerre with Salisbury or Lincoln.

The rest of the cathedral—the great transept, with one at least of its exquisite rosewindows—the nave with its capitals of most graceful leafage and its wall-arcades—and the upper portion of the west front—is all Early English (1209–1235); and in passing westward from the choir we may trace the progress of the style, and especially the gradual advance of its leafage toward direct imitation of nature. The retro-choir, generally known as the "angel choir," from the figures of angels which

fill the spandrels above the main arches (1270–1282), belongs rather to the Early Decorated period; but, says Mr. Ferguson, "it follows so immediately after the rest as not to produce any want of harmony, but merely a degree of enrichment suitable to the increased sanctity of the altar, and the localities surrounding it."\* This "angel choir" was in fact built for the reception of St. Hugh's shrine, to which pilgrims were flocking from every part of Northern England, and which was removed into it in 1282. The grace and beauty of its details are beyond praise; and in the sculptured angels Mr. Cockerell finds "all the freedom and naturalness attributed subsequently to Giotto, who was but an infant when these works were executed." It is not easy to interpret their symbolism, if, indeed, they represent more than the various orders of the celestial hierarchy; but of the symbolism which the church of St. Hugh was either intended, or was interpreted, to set forth in its various parts, we have a very curious account in the metrical Life. The white, squared stones, we are told, represented pure and wise churchmen—the square typifying "dogma." The dark Purbeck marble was the church, the spouse—"simplex, morosa, laborans"—the polish setting forth her simplicity, the brightness her morality, and the darkness her ceaseless toil and labor. The long ranges of windows above and below, were the different ranks of clergy, the circular windows of the transepts being the "two eyes of the church," the bishop and the dean. The bishop looked towards the South, the quarter of the Holy Spirit, as though inviting His influence; the dean towards the north, the region of the devil, in order to watch his advances. In this manner the whole fabric and material of the church are symbolized—

"Sic insensibiles lapides mysteria claudunt  
Vivorum lapidum . . . ."

The entire passage is well worth notice, as an unanswerable proof that such mystic interpretations were in the minds, if not of the builders of our churches, at least of those who were contemporary with them.

Lincoln, it is thus probable, set an ex-

\* *Handbook of Architecture.*

ample of the new style, which was rapidly followed in the other cathedrals. Of these the most perfect and admirable are Wells (1206-1242), Salisbury (1220-1258), Worcester (choir and lady chapel, begun 1224), and Westminster Abbey, which we must be allowed to include (1245-1269). The nave, transepts, and west front of Wells are all Early English, and are generally assigned to Bishop Jocelyn, the period of whose episcopate has been given above. There is, however, some uncertainty as to the date of the work; and to whatever time it is given, it would seem that the architect and masons of Wells must have worked but with little imitation of any distant example. The western portion of the cathedral is distinguished by so much peculiarity as to render it more than probable that this district, affording, as it does, good stone in profusion, retained a local school of masons who, adopting certain forms of the new style, retained with it many of their older devices. Wells accordingly must be compared with other Early English churches only to mark the difference. Its noble west front, "a masterpiece of art, indeed," in old Fuller's words, "made of imagery in just proportion, so that we may call them 'vera et spirantia signa' is of a different character; and in it we recognize the true Early pointed of Salisbury and Westminster. We must not delay here to notice at the length they deserve its tiers of sculpture — not even that which represents the general Resurrection — "worthy," says Mr. Cockerell, "of John of Pisa, or of a greater man, John Flaxman." If we cannot accept Mr. Cockerell's interpretation of these admirable sculptures, we may at all events regard the entire west front, with him, as in effect illustrating the great Ambrosian Hymn. The "glorious company of the apostles," the "goodly fellowship of the prophets," and the "noble army of martyrs," keep their solemn watch at the entrance of the sanctuary. The figures of the celestial host proclaim, "To Thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein." The crowned kings, the churchmen and the warriors represent the "holy church throughout all the world;" while the spirit of the entire work asserts that Church's ceaseless adoration, "Day by

day we magnify Thee, and we worship Thy name ever, world without end." \*

The Cathedral of Wells is the centre of an assemblage of buildings which, as all archæologists know, form one of the most striking architectural groups in England. The great church, with its stately chapter-house; the bishop's moated and castellated palace, the vicar's college and close, the deanery, and the picturesque gate-houses, combine to produce such a whole as is not easily to be paralleled. Palace, cathedral, chapter-house, and close, formed part of Bishop Jocelyn's original design, which he did not live to complete, although, in Fuller's words, "God, to square his great undertakings, gave him a long life to his large heart."

From Wells we pass to Salisbury (1220-1258), which is throughout Early English, with the exception of its famous spire, an addition of the fourteenth century. The Cathedral of Old Sarum was in many respects inconvenient. There was a scarcity of water, and the site was so high and exposed that, according to an old tradition, "When the wind did blow they could not hear the priest say mass." Accordingly, Bishop Richard le Poer, in 1220, laid the foundations of a new cathedral in "the meadow of Merryfield," which was his own land. In 1228 this bishop was translated to Durham; but the work was steadily continued until its completion, in 1258. The Cathedral of Amiens was commenced in the same year as Salisbury (1220), and completed, nearly as at present, in 1272. It covers nearly twice as much ground as Salisbury, and its internal height, as in all French cathedrals, is far greater; yet in variety of outline, and play of light and shade, the English church (and we may say the same thing, still more decidedly, of Westminster) is beyond all doubt finer, although in comparing them we must constantly bear in mind the vast difference in their dimensions. Unhappily, toward the end of the last century, the famous "destructive" Wyatt was let loose upon Salisbury; and his operations, which at the time were pronounced "tasteful, effective, and judicious," have detracted much from the

\* *Handbook for Wells (Southern Cathedrals)*, i. p. 27.

due effect of the interior. He swept away from the foundations a campanile on the south side of the cathedral, which must have grouped most picturesquely with the rest of the church, and was of the same age; but the scene within the close of Salisbury is still of exquisite beauty; "nor can the most curious, not to say cavilling eye," says Fuller, to whose quaintly discriminative sayings we are always glad to return, "desire anything which is wanting in this edifice, except possibly an ascent, seeing such who address themselves hither for their devotions can hardly say with David, 'I will go up into the house of the Lord.'" The slender columns of Purbeck marble, one of the great distinctions of Early English—here absolutely reed-like where they assist in carrying the vault of the lady chapel, and the plate tracery of windows and triforia, clearly marking that the style was not far advanced—are strongly characteristic of Salisbury. The chapter-house, so admirably restored by Mr. Burges, and the cloisters, beautiful with their central space of greensward and their solemn cedars, are of later date, perhaps of the time of Edward I., and assist in showing us the gradual change from Early English to Decorated.

How far Henry III. may have been induced by what he saw at Salisbury (which he frequently visited during the rise of its cathedral) to undertake the rebuilding of the great abbey church at Westminster, it is not easy to determine. It is more certain that, as Mr. Scott points out, the English King, during his sojourns in France, had become enamored of the "chevit" or apse, with its radiating coronal of chapels, which he may have seen in course of being carried out at Amiens, Beauvais, Rheims, and elsewhere; and that he caused this form to be adopted at Westminster, the building of which was commenced in 1245. The work of Henry III. terminated west of the crossing, and was completed in 1269. Five bays of the nave west of this were the work of Edward I. Beyond a doubt Westminster Abbey is the most beautiful church of this period, perhaps, in Europe.

"It has claims upon us as architects . . . on the ground of its intrinsic and superlative merits, as a work of art of the highest and noblest order; for though it is by no

means preëminent in general scale, in height, or in richness of sculpture, there are few churches in this or any other country having the same exquisite charms of proportion and artistic beauty which this church possesses—a beauty which never tires, and which impresses itself afresh upon the eye and the mind, however frequently you view it, and however glorious the edifices which, during the intervals, you may have seen."\*

For all the details of Westminster, our readers may safely be referred to the admirable volume from which we have just quoted. In it Mr. Scott, Mr. Parker, and Mr. Burges, besides other contributors, have thrown an immense amount of light on the history and peculiarities of the church; on the tombs of the kings and princes which it guards; on the shrine and coronation-chair; and on the noble chapter-house, which Mr. Scott has restored on paper, and which, we most earnestly hope, will ere long be placed in his hands for a more substantial "restoration." Here we may refer to it as having been (for although Mr. Scott has succeeded in discovering nearly every part of the design, it is reduced to a complete wreck), in truth, the "incomparable chapter-house" which it was pronounced by Matthew Paris. It was part of Henry III.'s work, completed before that of Salisbury was commenced, and infinitely finer. If, in the interior of the church, there are strong indications of foreign influence, none are to be found here. The chapter-house of Westminster was one of the most beautiful creations of true Early English, a complete development of the national style.

CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT NUMBER.

#### A NEW LITERARY IMPOSTURE.†

ALL who have looked into the history of the French Revolution and its sources are aware that, as long ago as 1835, the *Revue Rétrospective*, among other valuable papers, published a number of let-

\* *Gleanings from Westminster Abbey*, p. 16.

† *A New Literary Imposture: the Correspondence of Maria Antoinette*. By HEINRICH VON SYBEL, Professor of History in the Bonn University. Translated for THE ECLECTIC from the *Historische Zeitschrift*. München: 1865.

*Correspondance inédite de Marie Antoinette.*

ters\* by the Queen Maria Antoinette, which had been brought, by order of Napoleon, from Vienna to Paris, and were afterwards preserved in the imperial archives of Vienna. There was never any doubt about their authenticity, whether in respect to their origin or their contents. Had they needed any confirmation, this was found in the reports of the Prussian Embassy to Vienna during those years, in which the most important of those documents are named, with the dates of their arrival and a synopsis of their contents, in complete agreement with the letters as published in the *Revue Rétrospective*.

The personality of the Queen is seen in these letters in the most significant form; she appears wise, strong and sagacious, and awakens the highest sympathy. The letters also give decisive data for understanding the chief historical questions of the times, as, for example, the relation of the French Court to foreign powers, and the attitude of the Emperor Leopold towards the Revolution. They show incontrovertibly the entire falsity of the current assumption that Louis and Antoinette, like the French emigrants, sought to bring about an invasion of France by foreign powers; and that Leopold originated a great league against France, and so occasioned the wars of the Revolution. Of this Correspondence, now, hardly any one in France took any notice; and this fact is characteristic of the kind of machine work which was then manufactured, on a large scale, about the history of the Revolution.

Publiée sur les documents originaux. Par le comte PAUL VOGT D'HUNOLSTEIN. Paris: 1864.

*Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette et Madame Elisabeth. Lettres et documents inédits.* Par F. FEUILLET DE CONCHES. 2 vols. Paris: 1864.

*Maria Theresa und Marie Antoinette. Ihr Briefwechsel während der Jahre 1770-1780.* Herausgegeben von ALFRED RITTER VON ARNETH. Paris, Wien: 1865.

\* This Correspondence has awakened great interest in France, Germany and England. Many of the English and French periodicals have accepted it as genuine. The following article by Professor Sybel, editor of the *Historische Zeitschrift*, has made a sensation, so effectually does it explode the pretensions and detect the forgery of the letters as published in France. Professor Sybel is well known as a man of the highest ability as a historian. He is the author of a well-known work on the Crusades.—ED. ECLECTIC.

Those that knew of these letters heard, of course, with lively interest, that M. Feuillet de Conches had diligently and successfully collected a large number of autographs, in which the Correspondence of Louis XVI. and Maria Antoinette figured in large proportions. The publication of these treasures was looked for year after year. Goncourt in his *History of Antoinette*, and, more recently, Lescure in the *Life of the Princess Lamballe*, gave some very interesting extracts from these letters. It was even hinted that the history of the Revolution would, by this collection, receive a wholly new foundation. So much greater was the surprise, when, last year, a whole volume of letters of the Queen was published, not by M. Feuillet de Conches, but by another person, the Count d'Hunolstein. The title-page said that these "were published after original documents;" the preface declared that Antoinette frequently made several copies of her letters, so that the fact is readily explained that the same letter is now found at several places. The Count did not take any pains to give any further particulars as to how he came by these papers. A large part of the book was made up of the letters as published in the *Revue Rétrospective*; but to these were added, beginning with the year 1770, in which Antoinette was married, a series of letters addressed to the Empress Maria Theresa, to the Archduchess Maria Christine, to the Emperor Joseph, the Princess Lamballe, Madame de Polignac, and Count Mercy (the Austrian ambassador). All these new epistles are genial and cordial, and admirably befitting a youthful Princess, of lively perceptions, moderate culture and youthful naïveté. The tone and manner of these letters were indeed very different from those contained in the *Revue*; yet this seemed perfectly explicable by the length of the intervening time and the fearful impression made by the events of the Revolution. The success of the publication was great; most readers, male and female, were enraptured. Some pedantic reviewer did, indeed, suggest that the silence of the Count about his sources was not auspicious; also, that some formal matters were incorrect—that the Queen never signed her name (as here) Maria Antoinette, but only



Antoinette; that the Archduchess Maria Christine was never called in the family Christine (as in the letters), but always Maria. Still the material interest in the letters, as bringing new facts to light, was so great, that such slight exceptions had hardly any weight.

A few months after this the book of M. Feuillet de Conches also made its appearance. The author came forward with a much more imposing mien. "I here give," so begins his preface, "letters and documents, collected during twenty years in the archives of France, Austria, Russia and Sweden; archives of old families have come to my aid; personal recollections have completed my materials." The author complains of the mass of fictitious documents in circulation relating to that period, and expressly asserts that there is only one proof of genuineness, and that is, "the autograph." In the book itself there are first published some of the letters made known by Hunolstein, correcting the dates here and there, and professing to give the text after the original manuscripts. Among these are also some short letters of Louis XVI., two series of letters by Madame Elizabeth, some hitherto unknown epistles of the Queen; several statesmen, ministers and diplomatists are represented; and the letters published in the *Revue Rétrospective* are not lacking. The two volumes of this collection already published come down to 1791.

In the case of a large number of these letters, the sources are assigned; for example, the correspondence of the Princess Elizabeth. But in respect to a still greater number, we have to content ourselves with the general assurance contained in the preface, without being told whether the custodians of the archives referred to by M. Feuillet de Conches made him a present, with illegal generosity, of the original autographs; or why the editor, if he only took a copy, confined himself to so few and such unimportant excerpts, when he had before him all the treasures of the archives. For no one can possibly claim that our historical knowledge of these times is sensibly enriched by this new publication. It was already known that Louis XVI., after he ascended the throne, sent Madame Du Barry off, and appointed

new ministers; the letters here printed say nothing about the motives or persons that led him to select the new ministry. A letter of Louis, on the famous Necklace Case, tells us that he was very angry with Cardinal Rohan; and one of Maria Antoinette, that she was troubled by the decision of the Parliament. From Ranke's admirable work on the *Notables* (Schmidt, *Zeitschrift f. Geschichte*, Bd. v.) we have known, ever since 1846, that the imperial archives of Paris contain a large number of important letters and documents in respect to Calonne and the *Notables* of 1787. M. Feuillet de Conches has not got hold of any of them, excepting some very unimportant notes of Louis to Calonne and the Keeper of the Seals. On the last days of the ministry of Brienne and the recall of Neckar, he gives a long series of interesting letters from the Queen, from Mercy and from Brienne. These would be instructive and important, had not a contemporaneous author, Soulavie, already published the contents from Brienne's papers. The work is somewhat fuller in relation to the first years of the Revolution, than on those matters pertaining to the history of the old Régime; but who that has had access, as M. de Conches avers that he has, to the archives of Petersburg, Vienna and Paris, was not in duty bound to come before the public with more than the spare crumbs which he gives us?

Meanwhile the work of the Ritter von Arneth was published very soon after that of Feuillet, and those that read it were at once led to some very different reflections upon the two French collections. Arneth gives, as befits a thorough editor, the most exact information as to the state of his documents. They all came from the Vienna archives—the letters of Antoinette in the original, those of Maria Theresa in copies taken in every instance by the Secretary of the Empress before the letters were sent. Unfortunately, some numbers of the series are lost, and others are not printed on account of the private nature of the contents. Of the published letters, the first is from Maria Antoinette a few weeks after her marriage—the last is from the Empress a few weeks before her death.

Comparing this collection with those of the two Frenchmen, it appears, first

of all, that Arneth gives, from the year 1770 to 1780, ninety-two letters; Hunolstein, in the same period, has forty-five, and Feuillet twenty-one. It appears further, that of the German collection only a single letter is found in the French, and that the French editors were as ignorant of the other ninety-one as were the Vienna archives of the fifty different letters published by Hunolstein and Feuillet. Further, it is very manifest, from even a rapid perusal, that on the one side the ninety letters of the German collection have, from first to last, one and the same stamp, one and the same style of thought and speech; and on the other side it is no less clear that the fifty letters, peculiar to the two Frenchmen, must also have come unmistakably from one and the same author, from one and the same hand, written out, we may say, with one and the same pen. But, in fine, it is only too soon apparent, that this hand could never have been that of the Queen Maria Antoinette. The contrast is so plain, so sharp, that this alone would be enough to raise the gravest doubts about the genuineness of the letters printed in Paris. The thing appears so evident to Herr Arneth, that he has not thought it worth while to say a single word in evidence. And yet, can it be possible that all the originals of the Count Vogt d'Hunolstein, and all the autographs of the former collection of M. Feuillet de Conches, are really only the work of a fabricator? Is there no possibility of bringing the two series of letters into unison; or, at least of showing the genuineness of some of the French papers?

We will attempt to exhibit the state of the case in some detail. A point of decisive moment in the life of Maria Antoinette was, of course, the death of Louis XVI., and her husband's accession to the throne, May 10th, 1774. Hunolstein, now, has no less than eight letters from April 30th to May 18th, in which Maria Antoinette reports, with a rapid pen, to her mother and the rest of her family by turns, every phase of the sickness, all the circumstances of the decease, and whatever occurred during the first days of her life as Queen. They are for the most part short notes, written under the highest excitement, and

interspersed with impassioned cries of suffering, of childlike love, of fear before the new burden of royalty, and of longing for help and counsel. "The whole family," she writes April 30th, "is filled with terror; I am made sick by these scenes; the Dauphin is stagnant with fear." On May 5th, she writes: "The evils increase. May God help us! I kiss your hand reverently, and commend all of us to your prayers." On the 8th she describes how the sacrament was brought to the King in presence of the royal family, of the whole court and the ministers; that there was a universal weeping without a word spoken; they looked at one another without seeing any one. On the 10th: "God be with us, the King died about noon, after he had, yesterday, received extreme unction with deep devotion? What is to become of us? The Dauphin and myself are full of fear on coming to the throne while still so young." On the 11th she implores her brother Joseph, with folded hands, to give her his experience as a guide on her entrance into a future so full of dangerous cliffs. At the same time she complains to her mother of the total inexperience of the Dauphin, who had now become more composed, but was always coming to weep with her. She then recapitulates the story of the sickness of Louis XV., and laments that he retained his consciousness to the last moment, as he had the greatest fear of death; she, herself, was under great anxiety about the small-pox, and had repeatedly implored her husband to have himself inoculated; and, in fine, she complains somewhat of the silence of the King who did not enter into her suggestions about the restoration of Choiseul. On the 13th she writes, that "the Du Barry" has been shut up for some time in a cloister; that she is bad, but not malicious; that her family are more mean than herself; there is a rain of books and pamphlets, by great politicians, discoursing about the safety of the state; and then she concludes: "Dearest sister, why will you not make a short journey here? My God! I a Queen, and so young! It is terrible!" And in just the same style she prattles, on the 18th, about the sickness of their aunt, and the excellent sentiments of her consort.

Compare, now, with all this, the letter to the Empress, of May 14th, as given by Arneth. "Mercy will have given you the particulars of our great misfortune;" thus she begins, referring only to Mercy and not to any preceding letters from herself. "Happily the King was conscious up to his last moments, and his end was very edifying. The new King seems to have the love of his people; he has distributed 200,000 francs among the poor; since the death of his father he is constantly at work and writing letters. He is certainly economical, and he wishes to make his people happy. He shows always a great desire and need of learning his duties; God will bless his good will." Then she mentions cursorily, that they have sent off "the creature" and all that bear her scandalous name. She adds that she is often importuned to intercede with the King to be mild towards her, and that she is inclined to do so; but the association of ideas then brings her to speak of Esterhazy—and there follows a long appeal in favor of this Hungarian, who had provoked the Empress. After an allusion to Aunt Adelaide, she again speaks of her Vienna acquaintance, and relates the pleasure she had in appointing a Lothringian to be her almoner. She closes with warm thanks to her mother, who had obtained for her this brilliant position. The young King adds a short postscript, speaking of his attachment to the Empress, and how much he would like to have her advice in these first moments of care, and thanks her for her daughter, with whom he was as content as man could be. Antoinette adds a word of excuse for his not having written his letter by itself, and says that he has very much to do and is very bashful; and that his last words show, that, with all his tenderness, he will not spoil her by stale compliments.

Taking with this the reply of the Empress of May 30th, in which she answers the above letter, in all its parts, sentence by sentence, and thereby expressly says that, beside this letter, they had not had any news in Vienna from the French Court—no further evidence is needed to prove that the whole series of the Hunolstein letters, from April 30th to May 18th, never existed—that they are forgeries from the first word to the last. It is

not necessary to recount the particular errors of the falsifier—the attendance of the royal family at the sacrament, the mild judgment of Antoinette about Madame Du Barry, her grief at the fear of death shown by Louis XV., her insisting upon the inoculation of the Dauphin (while her mother, on June 1st, congratulates her that she had no part in this mistaken step); all this is not needed, in addition to the documentary certainty, to show that Maria Antoinette sent in May only one letter to her family, that of May 14th.

Eight inventions, eight falsifications, in one breath! And just here we must repeat the remark, that the style of this pseudo-Antoinette is the same throughout all the fifty letters of the two French editors, and wholly different from that of the Vienna collection.

But let us continue the comparison in detail:

In the year 1771 Maria Theresa is constantly reverting to the theme that her daughter is not sufficiently friendly and civil to Madame Du Barry. In the very first letter of Arneth's collection Antoinette calls her "the most silly and most impertinent creature in the world," and manifests towards her, with the agreement of the Dauphin, a cool and silent politeness. The Empress fears the worst consequences from this course, and warns Antoinette not to be so much influenced by the aunts, Adelaide, Victoire, and Sophia. After several letters have been passed between them on the matter, the Dauphiness declares in fine, that, though she was intimate with the aunts, yet in matters of honor she does not allow herself to be determined by anybody. These letters are from July to December, 1771.

What are we now to say, when, in contrast with these facts, the Hunolstein Antoinette writes to her mother, Dec. 7th, 1771, that the King is very kind to her; but as to the aunts, who are sometimes demonstrative, and sometimes cold and scornful, she has not yet any definite notion of their sentiments; but, perhaps, she judges them untruly! As to Madame Du Barry, she says that she has not hitherto named her to her mother, adding, "I have demeaned myself towards her weakness with all the reserve which you have recommended to me." On all points the Antoinette of Hunolstein is in

flagrant contradiction with the genuine. This letter writer was doubtless not able to believe that the prudish Maria Theresa could be so condescending to the Du Barry, in spite of the earlier and well-known correspondence with Madame de Pompadour. And as to the aunts, these spurious letters give such a representation of the Queen's behavior towards them as might have been sketched from the narrative of Madame de Campan in the year 1870.

The relation of the Queen to the Princess Elizabeth is not treated any more correctly than that to Madame Du Barry and the aunts. An alleged letter of the Queen (dated in Hunolstein's work, August 16th, 1775, in Feuillet's April 16th, 1778—so, remarks the latter exact editor, it is dated in "the autograph"), gives a long account of the Princess. The Queen writes in full about the violent and rude character of her sister-in-law Elizabeth; though she had had some instruction, yet, after the marriage of the Princess Clotilde, she had changed all of a sudden, and since then Elizabeth was full of the strangest religious zeal, and wanted to become a nun, but the King would not hear of it, and so she (the Queen) induced the King to fit up for the Princess, before the usual time, an establishment by herself, so as to bring her to other thoughts; and that Louis had seen the wisdom of this course.

Now, this bit of history related in such a lively style cannot have occurred in the summer of 1775. For the Queen on the 14th July wrote to her mother that she was enchanted with the tenderness of Elizabeth. She says that, after the departure of Clotilde, August 28th, Elizabeth was sick from grief, and the Queen was so drawn towards her that she was afraid of attaching her too closely to herself, while it was for Elizabeth's interest to be soon married; and then she speaks about a marriage alliance with Portugal, though Elizabeth was now only eleven years old. The date of the letter as given by Hunolstein (Aug. 16th, 1775), is in absolute disagreement with these dates. We turn then to the "autograph" of Feuillet, which dates this letter April 16th, 1778. But it is as impossible that this letter could have been written then as three

years before. The Queen in 1778 wrote to her mother, March 25th, and April 19th; and the answer of Maria Theresa shows incontestably that there could not have been any third letter, of the date April 16th, between these. The Queen on May 5th does, indeed, mention the plan of giving to the young Princess a house by herself, but not, as the pseudo-Antoinette says, as an antidote to her cloister fancies, but on account of the pregnancy of the Queen and the impossibility of educating Elizabeth with the expected child of the King.

Even in respect to this child the royal mother is represented in a very different way in Hunolstein from that found in Arneth's letters. In the Hunolstein collection the Queen writes, April 14th, 1779, that she is in the Trianon with the King, Elizabeth, and her sisters-in-law, and that all around her are brilliant flowers; that in her quality as mother she thinks her daughter to be the fairest child in all France; that the King thinks the same, and that the little one has already laughed once in his face: "but I cannot find out that the baby can do anything yet but pout, but she pouts in a very genteel way." This charming picture unfortunately has no basis in fact. The real Antoinette removed to the Trianon some time in April, because she was attacked by the measles, and must on this account be separated for three weeks from the King who had not had them. She was not living with her daughter even on the 15th of May; she was in Marly, and the child in Versailles, yet they were allowed now and then to see one another.

These instances, it is evident, admit of no doubt or contradiction. The question comes up, how far we may draw conclusions from them as to the worth of the rest of the letters; and in respect to this we add some further statements: In a letter in Feuillet, dated July 27th, 1770, Antoinette informs her sister that she was just thinking of going to Compiègne; but in point of fact she went there on the 18th of July. Hunolstein puts this letter in 1773, but the Court was that year in Compiègne as early as the 17th of July; and the rest of the letter shows clearly that the writer had in mind events and circumstances of the year 1770, and not of



1773. And as after this the chronological mistake is retained in a letter of Aug. 28th, 1770, where Antoinette again says that she has been in Compiègne since the end of July, it is again apparent that the fabrication of these letters follows a regular plan, and that they come from one hand. This appears still further from some favorite themes continually recurring, while in the genuine correspondence there is no trace of them. In the Paris collections Antoinette is constantly complaining about the burdensome etiquette; and, also, that she sees that in the royal family she is looked upon as a stranger, and not as French. In the circumstances, it cannot be said that such declarations are quite impossible; but it must still be conceded that it is singular that the Paris collection should not only have letters not found in the Vienna archives, but also thoughts of which there is no trace there. In the genuine letters, corresponding with the intimate character of a family correspondence, the small as well as the great events of the passing days are mentioned. The details are often concrete and familiar; sometimes the facts are well known and interesting, sometimes insignificant, and wholly indifferent to a third party. But the Paris letters are piquant throughout, and impressive from the contrast between the official position of Antoinette and her naive expressions, as simple often as those of a waiting-maid; but at the same time they give few details and specialties, excepting such as have long been known from the *Memoirs* of Madame de Campan.

In fact, the forms of expression are not unfrequently taken right out of these memoirs, in such a way though that while Madame de Campan relates the matter with fitting expressions and in its correct connections, the letter writer repeats it in a worse form, in a false position, and with manifest misunderstandings. Compare, for example, the letter in Hunolstein, Feb. 14th, 1771, where the mention of Metastasio and the description of the three aunts corresponds entirely with what is found in Madame de Campan's *Memoirs* (pp. 21, 28, 29, 41, 58); and the concise statements about the aunt Sophia are not at all intelligible until we resort to the *Memoirs* from which they are abridged.

Further, Hunolstein gives nine letters to the Archduchess Maria Christine, from August, 1772, to April, 1774, immediately preceding that fictitious epistle about the death of Louis XV. The whole nine are full of puerile girl's talk, complaints about etiquette, her monotonous life (while the genuine Antoinette writes, October 26th, 1776: "Although my time is always filled up here, yet I read a little every day")—and some stories about the Court, and notices of persons. These specialties are all to be found in De Campan's third chapter; for example, the description of Clotilde and Elizabeth, the long nose of Count Artois, the meals they had together, and the private theatricals of the Prince. Two later letters to Christine, in 1777, describe the visit of the Emperor Joseph II. to Versailles; and there is scarcely a statement in them whose source cannot be indicated in the eighth chapter of the *Memoirs*. Thus Madame de Campan relates that, on visiting the opera, Joseph wanted to stay in the back part of the box, but the Queen with some violence brought him to the front and showed him to the public, who thereupon applauded, and demanded, as on a previous occasion, the chorus *da capo*, which was put in the play out of honor to the Queen. Our letter fabricator now gives it this turn, that the Emperor kept in the background, but "at a decisive *morceau* I dragged him forth, and thus drew down the greatest applause." Here the use and change of the original are clear. The letter writer says, May 14th, that Joseph shows great kindness to Elizabeth, who "is now a charming character, and well grown up." Madame de Campan says: "Joseph manifested an interest in the Princess Elizabeth, who was then passing out of childhood, and had all the freshness of that age." The letter writer says: "I must submit to the custom of a public mid-day meal, which is to me frightful." De Campan (p. 101) mentions that Antoinette was very averse to the custom of a public mid-day meal, but had to submit to it. The addition of De Campan, "as long as she was Dauphiness," is overlooked by the fabricator, who, however, adds from De Campan the remark that she kept up the family suppers with the greatest perseverance. Then the letter writer re-

turns to aunt Adelaide, saying: "I am confirmed in my suspicion that she does not forgive me the loss of the first place in the Court, which she had to endure on my arrival"—a statement which in De Campan (p. 72) is as natural in respect to the first years of the Dauphiness, as it is inconceivable that the Queen could have said it seven years later.

After an unmeaning reference to aunt Victoire and Monsieur, without any transition from the one point to the other, there follows the sentence: "No, but keep still; this is my answer; but everything now gives hope to the contrary." This is the sole passage in the Paris collection which alludes to the prospect of Antoinette becoming a mother, and it will be conceded that it is conceived far more in the style adapted to modern female readers than are the numerous, unmetaphorical, perfectly business-like references to the same subject in the genuine correspondence (e. g., November 15th, 1771: "He loves me much, and will end all when he shall be less embarrassed," etc.) Finally, the letter contains an exposition of the favorite theme of the burdensome etiquette. "The external etiquette," Antoinette is represented as writing, "is often oppressive enough, but the King writes me to conform to it for the sake of dignity, and this is reasonable; but it is the etiquette of the chamber, and the whole interior etiquette, which is odious to me; there are details which weigh upon me, and if I could see you I should have a long talk with you about them." We can very nearly conjecture what is meant by this "internal and external etiquette"; it is a wholly different question whether we can ascribe to the Queen herself such an awry and wholly untechnical form of expression. And to complete this, as to the dreadful details, which she cannot write, and could at the utmost impart in a private conversation—such things, which a woman could not well speak of do not occur even in the most wearisome rules of etiquette; at the utmost, they might come up in the case of childbirth, about which, as we have just seen, there can be nothing here said. But the *Memoirs* of Madame de Campan solve these difficulties. She relates the famous history of the chemise which the Queen was to put on, and for which she

had to wait in the cold for a quarter of an hour, because some new and higher personage in charge of the matter kept coming in who claimed the right of handing the garment to the Queen. This is the detail "which weighs upon me," and the modern public for whom this letter writer is at work, naturally finds it much pleasanter that the Queen should not enter into particulars in a letter about this chemise difficulty. Madame de Campan relates further (*Memoirs*, i., 99): "In speaking about etiquette, I do not refer to that majestic order established in all courts for days of ceremony; I speak of the minute rules which pursue us royal persons into our most secret interior—intérieur le plus secret." This is intelligent and intelligible; it is the irreproachable original out of which this letter fabricator has made his statement about "etiquette extérieure" and "etiquette toute intérieure."

It were easy to enlarge the number of these instances. From De Campan are taken the complaint about "reigning so young," May 10th, 1774; the calling the Trianon "little Vienna," October 8th, 1775; the words to her daughter after her birth, December, 1778; the song of the Poissards upon the Dauphin, November 21st, 1781—yet I break off so as not to weary the reader by further proofs of a fact which is so plain. We have said that it can be proved with convincing arguments that a full quarter of these letters are spurious. These run through the whole period which is under investigation; they are addressed to all the members of the imperial family with whom the Queen is represented in the Paris collections as in correspondence; and the other letters addressed to these same correspondents entirely agree in tone and expression with those that can be proved to be false. On the other hand the Antoinette of the Arneth letters is entirely different from her of the Hunolstein and Feuillet epistles. The former is more quiet, more dignified, if you please more dry, in the mode of her communications; but also self-possessed, thoughtful, and in the highest degree amiable in her tender reverence towards her mother. We have from her many details of not much worth, but sometimes we are told of important and instructive facts; as, for example,

her share in the diplomacy of 1778, her aversion to Turgot, her bitterness against the English constitution. But the Antoinette of the Paris letters is amusing, coquettish, negligently gracious. In what she tells she confines herself to the best-known things, and is not always exact in style and chronology. Even where positive proofs of spuriousness are lacking, the general character of the compilation is decisive. The letters of the Queen before the time of the Restoration, as they stand in Hunolstein and Feuillet, must all be excluded from the authentic materials of history.

We hardly need say that we agree with M. Feuillet de Conches when, in all controversies as to the genuineness of a document, he assigns the highest value to autographs; nor yet, that we are entirely convinced that he really believes in his collection of autographs. But he is not the first autograph-collector whose zeal has made him the victim of a deceiver; and the forger who deceived him was by no means a stupid fellow. He has, indeed, made light work in the examination of the historic facts on which he builds his fabric; besides the *Memoirs* of Madame de Campan, he has at the utmost consulted only one and another of the contemporaneous newspapers, and then written out the letters in accordance with the idea which he thus attained of a young and inexperienced Queen, full of the joys of life. But this fabricator has known how to keep on this mask in admirable style in letters to the mother, sisters, brothers and friends; and what will always be reckoned as a service to literature, he has contrived under this mask to gain the applause of the public, and, above all, to win the entire confidence of MM. Paul Vogt d'Hunolstein and Feuillet de Conches.

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The Saturday Review.

#### THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND THE MECCA PILGRIMS.

THE attention of Europe has been called by the French government to the fearful condition of the annual Mecca caravans. Mecca this year has certainly been the birth-place of the cholera that

hangs at present over the south of Europe. The columns of pilgrims that flock yearly to the Caaba from Egypt, Damascus, and Bagdad, have long been famous for their numbers and their filth; and the ships that bring worshippers from Suez, by the way of Yambu, Jeddah, and other seaports are simply magazines of dirt and of disease. The religion of Mohammed is in theory a wholesome and a sanitary one. Cleanliness, according to the tradition of the prophet, is one half of the faith, and the key of prayer. In the first ages, our forefathers long languished in ignorance of the art of washing, down to the times of Abraham himself, when an angel was sent expressly to teach the unaccustomed patriarch how to perform the curious and unknown rite. But though water, as the believer learns from his Koran, will happily abound in Paradise, it is in the desert a rarer luxury; and the holy precept which permits the Mohammedan, for all purposes of ablution, to employ a handful of fine sand, is a concession partly to the necessities, and partly perhaps to the indolence, of the earthly pilgrim. Despite the anxious admonition of the Apostle of God, cleanliness throughout the Mecca pilgrimage is only conspicuous by its absence. A multitude of human beings, of every country and degree, huddled pell-mell with dromedaries, horses, asses, sheep, and goats, constitutes the procession; vermin of all kinds flourish and abound; but the patient believer, when once he has put on the sacred habit, is bidden by the rules of his faith to abjure the inhuman practice of insecticide. In such a motley gathering the elements of pestilence exist already, but they are fostered and increased by other unhealthy incidents of pilgrimage. The Korban Beiram, as its name implies, is a feast of sacrifice; and an older superstition perhaps than that of Mohammed still dimly survives in the yearly slaughter of innumerable victims. Their putrefied remains add to the corruption that is breeding already in the air, and make the prevalent filth and impurity still more dangerous and deadly. Of late the number of pilgrims had been believed, upon fair authority, to be on the decline; but we hear that this year the crowds amounted to at least two hundred thou-

sand. The numbers, and the calamity which befell them, may recall to the mind of scholars an ancient and time-honored Moslem superstition. When at Mecca the Imaum blesses the assembled tribes, the pious know that precisely eighty thousand believers are present; if the number were greater, God would reduce it by his power; if less, angels would flock to make up the proper congregation. This year the surplus was fatally and suddenly reduced towards the predestined average; for the cholera, in all its virulence, made its appearance in their midst. The pilgrim bands were at once decimated, and more than decimated. It is the characteristic of that awful pestilence that its seeds multiply and fructify without visible contagion; and in a few months the cholera was spreading towards Egypt, Syria, and Constantinople, and steadily moving as usual from the East upon the West.

To the French government belongs the credit of having some time since dispatched a medical commission to the East, to study the cholera in its origin, to investigate its character, and the laws that regulate its march. The information received from consular agents and from commissioners alike have led the French government to the conclusion that the Mecca pilgrimage is a species of pestilence centre. The introduction of steam navigation only makes the dangers greater than ever. During the passage through the desert, the pilgrims, at all events, were in the open air; and a tedious journey allowed sufficient time for the elements of disease which they carried with them to be dissipated or dispersed. Thousands now go and return by sea, in the most crowded and malarious of ships; and unhappily for the country for which they are bound, the voyage is soon over. That cholera is thus engendered, if not propagated, is proved by our recent experience; and the next question to consider is how Europe can meet the evil. Putting aside the obvious precaution of setting one's own house in order, there are two rival methods of grappling with the cholera. The first is the antiquated and somewhat discredited system of quarantine. Ever since its invention, subsequently to the Crusades, the system of quarantine has injured European commerce, without

securing to Europe immunity from pestilence. For a great commercial nation, with a hundred seaports, it is simply inoperative. To shut cholera out by establishing a rigid blockade is about as possible as it is to keep flies out of a garden by shutting the garden gates. The carelessness of officials, the fraud of a single captain or of a single pilot, may render every effort nugatory; and if one avenue is stopped, cholera has a habit of either going round or flying over it. The common sense of the world has come to a clear conclusion on the point. One transatlantic controversialist, in a burst of commercial enthusiasm, asserts that the providential mission of cholera is to establish the utter futility of quarantine; and careful observers, while they may hesitate to pronounce on the subject of cholera, will perhaps agree that such will at least be one of its results.

Touching Quarantine, the French have taken a strong and vigorous line. In 1851, an International Sanitary Conference was held at Paris, upon their invitation, and envoys were accredited to it from England, Russia, Spain, Austria, Italy, and Turkey. After long deliberation, the Conference agreed upon a report. A convention was drawn up, and submitted for approval by the various representatives to their Home Governments. Owing to the reluctance of one or more of the powers of the Mediterranean seaboard to indorse the opinions of their envoys, this convention fell through. Five or six years later a second Conference was again held at Paris, which was destined in its turn to prove equally abortive. The persistent energy of the French government may be explained by the extreme losses inflicted on French commerce by the system of quarantine—losses which some time since were stated to amount to the extravagant figure of one hundred millions of francs per annum. So high an estimate cannot but have been founded on considerable exaggeration. But that the annual injury is great has always been admitted, and is implied again this month in the report of M. Béhic. Quarantine being thus most noxious to commerce and innocuous to cholera, the French propose to fall back upon an alternative expedient. It is not possible, when cholera is once on its way, to ar-



rest it *en route*. Is it possible by any means to strangle it in its cradle? Can nothing be done to improve the sanitary condition of the pestilence centres of the East?

Unfortunately, the proceedings of the abortive sanitary conferences of 1851 and 1856 have never, we believe, been published in this country. Without doubt, the documents are voluminous, but they must as certainly contain much interesting matter. Lord St. Germans, in 1852, moved for the printing of some of the papers connected with the earlier Congress, but at the request of the Derby Ministry the motion was allowed to fall into abeyance. It was represented at that time that their publication would only impede the ratification of the proposed Convention by Italy and Spain. The reason—if it ever was worth anything, which we doubt—no longer exists; and a selection, at all events, from the minutes of the proceedings might be a valuable addition to the next issue of the Bluebook. If we mistake not, something like the question now raised by M. Béhic was raised, if not debated, before the first Conference. It was doubtless part of the project to substitute for the vain precautions of quarantine a stable system of sanitary supervision in the East. We should like to know whether this idea was elaborated in the discussion, or dwelt upon in the final report. The French government now recur to it again, and are anxious that quarantine, if it is not altogether to be replaced, may at all events be supplemented by some such scheme. "It is not sufficient," says M. Béhic, "to oppose to the cholera, upon each of the stages it traverses, obstacles which inflict real injury on commerce, and only offer to the public health guarantees too often powerless. It is, above all, necessary to organize at the point of departure a system of preventive measures connected with the territorial authorities by means of international arrangements." There is nothing that alarms English statesmen of the old school so thoroughly as any proposal emanating from Paris to take the affairs of the East under the international care of Europe. But this jealousy of French ambition, however instinctive, may be carried too far. It would be carried to an extreme if it

were permitted to interfere with the progress of civilization or Christianity, or with the public health of Europe. The one thing to be investigated is, whether any serious good can be achieved by European mediation or interference. The French evidently think it can, and we are far from saying that it cannot. M. Béhic limits himself to the suggestion that a thorough system of observation and surveillance should be established at Jeddah or Suez; and that the Red Sea ships which carry back pilgrims from Mecca should be jealously inspected. He thinks that, if exact reports upon cases of illness arising during the passage could be brought betimes under the notice of local sanitary authorities, the "centres of infection" might be extinguished or isolated. If this means that the system of quarantine, which the French wish to see relaxed in the West, should be made stricter in the East, we are afraid that M. Béhic proposes what is at once illogical and useless. The proper step would surely be to insist upon proper sanitary precaution on board the Red Sea vessels themselves. And after all has been done in this way, a great deal will of necessity have been left undone. The miseries of the overland caravans, the dirt and filth of the crowds at Mecca, the pestilential miasma of the offal left after the sacrifices, will still remain unremedied. Those who know the East best, will best be able to say whether the case is absolutely hopeless. It would evidently be desperate if the Mohammedan world were left to its own devices; but it is worth considering whether, under sound international arrangements which would preclude all possibility of individual encroachment or ambition, the Western powers cannot contrive anything to abate a nuisance which so intimately concerns their own welfare.

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Temple Bar.

#### STATISTICAL AVERAGES AND HUMAN ACTIONS.

Not very long ago there appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* some remarks on the morality of the doctrine of averages which are worthy of attention, as expressing the very widely-spread re-

pugnance to admitting that the doctrine of averages can legitimately, in the writer's words, "be pushed up into the moral sphere, and the freedom of man thus obliterated." A planet, he urges, in which goodness was cast up in the total from columns of averages, and wickedness reckoned simply as so much in the hundred, would be a world unhumanized altogether; and the sense of such an arrangement would effectually spoil human life and stultify morality. If Mr. J. S. Mill is right in affirming that "a mere disposition to believe, even if supposed instinctive, is no guarantee for the truth of the thing believed," neither, of course, is an *indisposition* to believe conclusive as to its falsity. Still the fact that such an apprehension exists is certainly a ground for endeavoring, if possible, to remove it; and we think that the following considerations which we offer will tend to show that it is founded on an imperfect apprehension and misconception of the true points of the case—a misconception caused, to no small extent, by a certain looseness and inaccuracy in the language of the advocates of the doctrine in question.

In the first place, then, what is this doctrine of averages, whose effects are to be so benumbing and withering on all that is best in man? We will take as its exponent the writer who has certainly done most to bring it into popular notice—Mr. Buckle. The subject is discussed by him at some length in the first chapter of his *General Introduction*, pp. 18–31; and his conclusions may be summed up as follows: Statistics show that there exists a regularity in the entire moral conduct of a given society; for, as the actions of men may be divided into good and bad, if it can be demonstrated that their bad actions vary in obedience to the changes in the surrounding society, we shall be obliged to infer that their good actions—which are, as it were, the residue of their bad ones—vary in the same manner; and shall be forced to the farther conclusion that such variations are the result of large and general causes, which, working upon the aggregate of society, must produce certain consequences, without regard to the volition of those particular men of whom the society is composed. The statistical facts put together by men,

for the most part mere government officials, with no theory to maintain and no interest in distorting the truth, make it evident that in the same state of society the same crimes will be committed in periods of equal length by *very nearly* the same number of persons, the variations being due to minor laws, which tend more or less to disturb the action of the greater law, and for which allowances must be made; just as, in applying the great principles of geometry and mechanics to actually existing bodies, we take into account differing densities and atmospheric resistance. This uniformity holds good even in such crimes as murder and suicide, which on many grounds might well be considered *primâ facie* most arbitrary, irregular, and uncontrollable, and most to depend on some capricious and personal principle peculiar to each, as free-will. On the contrary, we find that they are committed with as much regularity, and bear as uniform a relation to certain known circumstances, as do the movements of the tides and the rotation of the seasons. So that, applying to these returns the mathematical doctrine of averages, we are able to predict within a very small limit of error the number of murders, suicides, etc., for each successive period; supposing, of course, that the social circumstances do not undergo any marked change. These actions are only the product of the general condition of society; and the individual felon only carries into effect what is a necessary consequence of preceding circumstances. In a given state of society, a certain number of persons must, for instance, put an end to their own lives. This is the general law; and the special question as to who shall commit the crime depends, of course, upon special laws, which, however, in their total action must obey the large social law to which they are all subordinate. Nor is it merely the crimes of men which are marked by this uniformity of sequence. Even the number of marriages annually contracted is determined, not by the temper and wishes of individuals, but by large general facts, over which individuals can exercise no authority. The experience of a century in England has proved that this great social institution, instead of having any connection with

personal feelings, is swayed and controlled entirely by the price of bread and the rate of wages. We can even foretell, with a very near approach to accuracy, the number of persons for each successive period who will post their letters having forgotten to direct them. The actions of men, then, both good and bad, are the result, not so much of anything special in individuals as of the state of society into which they have been thrown; they are the product, not of their volitions, but of their antecedents; and therefore, if the antecedents are known, or so far as they are known, can be predicted beforehand.

Against this doctrine, and the consequences which seem to him to follow from it, the writer in the *Cornhill* protests indignantly, as monstrous and intolerable. Are we to be told, he asks, that as the quantity of good actions which a given state of society can produce is calculable—being simply the residue of the whole of its actions, after the bad, which have been ascertained beforehand, or very nearly so, have been subtracted—that any man, or number of men, may be forced to do evil because the amount of goodness has been exhausted? Is a man to feel that if the unit which represents himself be added to the divisor, it will make it too large for the dividend? His place must be with the goats, not for any fault of his own, but because there are already as many sheep as have been provided for, and he comes too late. And so we are to sit down contented, believing “that we love and are loved by averages, and that there is a definite arithmetic of jiltings and divorces; that men hang themselves and women drown, according to a calculable expectation; that murders, burglaries, and embezzlements are statistically preordained—even your pocket picked numerically: in a word, that we love as partners in a percentage; marry Bella Donna really and truly as 8·7 in the 1000; are divorced per ratio; and are hanged or commit suicide to keep up the fixed proportions.” “Three in the thousand must commit burglary this year; but it is so far uncertain, that it may be I or you which is included.” This conception, he holds, robs love of its bloom, by teaching us that we can only look for it in a percentage degree; de-

grades us from human beings to decimal fractions, and brings the human heart to a standstill. But he thinks that he sees his way to a door of escape, and that after all it will be found on examination that these enthusiasts, led away by their zeal for statistics, have been applying logic to a matter outside the limits of proof. He argues thus:

Statisticians assert that men's actions obey large general causes, and are the product of their antecedents, not of their individual volitions. In proof, they adduce the periodic uniformity of certain acts—murders, suicides, marriages, etc.—which before were considered solely dependent on the wills of individuals. The point to be kept in view is the connection of the acts cited with the human will. Does the fact that the number of murders or suicides varies very little from year to year prove uniformity in the moral and mental processes which lead up to those acts? No; because it is certain that each year many of these deeds are planned and meditated—are complete *quoad* the will—which yet fail of being executed through want of opportunity. Statisticians, to prove uniformity in the will, should complete their case by giving us the impossible return of unfulfilled intentions. The number of persons who have intended to kill, and have done so, may be tolerably uniform; but they are only a part of the whole number guilty of murder, in so far as the mind has to do with it; and the other part—those who have had the will and intention to murder, but not the opportunity—may, for anything we know, or can know, vary indefinitely. Again, take the case of marriages. Does the fact of people not marrying when their incomes would not be sufficient to live upon legitimately lead to the conclusion that these unions are determined, not by the temper and wishes of individuals, but by large general facts over which individuals can exercise no control? Does it not rather point to the existence of a power of self-control enabling them to postpone marriages against their inclination? So far from proving the will powerless, does it not rather show its power? And so he concludes that as the will has a sphere of its own, in which it is eminently operative, though its workings are not re-

ported in the world of outer occurrences, statistics of events have no assignable relation to such workings, and that consequently any quantity of reasoning founded on the assumption that they have is argument merely wasted.

Let us see what this argument is worth. We must remark, in passing, that the writer in the *Cornhill* uses the term "will" in a very loose and indefinite manner; sometimes enlarging it, sometimes restricting it, contrary, as we trust we shall be able to show, to its legitimate meaning. But he is not the only offender in this way; and the point will be more conveniently treated of hereafter. It is the aim, he says, of statisticians to prove a periodic uniformity in the operations of the will. Not at all, we answer, except *as an inference*. All that they aim, or can aim, at showing by their tables is a regularity in men's *actions*, and by consequence in such of their thoughts and emotions, of which their actions are the result. They cannot dream of proving anything about that which it is simply impossible to know—unfulfilled intentions, unspoken thoughts. It certainly seems probable that if a large part of the thoughts and emotions which go to make up our conscious life are found to obey the influence of large general laws, the same holds good of the residue. It is, after all, not of much consequence to the argument, since as men's *actions* are the only things which are politically and socially of importance, the admission of the doctrine of averages as applicable to them would let in on the world all the dire results apprehended. The writer himself admits, that "in matters of committed crime and in certain classes of social acts," such as insurance against shipwreck, fire, and dishonest agents, "this uniformity holds good; and it is very valuable to know it." But these are practical and minor matters, which do not touch us spiritually. What he contends against is allowing the doctrine "to be pushed up into the moral sphere." But for speculative thinkers, the question is, Do the facts lead to such or such a conclusion?—not, What will follow if I admit it? The wills of human beings—sailors, warehousemen, servants, etc.—play an important part in bringing about such events as fires and ship-

wrecks, which the writer admits to be subject to the law of averages; and this admission involves an acknowledgment that *some* of the operations of the will are sufficiently uniform to be calculable beforehand. But if some, why not all? How draw the line between those which are, and those which are not? It is no doubt a very different thing to tell a man that as a certain number of houses will be burnt down next year, his may chance to be one, and he had better provide against the contingency, and to tell him that as next year there will be a certain amount of connubial unpleasantness, if the wife of his bosom is peevish, or sulky, or runs away with Captain de Boots, she, poor thing, is not to blame, but is only obeying the mandates of a general law which overrides individual volitions. In the one case his affections are concerned, in the other they are not; but we cannot see that this has any bearing on the argument. We conclude then, that for anything the writer in the *Cornhill* has shown to the contrary, the doctrine of averages does hold good in human affairs, and that he is unable to point out a way of escape from the dangers he so vividly depicts.

But are the dangers *real*? In the simple *facts* is there anything to excite our fears? Are our apprehensions caused by anything but mere *abstractions* spun out of our own brain? We believe they are not. If we look at the facts themselves, we think we shall see in them a

"Thing quite in course, and not at all alarming."

At any rate the yoke cannot be very galling, for we have gone on under it now some thousands of years, and never suspected until lately that we were working in chains.

We believe that here, as in many other cases, our difficulties are really due to the employment of certain terms, which by long use have acquired a prescriptive right to represent the facts, and do so very imperfectly. It is now of course vain to regret that the word "law" was ever imported into science; but it has undoubtedly brought with it associations which have no place in its new sphere, and are prone to give rise to great misconception. A law in its primary sense of



a legislative enactment implies for those to whom it extends a restriction of their freedom of action, and the existence somewhere or other of a power which shall compel them to act, or abstain from acting, in a certain way. Now neither of these elements enters into the scientific sense of the word. By a Law of Nature, a Law of Mind, or a Social Law, all that is meant is an *observed uniformity of succession or coëxistence between two phenomena*. When we combine oxygen and hydrogen in certain proportions, then always, and under all circumstances, they disappear, and a third substance, water, comes in their place. We are accustomed to express this relation of invariable and unconditional antecedence and sequence between the two phenomena by saying that the one is the *cause* and the other the *effect*; or that it is a law of nature that the one should produce the other. There is no objection to doing so; indeed, for many reasons it is very convenient; but it should ever be borne in mind that our knowledge is not thereby advanced one single step. This fact, that when the one precedes, the other always and under all circumstances follows, is really all we know, or can know, about the matter. People perhaps generally fancy that in speaking of cause and effect they mean something more than this antecedence and sequence; but we think, on examination they must allow that there is nothing more in it. The two things always *do* come together—that is all we know; if the *why* and the *how* be pressed far enough, the ultimate answer must always be, *I cannot tell*. But the fact of this uniformity between two phenomena having been observed, leads in our minds to an expectation, more or less proportionate to the number of observed cases, that it will continue; the varying strength of which expectation is expressed by the terms *certainty*, *probability*, *possibility*. And as there is a tendency in the mind to consider that there is something in external things as it were the counterpart of the impressions we derive from them—as we speak of fire as hot, because from it we get the sensation of heat, or of snow as white, because it gives us the sensation of whiteness, so we speak of the *certainty* of events when we entertain no doubts whatever

about them. The term is transferred from the observing mind to the things observed. The word law, in its scientific sense, is a way of expressing this confident expectation of our minds, and that is all. Müller was hanged for the murder of Mr. Briggs *because* it is a law that every murderer should die: the law here is the cause of the facts; but oxygen and hydrogen do not produce water *because* it is a law of nature that they should do so. On the contrary, our saying that it is a law of nature that they should do so is only a way of expressing the fact that they invariably do. All these terms which at first sight seem to tell us something about external things, in reality do nothing of the kind, but simply express our feelings with regard to them; by which feelings they of course are wholly uninfluenced.

Starting, then, with this conception of a scientific law, let us examine the meaning of Mr. Buckle's assertion that "it is a general law that in a certain state of society a certain number of persons must," for instance, "put an end to their own lives." It is a law, we will say, that in the present state of society the average number of suicides within the bills of mortality is 250. This simply expresses what, in the expectation of on-lookers, will be about the number for 1866—the number which, if they had to *act* on their anticipations (as many persons, for instance insurance companies, have), they would select as a basis for action. They have compared the returns of persons who have made away with themselves for the last ten years, and have found that, taking one year with another, 250 is the average. They are aware of no striking change either in the nature of man or in the state of things into which he is born. They find everywhere that similar causes produce similar effects. But this expectation, however confident, will not have the slightest influence in bringing about the suicide of one single individual. If their expectation is verified, or so far as it is verified, by the result, it will show that they have estimated the *general* force of the motives which, in a certain state of society, impel to suicide correctly, that there is a *uniformity*, a law, between the state of society and the number of suicides; but it is these motives

themselves which operate in each individual case, not the opinion of their efficiency entertained by spectators. Just as Gladiateur did not win the last St. Leger because he was the favorite in the betting, he was the winner because that estimate of his speed and endurance which caused the odds against him to be only two to one, was well founded.

But it may be said, granted that it is a somewhat loose metaphor to say that it is a general law that in a certain state of society a certain number of murders and suicides *must* be committed annually, yet if we are to hold that men's actions follow from their antecedents with as much regularity as the movements of the tides or the rotation of the seasons, how does the admission help us? Is Mr. Buckle right in his assertion that the actions of men are determined, not by their volitions, but by their antecedents? We should answer that his *meaning* was no doubt right, but that he was unfortunate in his choice of language. Men's actions are determined by their *volitions*, if you choose to employ the term—by their *desires*, as we should prefer to put it; but these volitions or desires are themselves determined by their antecedents. But if, it may be again urged, general causes are allowed to act in the moral sphere, and men's actions are calculable beforehand, so that we are justified in entertaining a feeling of certainty as to what they will be, what becomes of the freedom of the will? Man is no longer "man, and master of his fate," but the creature of circumstances. Now we must confess that we do not feel the doom to which any speculations may consign the will and its freedom a matter of much concern. This same "will," in the sense of an independent faculty essentially distinct from desire, we are inclined to regard as an *ignis fatuus*—a metaphysical "Mrs. Harris." To *prove* this position would require a treatise, and not the fag-end of an article; and we must content ourselves with stating our meaning very roughly and briefly, referring those who have not read it to Mr. Alexander Bain's admirable work on *The Emotions and the Will*, where the subject is treated exhaustively. If the *facts* are looked at, we think it will be found on the last analysis that a man always acts from a

desire to acquire some good which he has not, or to retain some good which he has; or if he abstains from acting altogether, it is from a desire for the continuance of the state in which he is. These desires are of course practically infinite in number, since there is absolutely nothing which may not be desired, either as good in itself, or at least as a means to some higher good. They differ as the objects desired differ: they differ in intensity, in permanence, and otherwise. The desire to scratch one's head is certainly very different from the desire to be prime minister, to marry a particular woman, to go to Rome, etc. The man who desires to scratch his head can, supposing his arm not to be paralyzed, accomplish his desire at once—it is gratified as soon as formed; but the man who desires to be prime minister knows that he is desiring a distant good which can only be attained by toil and effort—by desiring many other things as means to his end. Still both emotions are of the same *kind*; the essential feature of each is a craving—an outgoing of the mind to something beyond. This holds even when a man desires simply the continuance of his present state, and so abstains from action. The after-dinner smoker in a luxurious easy-chair is a being who can foresee. He looks into the futurity of the next minute, sees himself existing then, and wishes that he may exist under the same conditions as those in which he at present finds himself. As his wishes will be best fulfilled by his not moving a muscle, of course he is motionless. The word *volition* is generally used to express those desires—such as to stand up, to sit down, to move the arm, and so on—whose execution is altogether within our own control, and which are accomplished so easily and instantaneously, that the mind takes no notice of them; while by *desires* we mean such as are of a more constant and permanent character. Whenever we can at once do what we desire, we are said to do it by an act of the will; whenever its accomplishment is delayed, we are said to desire it. But this distinction, however convenient, is, after all, arbitrary, and does not represent any essential difference in the facts. So by a person of strong will we shall find is generally meant one who seeks to exercise over all persons and

things that come in his way the same sort of quick and supreme control that he has over his own members. It has been observed above that the writer in the *Cornhill* uses the term "will" with much looseness of signification. He seems to mean by it a settled purpose, adopted after mature deliberation and weighing of consequences. But this is to confound will and reason. The reason will show that all objects of good are not attainable together—that some must be sacrificed to others; but the desires or wishes or volitions have nothing to do with the process. He considers that if a man, for instance, abstains from marriage contrary to his inclinations, he does so by an effort of the will. Of course he does; and if he married or cut the lady's throat, he would equally do it by an effort of the will—meaning thereby that last stage of desire of which, through the influence of the mind on the nerves, and through them on the muscles, action is the result. We should express the phenomenon in question thus: The man desires to marry, and at the same time desires not to starve. His reason tells him he cannot do both, and the latter desire triumphs. He does not cease to desire to marry, but he ceases to seek to gratify his desire until such time as it can be gratified without detriment to his stronger permanent desire to retain life.

We must crave our readers' indulgence for thus hurrying them over one of the recognized rough places of philosophy. We are quite conscious that every assertion we have made is a subject of dispute; but we still believe that if the facts are looked at free from the influence of preconceived theories, the outline we have attempted will be found, however inadequate, accurate as far as it goes.

We trust we have now, to some extent, cleared the way to a due apprehension of the state of the case. Men's actions are determined by motives; and these motives may ultimately be resolved into their desires to gain what is conceived of as good, and to avoid what is conceived of as evil. One man differs so much from another; the same man at one time differs so much from what he is at another, that it is often very difficult to estimate accurately the precise force which at a given time a given mo-

tive will have on a given man; but the uncertainty as to his conduct which we in consequence experience arises altogether from the imperfection of our knowledge, and not from any want of uniformity between the two phenomena—the influencing motive, and the man subjected to its influence. In so far as we know them we approximate to certainty; did we know them perfectly, our certainty would be absolute. In point of fact, we all of us every day of our lives do confidently anticipate men's actions, and act on our anticipations. How could we walk through the streets of London without anxious fears for the safety of our throats or purses, did we not feel assured that the various motives which tend to hold society together would continue to operate? A man's intimate friends often feel as confident of his conduct in certain circumstances as they do that a stone, when let fall from the hand, will sink to the ground, and not fall away into space. A man, we will say, of ample means and good health goes into Parliament. He is a ready and eloquent speaker, and has won the ear of the House. He has worked hard on committees, and shown great capacity for business. He enjoys the confidence of the party with which he has allied himself, and is on all sides looked on—and does not discourage the idea—as a man who will some day be in office. His domestic relations are happy; and his family and friends take the warmest interest in his success, and encourage him to regard public life as his fitting career. Under these circumstances a change of ministry takes place, and his party comes into power. The new premier at once, with the most flattering marks of regard and consideration, offers him the seals of secretary of state. Of course, as far as freedom from external compulsion goes, he might answer "No;" but would any mortal who knew all the circumstances we have been detailing experience the slightest uncertainty that his answer would be "Yes"? Would not his certainty be just the same in kind, though perhaps somewhat less in degree, as that with which he looks forward to darkness succeeding light, and the days at Christmas being shorter than at midsummer? If there was a *scintilla* of uncertainty—there could be

no more—it would be owing to the conviction that man's nature is so complex, that there is so much in each of us hidden from our dearest friends, unsuspected even by ourselves, that there *might* be in some unexplored corner of the man's mind some quality, some twist of nature, which might then suddenly reveal itself, and cause him to act contrary to the tenor of his whole life and character. And in the same way it is not *impossible* that some cause whose existence has hitherto utterly escaped us will to-morrow manifest itself, and prevent the light of the sun from reaching the earth. We can feel the same certainty with regard to masses of men, though we know nothing of the individuals composing them, because we do know that the excesses and defects will pretty well balance each other, and the mean, the average human nature, determine the result.

To conclude. The actions of each individual are determined *solely* by his own notions of what is and is not desirable: but as on examination we find that for twenty years past pretty nearly the same number of people have entertained the same notions on the subject in each year, and as the circumstances are unchanged, we infer that next year the number will not greatly vary. It is not a mere guess, it is a well-grounded opinion, that the influences which make of men saints or sinners, philosophers or fools, will next year be equally operative as in this. That is all. Like M. Jourdain, who had been talking prose all his life without knowing it, all men have in some rough way been "averagarians" in their dealings with their fellows every hour of their lives. We are now reducing our instinctive practice to a system, and finding for it a scientific basis; but for any reason that we can see, the human heart is not therefore called on to cease its beatings. As for the injurious effects of the doctrine on religion and morality, when the man is found who commits a murder *in order* to keep the ratio up to the mark, it will then be time to speak of them. We feel quite sure that *that* man's doom will be Bedlam, and not the gallows. Indeed, if men would only say to themselves, "I find that those who have made it their study say that they have good grounds for believing that next year there will be so

many spendthrifts or profligates—I had better take care then that I am not a 'frightful example;'" there would soon be such a change in the condition of society as would very sensibly lower the average of crime. We look on statistical averages as capable of teaching us much of man and society; but each man stands or falls quite independently of the opinion of his probable fate entertained by others.

#### The Leisure Hour.

#### A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

AMONG the years of the eighteenth century the year 1765 was by no means a remarkable one, but, looking at it as the measuring point from which the world has now advanced exactly a hundred years, we shall find it an interesting task to inquire into the state of society, and the various groups of actors who performed their parts in the days of our great-grandfathers; to do so fully might occupy volumes, but even a slight and imperfect sketch may suggest many thoughts.

It is not our design to look upon 1765 merely as a time when there were no steamers, railways, telegraphs, photographs, Armstrong guns, penny postage, and a thousand other inventions; modern science is only too ready to boast of all that it has done to improve the world. Let us look at what they had, as well as at what they had not, a hundred years ago. Glancing, in the first place, at the political aspect of England, we find that in 1765 George III. was in the fifth year of his reign and the twenty-eighth of his age. Two subjects agitated Parliament, and finally overthrew the Grenville ministry, which was succeeded by that of Lord Rockingham: the one, now long forgotten, was the question of the Regency; the other—not at that time thought more important—was the attempted introduction of the Stamp Act into the American colonies, the small end of a wedge the effects of which America is to this day experiencing for good or for evil. The great Chatham, then William Pitt, detected the danger, "the little rift within the lute." He rose from a sick bed to make his powerful voice heard for the last time as a com.



moner in favor of repealing the hated tax; and it was remarked that on the same occasion the House for the first time heard the eloquent young Irishman, Edmund Burke. One small circumstance is mentioned casually this year with regard to America, which has a curious interest in our own day—it is the notice of an order by his Majesty's government to divide the colonies into a northern and southern district, the boundary to be the river Potomac, and a line drawn westward from it. The king lost an able supporter this year in his uncle the Duke of Cumberland, who seems to have been as much loved and lamented in England as he was hated, from the remembrance of Culloden, in Scotland. How different is the union of feeling now between the countries!

In 1765 there were no wars and no conquests by England, except the steady, onward march of the Honorable Company in India, which advanced in this season the length of Allahabad and Benares. Clive was then on his six months' voyage out to Calcutta, rich in the laurels already won; Hastings was not yet renowned.

A small acquisition was made very near our own shores; for, in 1765, the Isle of Man was purchased for the Crown from its King, the Duke of Athol, and great efforts were made to educate the natives, by printing books in the Manx language, then spoken by about twenty thousand of them, now almost obsolete. We wonder if Gaelic and Irish will be as little known a century hence?

A brilliant host of literati were at this time gathered in London round their autocrat, Johnson. Among these the names of Goldsmith, Burke, Boswell, and the great artist Reynolds, are still well known, while those of many other members of "The Club," equally or even more highly rated at that day, are utterly forgotten now. Gibbon was not then known either as a historian or as an assailant of Christianity; Hume, however, had launched his first attacks, and found but too many admirers in a time when faith was dim and love was cold in England. Still, we may be thankful to this day that our country possessed such a man at the head of literature as the truly wise and pious Johnson, instead of a wicked wit like Voltaire, whose

evil genius was "sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind" at a future time in infidel France.

We can only name a few of the other distinguished men then alive and known as authors in England. There was Gray of "The Elegy;" Young of *Night Thoughts*, who died in 1765; Akenside, Lyttelton, and Langhorne; Hannah More, whose sacred dramas were at that time greatly admired; Adam Smith, Robertson, and Beatty in Scotland; Churchill, once extremely popular, but now very little read or valued; the polished Chesterfield, Sterne, Garrick, Horace Walpole, Chatterton, and Ossian M'Pherson. But of all the minds of that day, the very noblest, perhaps, was then shrouded in dark eclipse; and little did his fashionable relations think that the time would come when not one of them would be remembered except as having been connected with the crazed and wayward man in Dr. Cotton's private asylum at St. Alban's, afterwards to be known forever in English literature as the author of "The Task"—William Cowper.

Let us now take a glance at certain nurseries in England, watched over by tender mothers; there was one at Hayes, where a pale and precocious little boy of six years old amazed his father with his wise words, and was destined to eclipse even that father's fame, as the second and greatest William Pitt! Another little "Billy" of six years old was growing up at Hull, to be the deliverer of thousands yet unborn—William Wilberforce. A gallant boy of seven was playing in the garden of the pretty rural parsonage of Burnham Thorpe, in Norfolk, England's future hero, the great Nelson; and far away, in Scotland, by a lowly cottage door, at Alloway, in Ayrshire, a merry bright-eyed six years' old herd-boy was running wild with his bare-footed brothers and sisters, who was hereafter to make the name of Robert Burns the delight of his native country. Who can say what children of promise the nurseries and careful mothers of 1865 may be rearing for the world? We find in this thought a new application of the solemn words, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones."

Turning to a very different side of the picture, we find that there was yet

another world of life in 1765, as there is in 1865, of which the philosophic, literary, and political world knew nothing; and, if we are to judge of it by the records of punishment in those days, it will appear black indeed. Even if we take into account the severity of the laws as a reason for the number of capital punishments, there remains enough in the records of bold crime to show that it was rampant a hundred years ago. Highwaymen by land and wreckers on shore made travelling dangerous; "kidnappers" and "crimps" exercised in English and Scotch seaports the same iniquities which men-stealers practiced on the African coast; smuggling was prevalent, and led to much iniquity; while the profligate example of too many in the higher ranks of life was copied in a coarser form by those below them. Many trustworthy accounts show that there was a fearful amount of heathen ignorance among the poor, especially in rural districts, while the clergy were, for the greater part, cold and indifferent. The Church had lost her "first love," and no longer preached the doctrine of the Cross as the remedy for the ruin of the Fall with the zeal of earlier days; she sought to reform men's manners, but the evil had a deeper root, and it was well discerned by such a man of God as Venn, who says in one of his letters, dated 1760: "The crying abomination of our age is contempt of Christ. In proof of this you may hear sermons and religious books much extolled, where there is not so much as any mention of the Prince of Peace, in whom God was manifest to reconcile the world unto himself."

To remedy such a state God, in his mercy to our country, raised up a number of men who counted it their highest honor and their noblest work to win souls from the kingdom of Satan into the glorious kingdom of Christ. In our own day we may thank God that such has been the progress of truth, that it is not possible for us to count or name those who labor in his service, preaching faithfully the doctrine of salvation through the atonement of Christ alone. At that time each man who thus preached was a marked man—marked on earth, but "written in heaven" also, where

those who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

Whitefield and Wesley are, perhaps, the most distinguished among these, both for the wonderful effects of their eloquence in arousing the masses to care for their own souls, and for the amount of opposition and obloquy which they incurred. In the Church of England the same great truths were faithfully preached by Newton, Henry Venn, Ber-ridge, Hervey, Fletcher, Walker, and others; while Charles Wesley and Toplady gave us a rich treasure of hymns more prized now than ever. These men "rest from their labors, and their works do follow them;" they are now in a state where they know full well that their hopes were not vain, nor their earnest labors in saving souls a mere empty pursuit. The world knew them not—but the world makes many mistakes; even in her own matters the story of a hundred years shows us how often she has mistaken the great for the small, the temporary for the enduring. But the greatest mistake of all is one into which the world in her wisdom falls as readily now as ever she did—that of despising, forgetting, ignoring a great eternity! My dear reader, if you have hitherto done so, let me ask you to think how it will be with you when you look back in 1965 from a state forever fixed upon all that interests you now, and say, "I might have sought and found a Saviour a hundred years ago!"

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#### WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, M. P.

AMONG the leading influential statesmen of England at the present time is the Right Honorable WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE. His career since he entered the English Parliament, thirty-four years ago, has been successful and brilliant. His position and influence in the government of England has been eminent. He is still a rising man. On the recent death of Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone was nearly becoming his successor in that high and responsible office. Probably his turn will soon come. An accurate portrait of this distinguished statesman will be found at the head of this number of *THE ECLECTIC*, which

we hope will please our readers. A brief biographical sketch will add interest to the portrait.

Mr. Gladstone is the fourth son of the late Sir John Gladstone, Bart., an eminent merchant of Liverpool, by a daughter of the late Provost Robertson of Dingwall, N. B. He was born at Liverpool in 1809, and received his early education at Eton, and afterwards at Christchurch, Oxford, of which he was elected a student in 1829, and where he graduated as a double first-class in 1831. Having spent several months in a tour through a great portion of the continent, he was elected member of Parliament for Newark, in the Conservative interest, in December, 1832, through the influence of the late Duke of Newcastle, just at the time when the struggle of parties was past its height. His mercantile origin, the success of his university career, and his habits of business, in which he strongly resembled the late Sir Robert Peel, all joined to recommend him to the notice of that statesman, who, on taking office in December, 1834, appointed Mr. Gladstone a Lord of the Treasury; and in February, 1835, Under Secretary for colonial affairs. Mr. Gladstone retired from office, together with his leader, in the following April, and remained in opposition till Sir Robert Peel's return to power in September, 1841, when he was sworn a member of the Privy Council, and appointed Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and Master of the Mint. In this position it was his duty to explain and defend in Parliament the commercial policy of the government, in which his mercantile origin and connection proved of great service. The revision of the British tariff, in 1842, was almost entirely his work. When brought before the House of Commons, this laborious work was found to be as admirably executed in its details as it was complete in its mastery of principles; and it received the sanction of both houses with scarcely an alteration. In May, 1843, he succeeded Lord Ripon as President of the Board of Trade, but resigned office early in 1845. In January, 1846, Sir Robert Peel announced his intention of proposing a modification of the existing corn laws. Mr. Gladstone, who had recently succeeded Lord Stanley in the

post of Secretary of State for the Colonies, adhered to his leader, but, being unwilling to remain under obligations to the Duke of Newcastle, he resigned his seat for Newark, and remained out of Parliament for several months. At the general election of 1847, however, he was chosen as representative of the University of Oxford. In this Parliament the questions of university reform and the repeal of the last remaining Jewish disabilities were frequently agitated. Mr. Gladstone consequently found himself frequently opposed to his own friends, and finally separated himself from the rest of the Conservative party, by refusing to take office under the Earl of Derby in February, 1852. In the July of that year he was again returned for the University of Oxford, and in the following November it was mainly in consequence of his able speech upon Mr. Disraeli's budget that the Derby ministry were thrown out of office. On the accession of Lord Aberdeen to power, Mr. Gladstone was appointed to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, in which office the thorough knowledge of finance which he had acquired in early life proved again of the greatest assistance.

In his private capacity Mr. Gladstone has always been highly esteemed, and his name is not unknown to fame as an author. His treatise, entitled *The State Considered in its Relations with the Church*, published in 1840, and his *Church Principles Considered in their Results*, in 1841, each in one volume 8vo, stamped him, while still a young man, as a deep and original thinker. His views, we need hardly say, as unfolded in those books, had been formed by the education and associations of Oxford, to which University they are dedicated. They were thought worthy of discussion at the time by Mr. Macaulay in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*. In the fifteen years which have elapsed since he published those works, his religious views have, however, undergone a considerable modification; and they are now far less theoretic, and more in harmony with the existing condition of things both in Church and State.

His *Remarks on Recent Commercial Legislation*, published in 1845, gave an able and elaborate detail of the beneficial

working of the tariff of 1842, and were intended to pave the way for the great modification of the then existing system of commercial restriction, which was carried into effect in the following year. In 1851 Mr. Gladstone gave to the world a work which created considerable interest both in England and upon the continent. In 1850, during a sojourn at Naples, he found a very large number of Neapolitans, who had constituted the opposition in the Chamber of Deputies, either imprisoned or exiled by King Ferdinand, and also discovered that from 20,000 to 30,000 other Neapolitan subjects had been thrown into prison on the charge of political disaffection. Mr. Gladstone having ascertained the truth of the facts, wrote a letter to the Earl of Aberdeen, urging his interposition on their behalf; and on Lord Aberdeen's remonstrances proving ineffectual, he published an indignant letter on the Neapolitan victims, which was translated into several languages, and transmitted by Lord Palmerston to all the

ambassadors on the continent, to be forwarded by them to their respective Courts. The result was, that some relaxation of their sentence was granted to the unhappy inmates of the Neapolitan prisons.

From his first entrance into the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone's reputation has always stood high as a Parliamentary orator. His voice is clear and musical, his command of language perfect, his expression ready and fluent; and there is a stateliness and finish in the flow of his periods which is seldom met with in the present day. Whatever question is before him, he is sure to take it out of the beaten path of debate, to present it in some new and unexpected light, and to invest it with classic and historical allusions.

In 1839 he married Catharine, daughter of the late and sister of the present Sir Stephen Richard Glynne, Bart., of Harwarden Castle, by whom he has a youthful family.

## POETRY.

### THE BIRTH OF THE SNOWDROP.

WINTER, now hasting to possess for bride  
The Earth, left widowed by bright Summer,  
dead,  
Bestows on her snow-robos of whitest pride,  
Replacing weeds of Autumn, withered;  
Thus, through his bounty, being newly dressed,  
That she may shine, his bride indeed confessed.

Now will she wail not for her former spouse,  
Nor more compare his sunlit smile most sweet  
With the dark gloom o'erspreading Winter's  
brows,

His breath of coldness and his robes of sleet,  
Whiles he, as jealous of the dead's past mirth,  
Lays his effacing garb upon the Earth.

The sedge-bound brook that, in the summer  
days,  
Babbling and sparkling, surged an am'rous  
song,

Winter has prisoned with an ice-cold gaze,  
And silently he creeps his banks along;  
Condemned to muteness, sullenly doth roll,  
And in sad silence vexes out his soul.

The skies above, beholding, frown to gray;  
Not such their aspect when, in summer's time,

They through the drift-clouds smile on swelt'ring  
day,  
And with him joyed in the year's gladdening  
prime;  
How can they smile upon a waste of snow,  
To whom his flower-starred robe did Summer  
show?

Now Winter freezes mute the southern wind,  
Which the sped ghost of Summer did confide  
With messages to Earth most dear and kind;  
For such churl Winter deems his love deride,  
As, e'en in death, more tenderly they show  
Than aught he, living, can on her bestow.

The swallow, who was once the Summer's guest,  
And comforted 'rest Earth in her first grief,  
Would stay not at rough Winter's curt behest—  
But fled ere, withered, fell the fading leaf;  
So can he twitter praise not of the dead,  
Which to another world he followed.

The rose, fair daughter of their early loves,  
Inclined her head her sire's sad death to mourn;  
Soon did she, too, forsake the joy-stripp'd groves,  
And left her mother weeping all alone:  
Then 'twas that Winter first did see her face,  
And soon desired her wholly to embrace.



Upon their nuptials smiled no cheering sun,  
For he on Summer's beauty doth attend,  
When far beyond our longing sight he's gone,  
And to an unknown world his grace doth lend;  
His latest rays of glory paled and died  
That day when Winter took his widow bride.

But yet, deep in her inmost secret breast  
The Earth doth hide one proof of Summer's  
love,  
Which presently will thence shoot forth confessed,  
When that his grip fierce Winter doth remove;  
Poor offspring of the love that's dead and gone,  
And token of the past that glorious shone.

Thus 'tis we hail (when first her pure form's sheen  
Above the desolate Earth's sad breast we view)  
The modest Snow-drop, for in her is seen  
The Summer's smile, though eke the Winter's  
hue;  
A legacy of love, as promise given  
Of a new Summer's birth by bounteous Heaven.  
M. S. MOSELY.

—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

#### WINTER WOOING.

##### I.

Downs through the wintry woodlands,  
As to the mere we go,  
Red berries we see of the holly-tree,  
And pearls of the mistletoe;  
And the ice is smooth for the skaters,  
For the winds have swept the snow;  
And a maiden divine o'er the hyaline  
Flies fast, with cheeks aglow—  
Like a marvellous bird, whose plumage gay glit-  
ters in Eastern skies:  
Oh, to follow her swift upon keel of steel and woo  
her as she flies!

##### II.

Bright hair and gay apparel  
Streams back, as she meets the breeze;  
And away she has shot, like a fairy yacht  
On the blue soft Solent seas:  
For the keen North-wind's her wooer;  
But she, with dainty ease,  
From his rough grasp slips ere her waist he  
clips  
With an arm that to bind must freeze.  
There's a laugh on the daring darling's lip, and  
joy in her bright brown eyes:  
Oh, to follow her swift upon keel of steel, and woo  
her as she flies!

MORTIMER COLLINS.

—*Temple Bar.*

#### NOT ALONE.

##### I.

Open the window, darling.  
Long has the sun been high,  
And the skylark sings upon quivering wings  
Far in the bright blue sky.  
Strange and deep is the joy of sleep  
When the cares of day are flown,  
When we wholly forget its fever and fret—  
Not alone, ah, not alone.

##### II.

Open the window, darling.  
Sweet is the breath of day;  
Though nought can eclipse thy ruddy young  
lips,  
No sweeter in truth are they.  
Golden bright is the sun's broad light—  
Let us wander forth, my own;  
Let me lie on the turf by the cool white  
surf—  
Not alone, ah, not alone.  
—*Dublin University Magazine.*

#### "MAIDEN MEDITATION."

By what name in cherished legend,  
Lingering graceful on the tongue,  
Dear to poet's deathless fancy,  
Hath a maid like thee been sung?  
Wert thou, many-beantied model,  
Faithful Enid or Elaine,  
Stedfast Custance, meek Griselda,  
Or pure Una of the plain?

Didst thou, matching it in sweetness,  
Bear the name of Rosalind?  
Wert thou Juliet or Miranda;  
Or Castara or Lucind?  
Wert thou the soul-bride of Dante—  
The half-goddess Florentine?  
Or that earthlier fair of Florence,  
Sidney's "heavenly" Geraldine?

Virtue hath no fitter symbol,  
Innocence no purer shrine,  
Love no more unselfish temple  
Than that vestal form of thine.  
Beauty waited to be perfect,  
Till, with gracious dignity,  
Bridegroom Thought with Feeling wedded  
At the altar of thine eye.

Dost thou now recall the Spring-time  
When the sun first ruled the cloud,  
And Earth, from her death-sleep waking,  
Put on flowers, and cast her shroud?  
Then thy bright hair's golden glory  
Was to me a maze of light;  
Was thy smile my bow of promise,  
And the pole-star of my night.

Art thou musing on the Summer,  
When the year had reached its prime;  
When an Eden spirit tended  
All things in an Eden clime?  
Then thy glees first veiled with blushes,  
Then thy soul first spake in song;  
And the warmth of covert glances  
Loosed my scarcely-venturing tongue.

Dost thou think upon the Autumn,  
When fruition crowned the year;  
When the garner, stored with plenty,  
Still left plenty everywhere?  
Nature then, relieved from labor,  
Halted for her well-won rest;  
And thy short-delaying fondness  
Calmed the tumult of my breast.

Fear not now the harsh November,  
 Dealing death at every pace;  
 Be it mine that not too roughly  
 Shall its winds assail thy face!  
 O, my dearest hope in Spring-time!  
 O, my fondest Summer pride,  
 O, my all, betrothed in Autumn,  
 Ere the Winter, be my bride!—A. H. G.  
 —London Society.

## TO GERTRUDE.

'Twas eve; the sunset, lovely and serene,  
 Bathed all the fair cloud islands of the west  
 With such pure golden light, they well might seem  
 The radiant gardens of the bright and blest.

I stood alone upon that silent shore,  
 The wide Atlantic lay at rest before me;  
 But rest my troubled spirit knew no more,  
 Amidst the racking fears and doubts that tore  
 me.

The waves' soft murmurs seem'd to whisper  
 "peace,"

Yet turned the sound to dirges in mine ear;  
 My whole soul panted for a swift release  
 From dread suspense—worst of all ills we fear.

Thy missive came; I read, and knew that Fate  
 Had bid me give sweet Hope a long farewell;  
 I would not—if I could—the rest relate:  
 The anguish of that hour what words could  
 tell?

The sun sank fast behind the glowing main;  
 Through dim eyes watching all the glory fade,  
 I wished it never more might rise again,  
 To mock the darkness which thy hand had  
 made.

But now all that is past; such thoughts belong  
 To weakness—and new strength has come to me  
 To work—to live for others—to be strong—  
 This have I learn'd from love, and grief, and  
 thee. T. R.

—London Society.

## BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

*Life and Letters of Frederick W. Robertson, M.A.* Edited by STORFORD A. BROOKE, M.A. 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865. These volumes contain the record of a short but noble career of ministerial service. Originally destined for the army, Mr. Robertson entered the church, and in his ministry of six years at Trinity Chapel, Brighton, made an ineffaceable impression by his eloquence, his earnestness, the singular purity of his life, and his devotion to the elevation especially of the laboring classes. He united a fine poetic temperament with great practical efficiency. He would not identify himself with any sect or party. Some of his views were immature or indefinite, for he was a critic rather than a systematizer of opinions. His Sermons (in five volumes) and his Lectures have already acquired a deserved celebrity. This biography is artificial, but of deep interest. It is made up chiefly of his own Letters, which reveal to us his

mental and moral history, his aspirations and struggles, and the sources of his influence. It is a book rich in instruction, and will be eagerly welcomed by the many admirers of this gifted and eloquent preacher.

*The Vicarious Sacrifice, Grounded in Principles of Universal Obligation.* By HORACE BUSHNELL. New-York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1866. This last work of Dr. Bushnell will attract unusual attention among theologians. Among the "orthodox" portion of the community very many of his views will be stoutly opposed, and the expression of them sincerely and deeply regretted. The "liberal" church will accept and rejoice over much that is said in the book. But it is not our province to judge it theologically. Like all his other productions it is written with marked ability, in a bold and independent manner of thought and expression, and will command a very extensive reading. As much as we admire the Doctor's writings for their originality of conception and freshness and vigor of style, we do not think him so well adapted to theological discussion as to social and practical subjects and general literature. In his own field he has few superiors.

*Winifred Bertram and the World She Lived In.* By the Author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family," etc. New-York: M. W. Dodd.

*The Song Without Words.* The same author and publisher. 1865. Mrs. Charles' writings have become so well known, and they are so generally popular, especially among serious and religious people, that it is scarcely necessary to do more than announce these new volumes. Mr. Dodd's American editions of her works "alone have the author's sanction." Both of these works (the former is new and fresh) will be read with no abatement of interest in this highly gifted lady's productions.

*An Explanatory and Pronouncing Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction.* Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865. The substance of this book originally appeared as an appendix to Webster's *Quarto Dictionary*; but in its present form it has been greatly enlarged and otherwise improved. The design of the work is to explain the allusions which occur in modern standard literature to noted fictitious persons and places. It is well executed, and the book will be useful for reference.

*Little Foes.* By CHRISTOPHER CROWFIELD. Ticknor & Fields. Mrs. Stowe, in these "House and Home Papers," discourses in that felicitous way which makes her so great a favorite with young and old.

*War-Lyrics, and other Poems.* By HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL. Ticknor & Fields. 1866. These are among the best of the class of writings to which they belong. Some of the poems are unusually fine and have become familiar to the public.

*Words to the Winners of Souls.* By Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. American Tract Society. Boston, and 13 Bible-House, New-York. Pp. 102. 12mo. This is a little book of great pungency and religious power, worth its weight in gold. Its title tells the subject of it. All we

need say in commendation of it is to advise every Christian minister and pastor, and every professor of religion, to obtain a copy and read it for its efficacious influence on his heart.

*The Watchman* is the name of a new weekly religious paper in New-York, which dates its first issue January 13, 1866, under the editorial direction of Rev. Dr. DEEMS, of the Wesleyan connection. *The Watchman* begins well, and we trust it will prove a welcome visitor among many friends in the South, where Dr. Deems has long resided, and is well and widely known and highly esteemed.

*Croton Point Vineyards.*—The fruit of the vine in all ages and countries has been esteemed a blessing to the human race. The cultivation of this delicious fruit, in this age and country, deserves a liberal patronage, and the fruit grower the thanks of the public. Among this number is Dr. Underhill, of New-York, whose extensive vineyards in Westchester county are widely known. The pure wine so needful for medicinal and communion purposes is furnished by Dr. Underhill, perfectly free from all foreign substances and of mature age, and can be relied on by the careful physician for the purposes for which he needs it. Dr. Underhill's Vineyard Rooms are in Astor Place, in this city, where all orders may be sent.

#### SCIENCE.

*Buried City in Mexico.*—The world and its ancient ruins, it seems, have not all yet been discovered. A Mexican paper, *The Diario de la Mañana*, of a recent date, says that the ruins of an ancient city have been discovered, buried in an immense forest in the vicinity of Ilco, near Huauachinango.

The authorities of Huauachinango, accompanied by various members, went to give judicial possession of a rancho, or farm, to the last purchaser, and during their investigation attention was drawn to the bounds and limits of the ancient deed, "limits on the north and east of the city Huauachinango," where the party were in accord, that there was a dense forest in which none of them had ever entered, for the reason that it was closed up by infinite obstructions—the accumulations of wild forest growth and decomposition for ages. In the progress of the investigation it was determined to institute a search of the forest, which seems to make the northern and eastern bounds.

They forced an entrance with much labor, and discovered vestiges of streets, which were followed until the discovery of two houses of rather singular construction, covered with triangular vaulted or arched roofs, one of which was entered, when they discovered an extensive court, and in it many stone idols, which were carried to Huauachinango. They found passages crossing in every direction; but many of the doors or entrances were stopped up with stones, tapia, and mud-mortar, so that when they wished to leave the various parts which they had separated in the course of the investigation, it was necessary to fire pistols, and to shout in loud voices, in order

to get together again. Some of the parties report having found the ruins of stone columns and stone stairs leading to a high place, which, when struck, gave evidence of vaults below.

The Prefect of Huauachinango ordered a more extensive examination, with men properly provided with the implements necessary for the work, and he has also reported to the Emperor the various incidents of the discovery. The Indians in the vicinity, who have concealed their knowledge of the ruins and the history, if they have it, say "they ought not to say anything of them, and much less to penetrate into mysteries of the forest, for it had been proved that all who had entered there had become enchanted. Those who had lost cattle or sheep, in searching for them in these woods, had become lost in the intricate labyrinth, and had perished."

*Appearance of Mars.*—During the last opposition of March, Mr. Dawes perseveringly pursued his researches on the surface of that planet, directing his attention not only to the well-known spots but to those features which can only be suspected, or are less distinct. He used every precaution to keep the planet in view until those rare flashes of perfect vision occurred, and thus transferred them to the drawing; finally comparing the latter with the original. Both the micrometer and eye-estimations were made use of, and the times noted. Some curious details were brought out, which he had not seen before. The most remarkable was a long narrow streak, running N.E. and S.W., in the northern hemisphere, which was seen by him in 1852, but not so perfectly as on the present occasion. Another observation would appear to point to a change,—for a bay which was perceived in 1852 as distinctly oval with a regular coast, was in 1862 seen and depicted as distinctly forked; although, at the latter time, Mr. Lockyer's excellent pictures represent it as seen in 1852. Mr. Dawes thinks it possible that the sea may have receded from that part of the coast, and left the tongue of land exposed. On three consecutive evenings a very white spot was noticed, which certainly did not exist two months previously, and which looked exactly like a large mass of snow, and quite as white as the spot near the South Pole in 1862. On looking over his observations of 1852, Mr. Dawes finds that he has noticed this appearance, and comes to the conclusion that it must be permanent, and furthermore thinks that a mass of snow or cloud would be unlikely to take up its position at this part of the planet, which is near the equator. In regard to the atmosphere of the planet, he is of opinion that it has not in general a very cloudy atmosphere, as the permanence and equal distinctness of the spots at all times were surprising; and the slow changes which appeared in their lustre were similarly seen in other parts, and could be traced to other causes. Of course, the white spots, whether of snow or masses of cloud, as the case may be, were an exception to this rule, as those may be expected and have been seen to alter from week to week. One little change near the North Pole was, however, remarked, when a rather thick dark line, which was invisible on November tenth, was seen on November fourteenth, when other objects in the neighborhood were well seen; whilst, on November tenth, the northern extremity of a small strait near it was invisible, al-

though it should have been seen quite as plainly as on the twelfth. Mr. Dawes thinks that the ruddy aspect of the planet does not arise from any peculiarity in its atmosphere, as the ruddy tint is most apparent at the centre of the planet, and least so where the atmosphere is most dense; and yet, at the latter, the colour is white or greenish-white. Mr. De la Rue thinks that an excellent globe of Mars may be constructed from Mr. Dawes' drawings.—*Popular Scientific Review*.

*Transferring Photographs to Metal for Printing.*—Some months since we called attention to some very promising experiments in this direction, conducted by Mr. Woodbury of Manchester. These have resulted in a process recently patented, which is likely to assume a very important position in the arts. Mr. Fox Talbot has the merit of first pointing out the facts upon which it is based. This gentleman, to whom photographers too often forget how much they owe, discovered in connection with one of his photo-engraving processes that gelatine when dissolved in hot water, if mixed with bichromate of potash or ammonia, dried, and exposed to the action of light, would become insoluble. A result due to the decomposition of the alkaline bichromate and the liberation of chromic acid. It will at once, therefore, be seen that a coat of the bichromated gelatine on a glass or metal plate placed under a negative and exposed to light, would, when subjected to the action of hot water, be dissolved away in some parts, and in other parts unaffected, thus producing a photographic positive in relief. Acting on these facts, Mr. Woodbury takes the image in relief so produced, and either by mechanical pressure with some soft metal, such as type metal, or by the usual process of electrotyping, produces an *intaglio* impression therefrom. A properly prepared ink, formed with gelatine and some black or other colored pigment, is then passed over the plate, with which the impression is filled up even to the surface. Of course the gradations of relief, in the bichromatic gelatine print, form gradations of depth in the metal intaglio, in which again the ink, being transparent, forms gradations of blackness proportioned to its varying thicknesses. When this ink is transferred to paper, delivered as a jelly is from its mould, the delicate tints, the deepest shadows, and the intermediate gradations of the photographic negative, are faithfully reproduced. In preparing the reliefs, two ounces of gelatine are dissolved in six of water, and to this is added three-quarters of an ounce of lump sugar. Four ounces of a solution containing sixty grains of bichromate of ammonia to the ounce being added to this, the whole is then, while quite warm, strained. A plate of glass is next covered with a sheet of talc temporarily fixed by a few drops of water; the talc is coated with the above, and being sensitive to light, is placed in the dark to set. This done, the coated talc is removed, a negative laid over the talc, and exposed to light in the usual way, the only change being that of causing the light to pass through a glass condenser and fall on it in a parallel direction. The hot water is then applied as above stated. In order to insure perfect flatness while the cast is being taken, the talc side of the film should be again fastened to a plate of glass with Canada balsam. Mr. Woodbury calculates that with three or four presses going,

these mechanically printed photographs could be produced at the rate of one hundred and twenty per hour. Apart from ordinary purposes, the process can be applied to glass for transparencies; to china for burning in with enamel colors; to the production, at a cheaper rate, of porcelain transparencies, etc., etc. At present the prints exhibited are said to lack clearness; and the high relief of the extreme darks are also objected to.—*Ditto*.

*The Maltese Fossil Elephant.*—The curious pigmy pachyderm whose remains were some time ago discovered in the Maltese bone-caves, has been indefatigably investigated by its original discoverer, Dr. Leith Adams. This gentleman has recently met with further relics of the fossil elephant in several new localities. He met with its teeth in great quantities in a cavern near Crendi. In a gap, evidently at one time the bed of a torrent, he has discovered the teeth and bones of thirty more individuals. The skeletons are met with jammed between large blocks of stones in a way which shows clearly that the carcasses must have been hurried into their present situations by violent floods or freshets. Dr. Adams has now almost completed the skeleton of this wonderful little representative of an order which, till this discovery was recorded, has been commonly termed gigantic. Dr. Adams concludes, from his numerous inquiries, that the Maltese elephant did not exceed the height of a small pony.—*Ditto*.

*How to Make an Intermittent Fountain.*—M. l'Abbé Laborde, writing to *Les Mondes*, describes a simple apparatus for producing an intermittent fountain. It consists of an inverted flask fitted with a cork, through which pass two tubes of unequal length. The longer reaches nearly to the bottom of the flask, and outside has a length of some twenty inches. The shorter tube merely pierces the cork, and does not extend to any length inside, and outside it ends immediately in a jet, which can be curved round. The flask is filled with water, fitted with the two tubes, and then, with the finger on the shorter tube, is inverted, plunging the end of the longer tube in a vessel of water. The instrument may now be fixed in this position, as an intermittent jet of water begins to flow at once, continuing until the flask is empty. The column of water in the longer tube will be seen to be alternately rising and falling, from which phenomena an explanation has been given of the cause of the intermittent flow.

*The Removal of Neuralgic Pain.*—It has lately been stated in some of the French journals that Dr. Caminiti, of Messina, has discovered a remedy for certain forms of neuralgia. A patient of his had long been suffering from trifacial neuralgia; she could not bear to look at luminous objects, her eyes were constantly watering, and she was in constant pain. Blisters, preparations of belladonna, and hydrochlorate of morphia, friction with tincture of aconite, pills of acetate of morphia and camphor, subcarbonate of iron, etc., had been employed with but partial success, or none whatever. At length Dr. Caminiti, attributing the obstinacy of the affection to the variations of temperature so frequent in Sicily; adopted the expedient of covering all the painful parts with a coating of collodion containing a certain proportion of hydrochlorate of morphia. This treatment was per-



fectly successful; the relief was instantaneous and permanent, and the coating fell off in the course of one or two days.

*Magnetic Storms of 1859, and of August, 1865.*—Both of these storms were accompanied by phenomena on the surface of the sun which are worthy of notice. At the time of the occurrence of the great disturbance of August—September, 1859, a very large spot might have been observed on the disk of our luminary, and several of a size somewhat smaller. Considerable changes were taking place in the appearance of these spots, and, moreover, a luminous body was observed independently by Carrington and Hodgson to move across the large spot at the very moment when the magnetic disturbance broke out at Kew. On the 29th of July, 1865, there was no spot, or almost none, on the sun's disk; but on the 3d of August there was a very considerable spot on the right limb nearly going off. The only sun pictures obtained at Kew were on these days; and it is clear from these that this spot must have rapidly formed between July 29 and August 3 on the right half of the solar disk. It would, of course, be premature to conclude that certain changes going on in the sun cause or even invariably accompany terrestrial magnetic storms, but there can be no impropriety in stating facts, which may possibly serve to establish some future generalization.—*Leisure Hour.*

#### ART.

*How to Preserve the Colors of Flowers in Drying.*—Though an account of such a process hardly deserves a place in a botanical summary, it will be of interest to our readers to know that it is possible to preserve the natural color of dried flowers. The following method has been given in a late number of the *Journal of the Society of Arts*:—A vessel, with a movable cover, is provided, and having removed the cover from it, a piece of metallic gauze of moderate fineness is fixed over it, and the cover replaced. A quantity of sand is then taken sufficient to fill the vessel, and passed through a sieve into an iron pot, where it is heated, with the addition of a small quantity of stearine, carefully stirred, so as to thoroughly mix the ingredients. The quantity of stearine to be added is at the rate of half a pound to one hundred pounds of sand. Care must be taken not to add too much, as it would sink to the bottom and injure the flowers. The vessel, with its cover on, and the gauze beneath it, is then turned upside down, and the bottom being removed, the flowers to be operated upon are carefully placed on the gauze and the sand gently poured in, so as to cover the flowers entirely, the leaves being thus prevented from touching each other. The vessel is then put in a hot place, such, for instance, as the top of a baker's oven, where it is left for forty-eight hours. The flowers thus become dried, and they retain their natural colors. The vessel still remaining bottom upwards, the lid is taken off, and the sand runs away through the gauze, leaving the flowers uninjured.

*Rome.*—After the erroneous statements which have been lately published respecting discoveries

made at Pompeii, one naturally feels cautious what to believe. The fact is, that during the past six months no excavations of importance have been undertaken, owing to want of funds; and, with the exception I am about to mention, nothing has been discovered since the admirable statuette of Narcissus, one of the very loveliest small bronze works among the collection of the Naples gallery. Four months ago there was found an equestrian statue in bronze, pronounced to be a representation of the Emperor Nero. It is now in the Naples Museum, not being as yet visible to the public, but is shut up in a wooden box, one end of which is on hinges, forming a door, through which one can see the fore-quarters of the horse, while the rider sits shrouded in gloom upon his back. This cover is a protection to the statue while a new room is being fitted up around it. The group is of bronze, a little over life-size. The emperor is represented sitting on his horse without saddle or stirrups, and his right arm is extended at full length, as if he were engaged in making a gesture to some person in front of the animal.

In fact, the face of the figure, and the action of the right arm, are precisely those of the famous statue of Marcus Aurelius in the Capitol of Rome; but the horse of Nero is slender, and, as I remarked before, the group is not colossal. The orbits of the eyes are hollow, like a mask. It is interesting to observe that the attitude of Marcus Aurelius has been anticipated by the designer of this group, which probably was made some one hundred previously to the statue which has played so important a part in the history of Rome, and which has so long reigned as the unique large equestrian bronze statue left us by the ancients. I was indebted to the courtesy of Signor Fiorelli, the director of the Museo Reale, for permission to see this, the last reward of the excavators of the buried city of Pompeii.—J. T.

*Sir Charles Eastlake.*—We regret to learn that the accomplished President of the Royal Academy remains at Milan in a state of health that gives little hope of his return to the arduous duties of his office. It is not at all likely he will be able to resume them. The misfortune is especially embarrassing at this particular time, when the Government and the Academy are arranging a treaty, upon which the future of the latter will greatly depend. Much of the result must necessarily have depended on the enlightened mind, large experience, and personal influence of the President, and of these, unhappily, the members are for the present deprived.

*Photography—Carbon Process.*—A medal was awarded, in Dublin, to Messrs. Mawson and Swan, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, for specimens of photography by their "carbon printing process." Some examples have been submitted to us; they are of great beauty, singularly brilliant in tone and "color," the artistic arrangements being very near perfection, and the manipulation clear and sharp. The inventors claim that by this process the pictures produced are of unquestionable permanence, the coloring matter forming the picture being carbon, either alone or modified by admixture with other water-color pigments, such as indigo and lake. As a basis for coloring upon, these carbon prints have, it is affirmed, a very

great advantage over "silver prints," inasmuch as the colors forming the carbon print are known to be durable when in contact with the pigments usually employed in water-color painting. We can but judge by results as they meet the eye, and these are entirely satisfactory; but we have no doubt that Messrs. Mawson and Swan have secured that most essential advantage — the *durability* of the picture when it is printed. We should add, that in the specimens before us, the photograph is not printed upon a piece of paper separate from the mounting board, as is usual with ordinary photographs, but that the print and mount are "one and indivisible." The value of this improvement is too self-evident to require any comment by us.—*Art Journal*.

The *National Gallery* was reopened on the 6th of November, after having been closed for some weeks according to annual custom. There has been added to the collection a small picture assumed to be by Memling; it presents two figures, each in a separate compartment, as if they had formed the wings of a larger centre piece. In the left is St. John the Baptist holding a lamb on his left arm, to which he points with his right hand: he wears an under garment of sackcloth, over which hangs a dark purple mantle. The other is St. Lawrence, wearing over a white robe a red ceremonial vesture enriched with gold. Each head is relieved by a colored marble column, with a gilt capital, and beyond is a glimpse of a garden-like landscape distance.—*Art Journal*.

#### VARIETIES.

*The Wine of Helbon.*—The plain of Damascus is peculiarly fitted for the pasturage of sheep, as it has always been since the time of the patriarchs; the history of Laban and Jacob showing the former to have been a wealthy sheep-farmer, very much resembling many of our countrymen in Australia at the present day. In like manner the neighborhood of Damascus has in all times been celebrated for its wines. The grapes of Helbon, a village about as far to the northward of the city as Hama is to the east, are greatly esteemed for their rich flavor, and from them is made the best and most highly prized wine of the country. Sheep and grapes, or, I should rather say, wool and wine, being then especially the produce of the neighborhood of Damascus, we can perceive the force of the text of the prophet Ezekiel, in which, when enumerating the countries that traded with Tyre, and the various articles in which they dealt, it is said, "Damascus was thy merchant in the multitude of the wares of thy making, for the multitude of all riches; in the wine of Helbon and white wool."—*Beke's "Pilgrimage to Harran."*

*Albanian Shepherd Dogs.*—When one comes to consider how the shepherds are situated, one cannot wonder that they prize their four-footed allies so highly. Without them the wolves, jackals, and foxes would very soon leave the shepherd a Flemish account of his flock; and yet, under the guardianship of these fine dogs, I don't think the denizens of the jungle often get a taste of mutton, even in the lambing season. I have seen a whole

flock of sheep, with their young lambs, left in the middle of a jungle, solely and entirely in charge of these dogs — perhaps twelve or fifteen dogs guarding two hundred sheep; and well they reward the trust reposed in them. They post themselves at various distances, forming a circle round their charge; and were betide the stranger, be he man or beast, that dares to molest them. I remember on one occasion watching one hoary patriarch in particular, sitting at his post, the very picture of an old fellow who had pursued his dog-path through life uprightly and fearlessly. The scars and cuts and marks about his noble head spoke of many a bloody battle, of many a hard-fought field. He seemed, while he sat thinking, as if his mind had wandered back to the adventures of his past life. He was disturbed from his reverie by a little lamb staggering up to him and falling against his shaggy side. He turned his great head around and looked at the little beast, licking his old chops as much as to say, "I should like awfully to eat you, but I am in honor bound to defend you;" and, to avoid temptation, he got up and stalked away.—*Kavanagh's "Cruise of R. Y. S. Eva."*

*Walnut.*—Walnut is the Anglo-Saxon *wealh-hnut*, in German, *Wälsche Nuss*. *Wälsch* in German means, originally, foreigner, barbarian, and was especially applied by the Germans to the Italians. Hence Italy is to the present day called *Welschland* in German. The Saxon invaders gave the same name to the Celtic inhabitants of the British Isles, who are called *wealh* in Anglo-Saxon (plur. *wealas*). Hence the walnut meant originally the foreign nut. In Lithuanian the walnut goes by the name of the "Italian nut," in Russia by that of "Greek nut." What Englishman, in speaking of walnut, thinks that it means foreign or Italian nut? But for the accident that walnuts are no wall fruit, I have little doubt that by this time schoolmasters would have insisted in spelling the word with two *fs*, and that many a gardener would have planted his walnut trees against the wall.—*Prof. Max Müller*.

*Proud as a Piper.*—A certain noble lord when in attendance upon the Queen at Balmoral, a few years ago, having been commissioned by a friend to procure a performer on the melodious pipes, applied to her Majesty's piper—a fine stalwart Highlander—and, on being asked what kind of article was required, his lordship said in reply, "Just such another as yourself." The consequential Celt readily exclaimed, with more than the wonted humor, "There are plenty o' lords like yourself, but very few sic pipers as me!" A good story is told of a small Highland laird, who contemplated the erection of a magnificent castle on a very limited territory, with reference to which one of his neighbors humorously remarked: "I wonder on whose ground — intends to crouch when he carries his plans into execution." This pitiable love of show is of course accompanied by a vast amount of discomfort, to which our more sensible English neighbors are utter strangers. The snug and cheerful mansion which accommodates an English gentleman with a sure rental of £10,000 a year would be regarded as insufficient by many a Scotch laird with an uncertain income of as many hundreds. Unfortunately the same ten-

deacy is discernible among our professional and commercial classes, who too frequently sacrifice real enjoyment to mere external display. In his letters from Scotland, written about the year 1730, Captain Burt refers to the ludicrous misapplication of terms on the part of the Scotch, with the view of acquiring importance. "A peddling shop-keeper," he says, "that sells a penny worth of thread, is a *merchant*; the person who is sent for that thread has received a *commission*; and bringing it to the sender is making *report*. A bill to let you know there is a single room to be let is called a *placard*; the doors are *ports*; an inclosed field of two acres is a *park*; and the wife of a laird of fifteen pounds a year is a *lady*, and treated with your *ladyship*."—Seton's "Nationalities of the United Kingdom."

*Indian Rumors*.—It is a fact that there is a certain description of news which travels in India from one station to another with a rapidity almost electric. Before the days of the "lightning post" there was sometimes intelligence in the bazaars of the native dealers and the lines of the native soldiers, especially if the news imported something disastrous to the British, days before it reached, in any official shape, the high functionaries of government. The news of the first outbreak and massacre at Caubul, in 1841, and also of the subsequent destruction of the British army in the Khyber Pass, reached Calcutta through the bazaars of Meerut and Kurnal some days before they found their way to Government House from any official quarter; and the mutiny at Barrackpore was known by the Sepoys of the British force proceeding to Burmah before it reached the military and political chiefs by special express. We cannot trace the progress of these evil tidings. The natives of India have an expression, saying that "it is in the air." It often happened that an uneasy feeling—an impression that something had happened, though they "could not discern the shape thereof"—pervaded men's minds, in obscure anticipation of the news that was travelling towards them in all its tangible proportions. All along the line of road, from town to town, from village to village, were thousands to whom the feet of those who brought the tidings were welcome. The British magistrate, returning from his evening ride, was perhaps met on the road near the bazaar by a venerable native on an ambling pony—a native respectable of aspect, with white beard and whiter garments, who salaamed to the English gentleman as he passed, and went on his way freighted with intelligence to be used with judgment and sent on with dispatch. This was but one of many costumes worn by the messenger of evil. In whatsoever shape he passed there was nothing outwardly to distinguish him. Next morning there was a sensation in the bazaar, and a vague excitement in the Sepoys' lines. But when rumors of disaster reached the houses of the chief English officers, they were commonly discredited. Their own letters were silent on the subject. It was not likely to be true, they said, as they had heard nothing about it. But it was true; and the news had travelled another hundred miles whilst the white gentleman, with bland skepticism, were shaking their heads over

the lies of the bazaar.—Kaye's "History of the Indian Rebellion."

*Post-office Money-orders*.—The institution of the Money-order Office was suggested, in 1792, by two officers of the Post-office in answer to a demand from the government for some mode of enabling soldiers and sailors to make remittances to their families. It was, however, originally established as a private undertaking of those officers under the firm of Stow and Company, and it was not made entirely official until 1838. The enormous charges—eightpence in the pound, with the addition of a government stamp duty of two shillings when the remittance exceeded two pounds—together with the double postage at the then high rates which the sending of a money-order entailed, prevented much business being done; and even though the rates of commission were subsequently somewhat reduced, comparatively little progress had been made before the establishment of penny postage; for, in 1839, the whole amount of the money-orders was only £313,000. We remember, in that year, having occasion to pay a visit to this office, which, after some difficulty, we found in St. Martin's-le-Grand, having climbed a high flight of stairs and passed along some intricate passages. There were, we believe, three clerks, who seemed to be by no means overburdened with business, although no other establishment of the kind existed in the metropolis. However, in 1840, soon after the introduction of penny postage, the necessity of diminishing the temptation set before the officers by the numerous money-letters passing through the Post-office, caused this branch to be placed on an entirely different footing. The commission was reduced from sixpence to threepence for remittances under two pounds, and, for those under five pounds, from one shilling and sixpence to sixpence. Money-order offices were opened at nearly all the post towns (and afterwards at many sub-posts) and in many parts of the metropolis, and the method of issuing and paying them was simplified. The result was an enormous increase in the business of the Money-order branch. In 1839 there were 188,921 orders issued, remitting £313,124, while in 1841 the orders numbered 1,552,845, amounting to £3,127,507; and since that time the business has rapidly grown, until, in the year 1863, 7,956,794 orders were issued, amounting to £16,493,793!—*Edinburgh Review*.

*Sanskrit in its Relation to other Languages*.—Sanskrit is not the mother of Greek and Latin, as Latin is of French and Italian. Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin are sisters, varieties of one and the same type. They all point to some earlier stage, when they were less different from each other than they now are; but no more. All we can say in favor of Sanskrit is that it is the eldest sister; that it has retained many words and forms less changed and corrupted than Greek and Latin. The more primitive character and transparent structure of Sanskrit have naturally endeared it to the student of language, but they have not blinded him to the fact that, on many points, Greek and Latin—nay, Gothic and Celtic,

have preserved primitive features which Sanskrit has lost. Greek is coordinate with, not subordinate to, Sanskrit; and the only distinction which Sanskrit is entitled to claim is that which Austria used to claim in the German Confederation—to be the first among equals, *primus inter pares*.

*Lake Phiala.*—The lake occupies the bowl of apparently an extinct crater, a mile across. It has no outlet nor inlet, and is not deep. The water, which is stagnant and impure, looks and feels slimy. As we saw the lake, late in May, 1852, it was muddy for a few feet just at the margin, and did not seem to be clear and pure in any part. At a short distance from the shore was a broad belt of water-plants, already turned brown, and in some places resembling islands. The middle of the lake was free. Wild ducks were swimming in different parts. A large hawk was sailing above them, and occasionally swooping down to the surface of the water, as if to seize a duck or a frog. Myriads and myriads of frogs lined the shores; and it was amusing to see them perched thickly along the stones, as if drawn up in battle array to keep off intruders. It is the very paradise of frogs. The lake supplies the whole country with leeches; here, too, they are gathered by men wading in and letting the leeches fasten themselves upon their legs. The ground along the margin is mostly without reeds or rushes, and is covered with small black volcanic stones. The shores and sides of the crater exhibit everywhere small glistening, black crystals, resembling hornblende. — *Dr. Robinson's "Physical Geography of the Holy Land."*

*Fenians.*—A Manx clergyman, the Rev. W. Gill, gives the following explanation of the term "Fenian," from Dr. Kelly's *Manx and English Dictionary*, a work written in 1766, but only now committed to the press: "Fenaight, *s.*, *pl.*, Fenees, a champion, hero, giant. This word, in the plural, is generally used to signify invaders, or foreign spoilers, which inclines me to suppose that these Fenees were either the Feni of Ireland (for so were the inhabitants of Ulster called) or the Pœni or Phœnicians of Carthage. The stories told of the prowess and size of these giants are wonderful. (Irish, *fian*, *Erin*, a kind of militia.)"

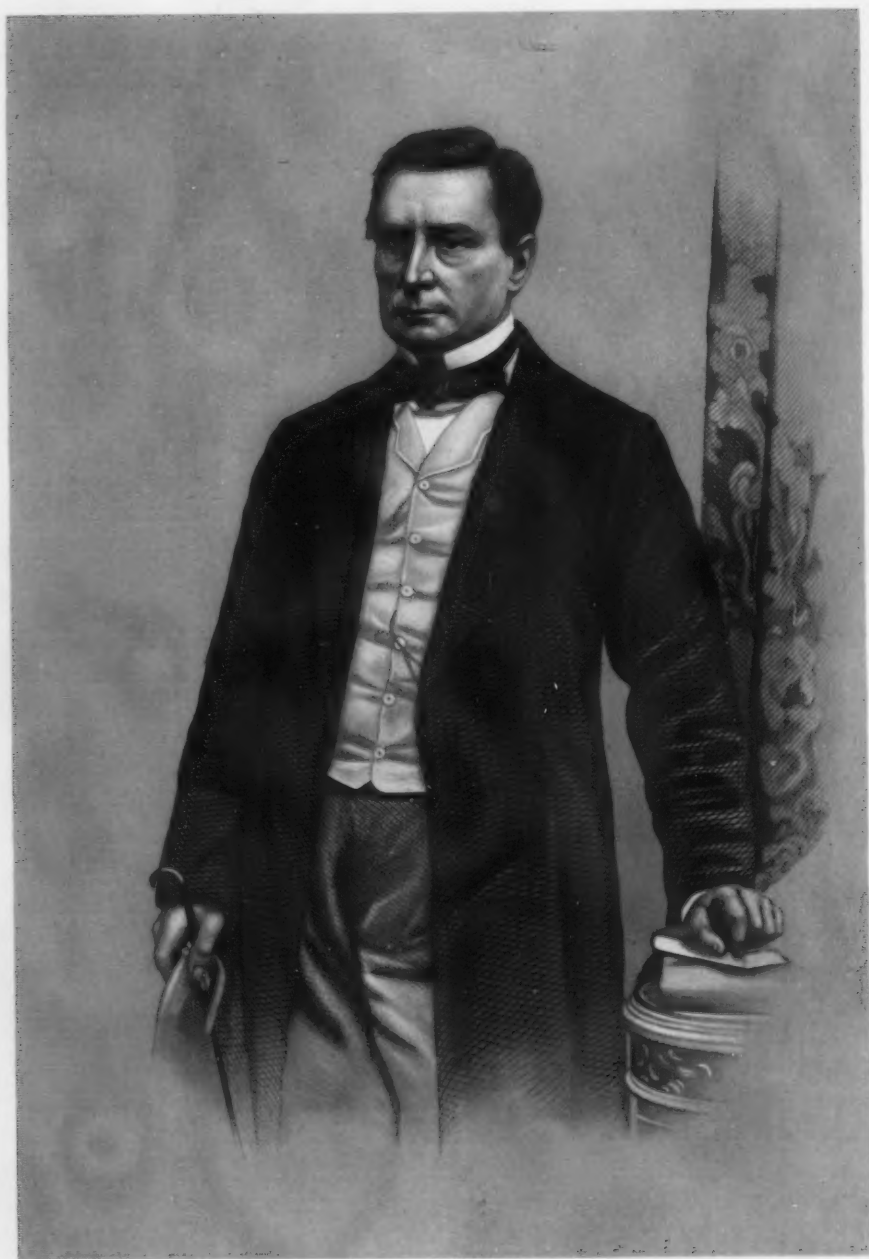
*The Cheap Press.*—The penny press of this country has now been in operation for a certain number of years. There were those who were led to anticipate that that organ would be a dangerous organ, that it would minister food to bad passions, and that it would tend to create jealousies in the country. We have now had a pretty long experience; and it is no more than justice to the gentlemen by whom that press is conducted—no more than justice to them, without the smallest reproach to others who have conducted a press of a somewhat different character—to say that every one of those sinister anticipations have

been signally disappointed, and that these organs of public opinion, copies of which are sold at so cheap a rate as to find their way into almost every man's house, have been second to none in their regard for moral principle, in their respect for personal character, in their fidelity to the duties they have undertaken, and, lastly, let me add—for it is a vital element in the case—in attachment to the law and in loyalty to the Throne. And that press, in my opinion, has proved to be not only a means of conveying innocent and useful information to the masses of the population, but it has been a powerful political engine, contributing to the stability of our institutions, conveying home to the mind of the working man a sense of his interest in the country, and is, in point of fact, entitled in the highest sense to the honorable designation of a thoroughly Conservative power.—*Mr. Gladstone.*

*The Corroboree.*—The natives of Australia have a dance called the Corroboree, which is supposed to be a religious ceremony of some kind. It is usually performed at the time of the full moon. The men paint themselves all over with red ochre and white pipe-clay. Sometimes they paint the figure of a skeleton on the fore part of their bodies, leaving their backs black, and while the dance is going on occasionally turn round and remain motionless for a few minutes, so that they appear to have vanished for the time; then they reverse their position just as suddenly, and proceed with the dance. The dancing is accompanied with a kind of half chanting, half singing strain, which varies in tone and pitch with the movements of the dancers. The women, who are called "lubras," are all seated by themselves, at some distance from the men, and keep up a singing sound all the while the men are dancing, accompanying their voices by beating an opossum rug or blanket, rolled up, with their hands. The men have a bunch of green leaves in one hand, and have leaves stuck in their hair; they also have their spears in their hands during the whole performance, which they rattle together with considerable violence. Sometimes they move together in two lines, advancing and retiring: then they shout and leap into the air, and suddenly turn round as though they had entirely disappeared. Again they become visible, by exposing the painted side of their bodies to the spectator; and shake their spears, as if in the act of throwing them; then they rattle them together, shake their bunches of leaves, rush together and vanish again. And thus the game is kept up till midnight. It is a very imposing sight to see about a hundred of these sable aborigines performing their Corroboree; the feeble rays of the rising moon, shining through the leaves of the trees, added to the lurid light of the fires from the encampment, gives a ghostly and supernatural effect to the whole scene.—*John Holden, M.D.*







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*Photograph from life by Brady N. Y.*

SIR MORTON PETO, BART.

